THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded Ao. Di. 1728 by Benj. Franklin

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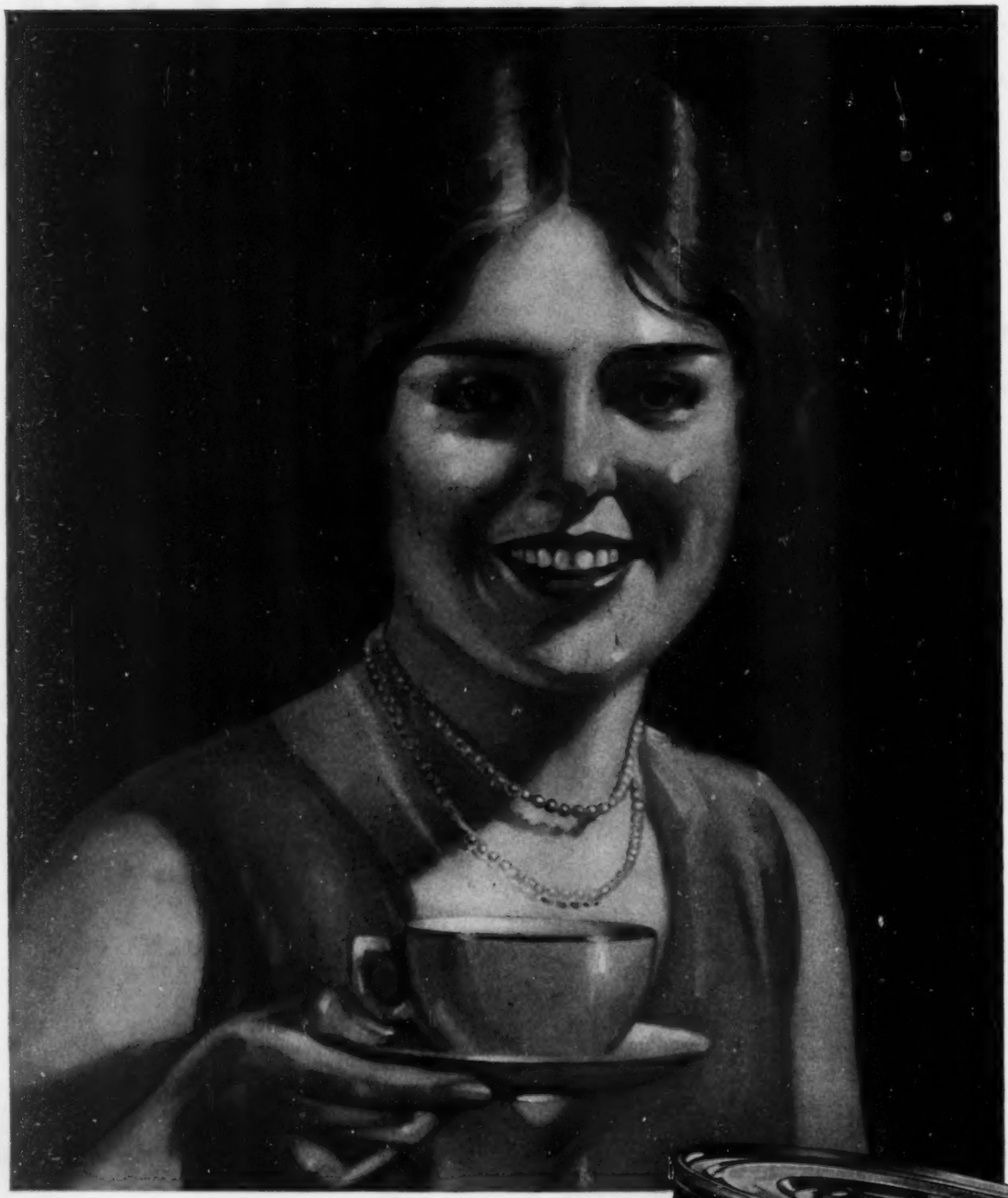
Feb. 22, '30

E. Phillips Oppenheim—Samuel G. Blythe—Joseph Hergesheimer
Leonard H. Nason—Philip Gibbs—Clarence Budington Kelland



And now may we present–

—for your most exacting approval and enjoyment

—a new coffee created by DEL MONTE

—a modern coffee more truly in keeping with this modern age, we believe, than any coffee you ever enjoyed before

—a coffee grown, selected, blended, roasted, packed and offered with the one firm conviction that the twentieth century owes you a better coffee flavor!

Back of its creation are the full resources of the DEL MONTE organization—its years of experience in bringing you fruits and vegetables of unvarying goodness—its ideal to pack only food products outstanding in quality, finer in flavor.

Convince yourself. Lift a cup of DEL MONTE Coffee to your lips. Revel in its rich aroma and full-bodied goodness. Here, at last, is a distinctively new coffee —intriguing—delicious—a coffee you will be proud to serve to any guest—a coffee flavor to match your most critical twentieth century taste

—in short, the coffee you would expect DEL MONTE to bring to your table.

CALIFORNIA PACKING CORPORATION

A MODERN COFFEE – FOR MODERN TASTES

America's home town discovers *the pause that refreshes*

Painted from an actual scene in Genoa, Italy—a Coca-Cola delivery truck lumbering over the cobblestones past the boyhood home (first house on the right) of the discoverer of America.

BACK TO GENOA! Through ancient city gates and narrow, twisting streets that wind among medieval churches and palaces to the boyhood home of Christopher Columbus. Back, as it were, to America's home town has come Coca-Cola and *the pause that refreshes*. . . . Thus has Coca-Cola, with that tingling, delicious taste and its cool after-sense of refreshment, caught the fancy of the world. Today it is served in seventy-six foreign countries. The same great drink that is ready ice-cold for you, around the corner from anywhere, in every city, town and hamlet in America—tempering the faster pace of these modern times as a reminder to *pause and refresh yourself*.

THE BEST SERVED DRINK IN THE WORLD

A pure drink of natural flavors served ice-cold in its own bottle—the distinctive Coca-Cola bottle. Every bottle is sterilized, filled and sealed air-tight by automatic machines, without the touch of human hands—insuring purity and wholesomeness. The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

9 MILLION A DAY

Drink Coca-Cola Delicious and Refreshing

It had to be good to get where it is

The unanimous approval of 73 of the Nation's eminent dermatologists* makes Camay the outstanding complexion soap in America

CAMAY IS 10¢ A CAKE

RIGHT here and now I'm going to give you the most authoritative beauty treatment that was ever prescribed! You may wonder why I'm so emphatic about it. I'll tell you why—exactly. Because it comes from the only really scientific authorities on the care of the skin—73 of the most eminent dermatologists of America.

The grand part about this treatment is its simplicity. The one essential is to *keep your skin clean.* "With water and a gentle, mild soap," say dermatologists, "there's no other way to cleanse your skin and to keep it fresh and clear and smooth."

These 73 dermatologists carefully analyzed Camay's formula. They used this soap themselves and tested it thoroughly on all the various types of complexions. Then, they gave Camay their professional approval as a gentle and unusually mild complexion soap.

Just to assure you of the high standing of these dermatologists—fifty-six are professors of dermatology in leading colleges of medicine; seventeen are consultants at metropolitan hospitals and clinics; all are leading practitioners of dermatology in their communities.

Many of these dermatologists added a personal word, such as this from a famous Chicago dermatologist:

"Camay is bland, does not irritate the skin and leaves it smooth. Any complexion that cannot stand Camay needs the attention of a physician."

The consulting dermatologist of two large Middle Western hospitals writes:

"Camay is on the market here. I have seen no evidences of irritation even with our hard water, following the use of Camay, in various skin conditions encountered in my practice. Therefore, I feel safe in recommending it to my patients."

Now the only thing that remains is for you to discover for yourself how *wonderful* and *delightful* Camay is. You won't need even a week for *that*—the very first time you use it, I'm sure you'll realize that Camay is the gentlest, most fragrant friend your complexion *ever* had!

Helen Chase

Face Your World With Loveliness—is a free booklet with advice about skin care from 73 of America's leading dermatologists. Write to Helen Chase, Dept. YS-20, 509 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

★ What is a dermatologist?

The title of dermatologist rightfully belongs only to registered physicians who have been licensed to practice medicine and who have adopted the science of dermatology (the care of the skin) as their special province.

The reputable physician is the *only* reliable authority for scientific advice upon the care and treatment of the skin.

I have personally examined the signed comments from 73 leading dermatologists of America who have approved the composition and cleansing action of Camay Soap. I certify not only to the high standing of these physicians, but also to the accuracy with which their approval has been stated in this advertisement.

Wm. Allen Pusey M. D.

(The 73 leading dermatologists who approved Camay were selected by Dr. Pusey who, for 10 years, has been the editor of the official journal of the dermatologists of the United States.)

Camay is a Procter & Gamble soap [called Calay in Canada]

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Founded A^o D^i 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

Thomas B. Costain, A. W. Neall, Wesley Stout, B. Y. Riddell, Merritt Hulburd, W. Thornton Martin,
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UP THE LADDER OF GOLD

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

THE two men—Warren Rand, the human riddle of two hemispheres, and John Glynde, his scarcely less famous secretary—leaned across the green-baize-covered table until their heads almost met. They both wore the new headpieces and receivers designed to lessen the roar of the great engine which drove the plane.

The sheet of paper in front of the latter was covered with figures and calculations which he had apparently just brought to an end. He thrust a drawing pin through it for security, and steadied himself by gripping at the side of the table as the powerful machine plowed its way through an unexpected air pocket. He peered steadily into his companion's face, and, notwithstanding his own insignificant appearance and thin, reedy voice, there was something curiously impressive in his solemnly spoken words.

"You are one of the richest men in the world, Warren Rand," he announced.

"I always expected to be," was the cool reply. "The only question is whether I am rich enough for my purpose."

"With your holdings of newspapers, you can influence public opinion throughout the world," John Glynde continued.

Warren Rand, the man with the roughly hewn, brooding face of an intellectual satyr, frowned gloomily.

"Not yet," he grunted. "You don't know as much about newspapers, John, as you do about money. That will come, though; it must come."

"What do you expect to get out of it all?" the smaller man asked curiously, taking off his thin, gold-rimmed spectacles and wiping them with meticulous care. "So far, you don't seem to get as much from life as other men. You are probably the most-hated individual in the world. Everyone with whom you permit yourself to exchange a word fawns upon you, and no one tells you the truth if they can help it. You haven't a single friend; it costs us a small fortune every year to save you from being assassinated. Where does your pull come?"

Warren Rand made no immediate reply and, steadying himself carefully, leaned back in his chair. Obliquely through the window, he could see in front a dull, red haze, which might have been the rolling torrent of some huge conflagration. The glow of

"I Don't Want to See Miss Stanley Erdish," He Said. "I Want to See Her Father, or Her Brother, or Whoever it Is." "You Don't," She Assured Him. "You Want to See Me"

it mounted upward, gaining in clarity and substance at every moment. Opposite to him, John Glynde gathered his papers together with the mechanical exactitude of a trained man of affairs.

"Power!" the latter muttered, half soliloquizing, half addressing his *vis-à-vis*. "What's the use of that except to pander to your vanity, to breed hate? Which of your senses can you gratify by knowing that you could drive your crowbar into the flywheel of the world if it pleased you? What's it all about, Warren Rand—the urge and the sweat and the clamorous strain of it all?"

Warren Rand turned away from the window and looked at his secretary. The latter, diminutive alike in physique and features, met his employer's fierce but passive scrutiny without flinching. He was a man of insignificant appearance, with flaxen hair streaked with gray, shrewd eyes, rather deeply set, a negligible chin, and a mouth the lips of which were generally a little thrust outward.

"I wonder," Warren Rand speculated, "whether any employer in the world ever permitted himself the luxury of such a secretary as you?"

John Glynde ignored the satire and elected to take the question seriously.

"Not many men could afford one," he observed. "You are paying me a hundred thousand dollars a year, at which price I am extraordinarily cheap. If you had left me alone where I was, I should have been president of my bank before now, chairman of the country club and commodore of the West Bay Sailing Club. Instead of serving a corporation, I chose to serve you. You may dispute it as often as you like, but the task I set myself out to accomplish I have accomplished. I have put you in the most dangerous position any human being could occupy."

The mighty machine throbbed and rushed onward into the darkness—onward toward the wall of misty fire. Once again they were caught in an air pocket, and the whole structure shook with convulsions, while it seemed that the mahogany panels of the saloon were being torn asunder. Filmy wisps of the cloud through which they mounted stole mysteriously into the interior. They were enveloped in it as though in a fog.

"I made only one condition when I gave up my own career to boost yours," John Glynde continued. "You know what it was. I insisted that when the time came for me to ask you the question, toward what goal we were driving, what was behind all this huge, dynamic force, you should answer me as man to man. Already you can neither use your money nor wield your power; yet the piston rods are still beating."

"Wait for a few more months before you ask your question," the other demanded. "All that I can tell you at this moment is that we are not beating the air. The organization which you have helped me to build up has its purpose and its future. Both will be clear enough to you when the time comes to strike the first blow."

The door of the saloon was suddenly opened and closed. A young man entered with a dispatch.

"In No. 3 Code, sir, from London," he announced.

Warren Rand waved it toward his companion, who opened a dispatch box by his side and drew out a long, morocco-bound volume. In something under a minute he wrote out a transcription of the message in a clear, clerkly hand, and passed it across the table:

"Our agent, occupying responsible position in premier London newspaper, Daily Sun, reports editorial by Harold Nickols now going into type disapproving transference Disarmament Conference to Geneva and adopting hostile tone toward discussion of Peace Pact. Article further supports reception of Postinoff and Vitznow if discussions prove of practical value."

Warren Rand waved the messenger away. He pointed to a small, locked ledger which lay upon the table.

"This man Harold Nickols?"

"I can tell you from memory," Glynde replied. "Fifty-three years old, clubman, widower, opinionated, inaccessible."

Rand glanced at his watch. "What time shall we be in Croydon?" he inquired of an official who was passing.

"Half-past seven, sir," the latter answered. "Barely twenty minutes, that is."

Warren Rand gazed for a moment or two thoughtfully at the great carpet of lights which seemed moving upward. Then he drew a cigar from his pocket and, regardless of the strenuous rules of every airship line in the world, lit it. His action was arbitrary but usual. The plane was his, the two pilots,

"I Always Said You Were Nice," She Declared. "You Know I Have. It is Terribly Uncanny, Though, to Feel That One Has Been Watched Like This"

the mechanics, and very much John Glynde were the bondsmen of his will.

II

SHOP was very seldom talked at the Sheridan Club, but on the evening when Warren Rand's great plane sloped downward from the clouds and left him at Croydon, Harold Nickols, who was dining there with three or four of his intimate friends and associates, departed from the usual custom. It was over his second glass of port that he leaned forward from his chair at the end of the table—a place which he usually occupied by reason of his seniority—and addressed his friend Andrews, editor of a famous monthly.

"So the Sphinx of New York is on his way over, I hear," he remarked. "Coming to set Europe right about something or other, I suppose."

"Who is the Sphinx of New York?" Herbert Dring, the playwright, inquired, moving from a lower place at the table into the charmed circle.

"Who is he? What is he driving at? How have we deserved him?" Harold Nickols rejoined. "There are a hundred questions one could ask about Warren Rand—which is his name in real life, if you want to know it."

"To begin with, then," Dring continued, "why 'Sphinx'?"

"Well, I'll tell you," Nickols went on. "He is one of the richest men in the world. He owns more newspaper interests than anyone else. He could do almost more mischief than any other breathing man, and yet I'll wager there isn't a soul in this room who's ever seen his photograph or could tell you what he looks like. Why, you don't even read about him! He seems to use his tremendous press influence to avoid publicity instead of courting it."

"That sounds like the Sphinx all right," Dring agreed. "What's the idea of all this supermodesty? I never associated it with the giants of your profession."

"You are without the powers of observation, my dear Herbert."

"Which is why you write such good plays," the man on Harold Nickols' right remarked.

"What's he coming to Europe for?" one of the others queried.

"No idea," Nickols confessed carelessly. "He owns some shares in our show, but I've never seen him in my life, and don't expect to this time. He launches his thunderbolts from the clouds, or sends up his poison gases from the caverns of the world. No one ever sees him. He never attends any public meeting, never signs an article, never allows his movements to be chronicled. The compositor who sets up in type the name of Warren Rand knows about it afterward, I can promise you; or rather his employers do."

"How does he manage all that?" Dring persisted.

"He controls more newspapers than you've ever written plays," Harold Nickols explained. "He travels with a staff who go about bullying the world. The man's a sphinx all right. He's after something in life, and something definite, but there's no one I know of who's been clever enough yet to find out what it is."

"Sounds interesting. Any chance of meeting the fellow?"

"Not the slightest," was the uncompromising reply.

"What about sending him a card for the club?"

"His secretary would throw it into the wastebasket. I don't believe he's ever crossed the threshold of a club in his life."

"Rather an inhuman person," Dring observed, dealing lightly with the port.

"He is inhuman," Nickols agreed—"to judge by his actions, that is to say. No one knows anything about him personally. We used to call that fellow who lived down in Monte Carlo the mystery man of finance and politics. Warren Rand is the mystery man of our profession."

"And you mean to say," Andrews demanded, leaning across the table, "that, although he owns a share of the Sun, you have never met him, and aren't likely to meet him?"

"Perfectly certain I shan't. If, at any time, he has anything to say to me, it will come through a third person. I don't suppose Harrison himself will see him. He'll sit behind those great windows of his enormous flat over the offices in Kingsway, which Teddy Gage called the spider eyes of London, and he'll just look out, and what he wants to see he'll see, and what he wants to do he'll do, curse the fellow! I always hate talking about him. Think I must have a complex that way. . . . What about a rubber of bridge?"

The little party broke up, and after a brief delay at the cashier's desk they made scattered procession for the card room. The porter, however, detained Nickols in the hall.

"There's a gentleman inquiring for you, sir," he announced.

"A gentleman? Who is he? What name?" Nickols asked, pausing to light a cigar.

"He wouldn't give his name, sir; said he wouldn't detain you more than a minute. He's in the strangers' room."

"Shan't be long, you fellows. Cut me in," Nickols enjoined, swinging round to the right. "I must just see who

this chap is, and what he wants. Someone from the office, I suppose; only I should have thought they would have telephoned."

He opened the door of the strangers' room and found, to his surprise, that the apartment was almost in darkness. A man was standing by the electric switches, dimly visible in the light from the single lamp left burning. Nevertheless, from the first moment, Nickols felt that there was something sinister in the solid motionless figure with which he was confronted. He leaned forward to get a better view of the stranger's features. Without further light, however, this was impossible.

"I was told you wished to speak to me," he began. "My name is Harold Nickols. Who are you, and what do you want? Do you mind turning on another light?"

The stranger ignored the request.

"I want you," he said, "to go back at once to the offices of your newspaper and substitute some other editorial, on whatever subject you choose, in place of the leader you have written for tomorrow's issue."

Nickols was for a moment dumfounded. The colossal impertinence of the unknown visitor's request and the crisp, unhesitating speech nearly took his breath away. Besides, so far as he knew, no one's eyes save his own and the proofreader's had even glanced at his production.

"Who the devil are you, and what do you know about anything I have written?" he demanded, advancing a little farther into the room.

"My name is Warren Rand, and, however impossible you may think it, I have seen a proof of your article on the situation in Geneva, advocating the reception of Postinoff and Vitznow. That article must not appear in the Sun."

In later days, when men discussed the real greatness of Warren Rand, there were critics who, among other so-called weaknesses, found fault with his lack of tact. There were others who argued that this was a deliberately acquired gesture, a proof of the man's real genius, that he struck at the root of all vital matters, regardless of his victim's feelings or prejudices, and that by this method he achieved success more quickly. Certainly, in the present instance, he shortened discussion by bringing matters to a crisis. Harold Nickols had Irish blood in his veins, and he lost his temper completely and irrevocably.

"You're not going to interfere with the Sun so long as I'm editor!" he shouted. "My leader is in type by this time, and by five o'clock a hundred thousand copies of the newspaper will be on their way north."

"That is your considered reply to my injunction, then?" Warren Rand asked coldly.

"That is my considered, and my only reply," was the swift retort. "You may be the greatest newspaperman in the world, Warren Rand, on your side of the ocean, but you don't own the Sun yet."

The room was suddenly in complete darkness.

"What the devil are you meddling with those switches for?" Harold Nickols exclaimed angrily.

There was no reply. The somewhat squat yet not undignified figure of this unexpected visitor was already near the door.

Nickols stumbled across to the switches and flooded the room with light. The place was empty. He stepped quickly out into the hall.

"What's become of that gentleman who came to see me, and who was here a minute ago?" he asked the hall porter.

The man looked up from his desk in surprise.

"The gentleman has just driven off in a motor car, sir."

Harold Nickols stood at the top of the steps, indulging in a few moments of brief but confused reflection. He could scarcely realize that he had been actually in conversation with the man who had been the subject of their discussion at dinnertime—the Sphinx. Perhaps he ought to have been a little more tactful. The man had irritated him, though, with his melodramatic desire for obscurity and his absurd request. He turned away and relighted his cigar. Some curious impulse prompted him, when he reached the card room, to keep his visitation to himself. The whole episode, he decided, had better pass out of his mind as a thing that had never happened. Nevertheless, although a careful player, he revoked twice in the first rubber he played.

As the hours wore on, Harold Nickols became more and more oppressed with the consciousness that there was something wrong about the atmosphere of the club that night. He failed entirely to concentrate upon his bridge. His whisky-and-soda tasted flat. The friendly chaff of his pals lacked savor. He left earlier than usual, and instead of taking a taxi at once to his modest little home in Ebury Street, he strolled down the Strand and turned eastward. In about ten minutes he reached a fine stone building, from the roof of which a great sky sign announced in the best Broadway manner the morning rising of the Sun. He was not, under ordinary circumstances, an emotional man, but his heart beat a little faster as he listened to the roar of the machinery. Lights flared from nearly every window. The shutters in front of the low plate-glass windows were purposely lifted to display to the passer-by a section of the marvelous plant—great wheels roaring their way through space, iron arms reaching out in every direction, news, the happenings of the world, flung on to that endless roll of virgin paper, happenings from the far corners of the universe, the written and spoken thoughts of men in their studies, advice to the world—deliberate, profound advice. He thought of those suites of private rooms upstairs, each presided over by a master in his own line of thought, men whose names were household words, giving of their best to their fellow citizens. His own—as he honestly believed—inspired message, which had taken him many hours to clothe in living, vital words, proclaiming to the world the studied and deliberate policy of a great newspaper, lingered still in his memory. Tomorrow the whole world would know what the Sun thought of this tangled and overelaborate scheme of bringing peace into a world where there was no peace.

"You Have Been Followed All Day. You Left Your Rooms in Cobourg Crescent at a Quarter Past Nine, I Think it Was. You Summoned a Taxi, Disputed With the Man About Something, and Called Another"

He crossed the road and looked with a great pride at the immense building. There were lights burning in most of the editors' offices. His sub, whose duty it was to see the paper through, would be there until daybreak. He felt a curious disinclination to cross the portals, but he could see it all—the panting energy, the pulsating waves of thought and mental vigor driving into concrete form all that his brain had brought together—his brain and the brains of others. Then, in those sensitive moments, he seemed suddenly to realize what had brought him here, the nature of that vague disquietude that had haunted him all the evening. There was a traitor in that organization somewhere, if Warren Rand spoke the truth, and, curiously enough, he never disbelieved him for a single moment. He thought over the names of his immediate assistants one by one. To steal and disclose the policy of a great newspaper at this time of momentous crisis was akin to the theft of a secret treaty or the suborning of an ambassador in the diplomatic world. This thing had happened. Warren Rand knew, twelve hours before any human being should have known, the jealously guarded secret of his editorial room. With his hands thrust deep into his overcoat pockets, he gazed almost savagely up at the flaming windows. It was as though a great, defacing fissure had sprung like a streak of lightning from basement to attic of that magnificent edifice, tearing its way through brick and masonry, leaving a hideous scar. He even fancied that the music of the machinery was failing, that there was something lacking in its solemn rhythm.

A man passed him and turned round in the act of entering the building. He was one of the night reporters on his way back from a profitless commission.

"Anything I can do for you, Mr. Nickols?" he asked, a little curiously.

The editor came down to earth with an effort.

"Nothing at all, thank you, Jackson," he answered. "I just paused to have a look at the old shop from outside. Great show, isn't it?"

"Marvelous, sir," the man assented. "Sure there's nothing I can do for you?"

"Nothing whatever, thanks," Nickols replied. "I was just waiting for a taxi. Here it comes. Good night!"

"A lot of talk in the Press Club, sir," the young man confided as he hailed the vehicle, "as to what your pronouncement about Geneva will be in the Sun tomorrow morning."

Nickols smiled as he stepped into the taxi.

"And a lot of abuse waiting for me when they know, I expect. . . . Good night!"

"Where shall I tell the driver, sir?"

Nickols hesitated. If he went back to the club he was in the humor to drink.

"I'm for an early night," he decided. "No. —, Ebury Street."

The reporter transmitted the address, slammed the door and went off. Harold Nickols was driven away westward, with the thunder and storm of disquieting evening still hanging over him like a cloud of depression.

III

HAROLD NICKOLS, in the very comfortable bedroom of his flat in Ebury Street, permitted himself the not unusual luxury of a telephone by his side. He had just dropped off to sleep for the first time, at about a quarter

(Continued on Page 135)

THE UNVEILING OF WOMEN

By Philip Gibbs

SOMETHING has happened to womanhood since the war. It goes on happening. It is, perhaps, biological rather than conscious and deliberate. It is quite clearly a rejection of women's subordinate status to men—which was their place for many centuries, not only in the home but out of it—and a claim to absolute equality in all affairs of life, intellectually, economically and morally. Indeed, what is happening in some countries of the world is women's advance to leadership rather than mere equality, and this is most noticeable, I think, in English-speaking nations—the United States and the United Kingdom.

It is women's day out, and they look as though they intend to stay out for some considerable time. They have come out of purdah, which existed in England and other countries besides the East, although the western women were not veiled about the face. But they were draped down to the feet by crinolines in the days of their great-grandmothers, and by trailing skirts until the beginning of the World War. Now they show their knees beneath short kilts, staying short whatever the wail of the silk makers or the modistes, at least in daylight. Even in the East, where Mustapha Kemal rules, women are now unveiled, and this throwing away of clothes, this revealing of the feminine form, is symbolical of the emergence of women from all that jealous swathing of their bodies and souls in which men kept them.

COPYRIGHT BY LONDON DAILY MAIL. PHOTO. BY BROWN BROTHERS

Women's Land Army Detachment Marching in the Lord Mayor's Show. In Oval—Lady Astor Opening a Nurses' Home, 1923

Women in the Days of Victoria

THEY have come out from the back parlors where, in Victorian times, they stayed so much, darning their husbands' socks while these noble men were working for them—or playing billiards at the club—embroidering carpet slippers for their lords and masters, or those curious, round smoking caps with tassels which my grandfather, and your great-grandfather, perhaps, felt it necessary to wear—heaven knows why—when he smoked a cheroot after supper.

They have come out from little suburban houses where they had one baby after another until they were old and worn before their time, and where, if they belonged to the middle class as classes went in those days, their chief occupation was sewing baby clothes or mending the knickerbockers of small boys, and their daily society was the company of the little drudge downstairs and the little nursemaid upstairs, until the husband came home, not too pleased with his supper if the little drudge had not kept her eye on the oven, but if all went well, chatty and pleasant, with anecdotes about his colleagues and the great world without, with perhaps an allusion now and then to the political situation—"old Gladstone believes in Home Rule for Ireland, my dear"—put very simply, so that a wife might understand.

WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

On the Threshold

THIS purdah of women was strongest in the middle class of Victorian England and Bostonian America, which had inherited the Puritan tradition. In society, as it was called, there was more liberty for women's intelligence, and the charming hostesses of the 60's and 70's discussed politics, literature and life freely enough, though with a feminine point of view which did not alarm their whiskered admirers. There were new women before Mrs. Pankhurst. There were bluestockings before George Eliot. The wives of the landed gentry were sometimes a little coarse in their speech. Infidelity was not entirely unknown. But broadly speaking, women were sheltered and confined. Modesty was accounted their prevailing virtue. Their innocence was expected to be as complete as their ignorance. Many young girls entered into the bonds of matrimony without the slightest understanding of biological facts.

Men worshiped their weakness, their timidity, their adorable dependence upon man's strength and chivalry, and if all that became a little boring, some men—though not so many as their descendants now insist—sought secret pleasure with poor frail women who had lost their virtue and therefore had no claims upon men's honor or respect; although it was the passion of men which had brought them to this state. In those days no respectable woman was allowed to drive alone in a hansom cab, though she might be seen in a four-wheeler without suspicion.

It was exceedingly rash for any modest young female to be seen walking alone in London, and her reputation was utterly lost if she lingered in such a place as the Burlington Arcade, with its alluring little shops. It was before the days of This Freedom.

Something happened to womanhood just before the war, and it was alarming, and not nice, even to liberal-minded men. In England those women called "suffragettes" demanded the right to vote, among other ways of liberty, and pressed their demand with a violence that was very shocking. They tried to invade the House of Commons in order to present petitions, and armies of police guarded the sacred precincts of those buildings where Members of Parliament shuddered at these feminine alarums. The suffragettes dodged the police, fought with them, clung on to their belts and whistles, pleaded to be arrested by bashful bobbies who hated to be rough with them—unless they happened to be factory girls—chained themselves to railings, broke innumerable plate-glass windows, screamed

PHOTO. BY KEYSTONE

In the Paddock at Royal Ascot Just Before the War

down political orators, slapped the faces of cabinet ministers, and after being sentenced for disorderly behavior, starved themselves to the point of death, until they were forcibly fed by prison doctors. I was in the midst of many of those scenes and had a good deal of sympathy with these women, admiring their courage, their humor, their indifference to ridicule and the coarse contempt of the crowds, and the brilliant eloquence with which many of them proclaimed their faith in women's right to political equality. But I was aware of something hysterical and dangerous in their passionate fanaticism.

Then the war came. The suffragettes were called to a different kind of adventure. They forgot their antagonism to men who had tried to thwart their demands for justice. They were glad now to do any kind of service for men who were going out to die, glad to scrub the floors of canteens where these young soldiers came for a cup of cocoa, glad to kneel down before them and unlace their muddy boots when they came into hospitals on stretchers, glad to give them a little love when they came back on seven days' leave. Anything and everything for that manhood which was being killed, blinded, maimed and shell-shocked in the fighting lines.

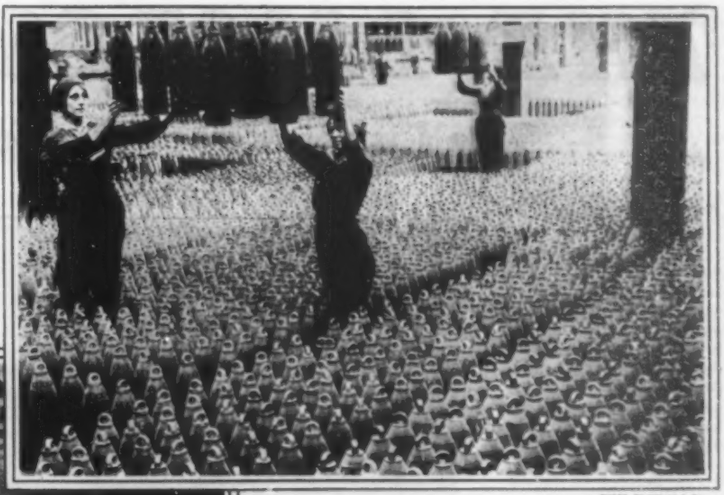

PHOTO. BY BROWN & DIX

Wartime Shell Factory and Women Workers

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Lunch Hour for Skilled Women Workers in a British Phonograph Plant

The suffragettes were lost in this convulsion of civilization. They were never heard of again. During the war women gained all the liberties. They came out of purdah everywhere except in the East. They stepped out of their trailing skirts into breeches and gaiters if they were land girls in England, milking cows, doing the work of the farms and fields while the men were away.

Under Fire

GIRLS who had lived in the sheltered homes of England—in country rectories where they had taught in Sunday schools, in suburban houses where they had read sentimental novelettes and wondered what life meant, in slum dwellings where they had helped to mind the babies or dodged the blows of drunken fathers or made clothes for West End firms at sweated rates—were called out of their old habits of life to work for England, which needed women's labor in all kinds of ways, now that millions of men were wanted as gun fodder. There was nothing, or very little, that women couldn't do, and didn't do, while the men were away. They drove ambulances and lorries and farm carts. They went into factories and handled high explosives, and made the shells and stuffed them with that stuff which was going to blow other men to bits. They cultivated the fields and looked after cattle and horses. They were bus conductors and railway porters. They were post women and sorters and packers. They learned to handle machines, however dangerous.

They harvested the crops. They went out to France in a variety of uniforms and were clerks at headquarters and nurses and canteen workers.

They were not in the trenches. The men did most of the dying. But they proved now and then that the courage of women is not less than that of men when there is death about. At the beginning of the war I was with an ambulance column for a little while which was led by a girl who had come from an old English family whose sons were in the fighting line. She drove her ambulance into the zone of fire, picked up wounded men on the battlefields, injected them with morphia when they groaned in agony, and was more careless of shellfire than some of the men who went with her. There were others like her, taking great risks with a cool nerve, contemptuous of danger.

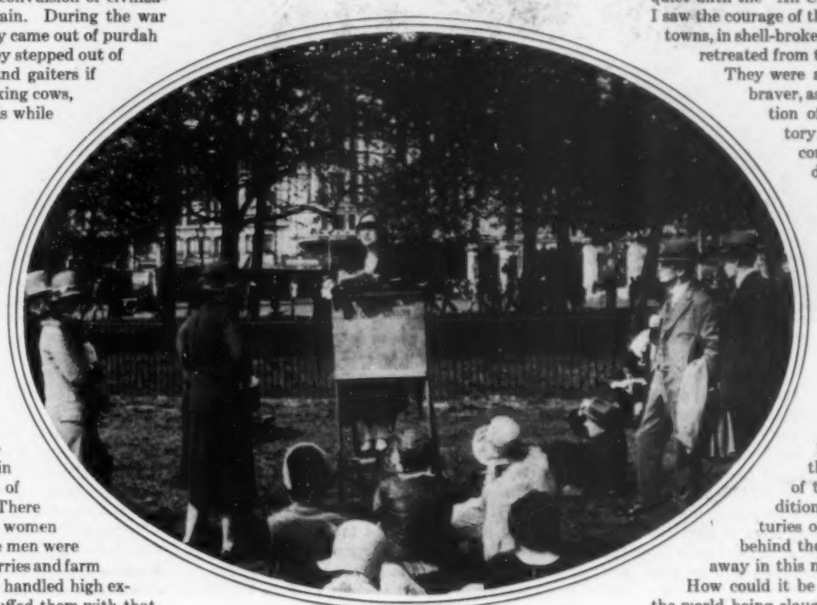

PHOTO. BY BURTON HOLMES. FROM EWING GALLOWAY

The Soap Box of England: a Woman Haranguing a Hyde Park Audience

In Abbeville there was a battalion of girls called Waacs—Women's Auxiliary Aid Corps. They wore khaki like their brothers, but with skirts above their leggings. Abbeville wasn't a healthy place at times. The Germans had a grudge against it, and visited it with their bombing planes. I happened to be there one night when they were strafing it heavily, and when German aviators flew low and used their machine guns as well as high-explosive bombs. They smashed up many houses and billets, and the Waacs were marched out of their quarters to some trenches which had been dug in the fields around. They marched out with good discipline, like trained soldiers, and six were killed, and the others carried on without a wail.

Something Newer Than Courage

IN LONDON, even, and other English towns, the women had to stand under air raids which weren't pleasant. Girls who in the old days would have screamed at a mouse listened to the shattering explosions of German air bombs, and kept a little smile about their lips, and said, "Bad miss, Brother Boche!" when the ceiling above their heads lost some of its plaster, but didn't bury them. Oh, they were frightened all right, I have no doubt. There were mothers whose nerves went to pieces in these raids. But they carried their babies down to the cellars and kept them quiet until the "All Clear" sounded.

I saw the courage of the women of France. In bombarded towns, in shell-broken villages, along the roads where they retreated from the flame of war not far behind them. They were as brave as the men, and sometimes braver, as in cases I could tell. But the revelation of women's courage is not new in history. What was new, what has caused a complete change in their character and destiny, is the liberation of womanhood, in many countries, during the war, from the social restrictions, the mental confinement and the moral boundaries within which they were kept very strictly for a time by the Puritan tradition. The war smashed their sheltered lives. It broke down their own frontiers of thought. It brought them out of back parlors and walled gardens into a world which was being ravaged by death, by ruin and by an earthquake, under the very foundations of civilization. Before they were done with in that war, many of them had departed from all the traditions of their previous life and from centuries of history that had kept womanhood behind the window blinds. They were out and away in this new freedom.

How could it be otherwise? They saw the youth of the world being slaughtered and their own desires of joy thwarted, unless they were quick to make friends with the

(Continued on Page 102)

THE LIMESTONE TREE

The Purse Race—By Joseph Hergesheimer

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

THE dinner table at Calydon was even longer, there were more places filled, than customary. Thomas Hazel sat at its head, an enormously fat man in brown Holland linen with a smooth-shaven, flushed and amiable face; Angela, his wife, sat at the opposite end, almost hidden by the silver soup tureen. Their eldest son, Archelaus, was at her right; his sister, Liddy, married to Gabriel Sash, came next; and his wife, Charlotte, was across the table, beside Bland Hazel, who was two years younger than Archelaus and was unmarried. Eliza Rose McGlassen—she had been Eliza Rose Sash, and was Gabriel's sister—sat on that side of the table. Gabriel Sash, gazing at her, thought again of Thomas Hazel's extraordinary good heart. This was September; Eliza Rose had come to stay at Calydon last April, and there was still no mention of her going away. Gabriel had more than once suggested it was time she left for the News in Woodford County—their sister Sarah had married Henry New—but Thomas Hazel wouldn't hear of it. Eliza Rose must stay with them for Christmas anyhow. Gabriel was sitting between Felicity Mayhew, Manoah Abel's sister, and his wife, Susan. In addition, there were present Rust Hazel, Thomas' brother from Nelson County, with his wife, Manoah Abel, and four or five neighbors—Gabriel felt that he could not be certain about their number.

"Gabriel," She Said in a Rapid Cold Voice, "I am Glad You Haven't Retired. I Think You Ought to Go Downstairs. Mr. Nicodemus Hammerty is There"

All this, it was evident, Thomas Hazel found to be very pleasant; he urged everyone, in tones of imperious generosity, to eat and, particularly, to drink more; the men returned to their silver cups of whisky and water, the women temperately sipped the Madeira in glasses of Irish crystal. Yes, Gabriel repeated to himself, Thomas Hazel was the soul of liberality; a kinder man he could not imagine. Archelaus Hazel was scarcely less admirable; he resembled his father in everything but appearance. Archelaus was small and delicately made. A figure, actually, in all but size, of striking beauty. His brother Bland was handsome, too; but, Gabriel felt, in a less engaging manner. Bland was long and slim, and dressed in the greatest care, with the inviting gray eyes of a woman and a mouth like the thin scar of a riding whip. Bland was usually polite, but his politeness had little of the warm simplicity characteristic of his father and brother. He sat, as usual, beside his mother—she would have him nowhere else—and most of the time her hand rested on his.

A political discussion was in progress, and, because of this, during it, Gabriel Sash was acutely and privately uncomfortable. His position was difficult. He was, he trusted, quite aside from the fact that he had married Liddy Hazel, the manager of Calydon, her father's farm, or, rather, his series of farms; and politically and personally he was opposed to the Hazel conceptions. Gabriel Sash was a Whig—that was, he supported Henry Clay. His father, James Sash, had been a Whig, an early friend and partisan of Henry Clay's; and before that his family had been almost wholly delivered to Federal ideas. The Hazels were Democrats; they were opposed to all that Clay and the Whigs represented; leaders in the forces in Bourbon County organized to make James K. Polk President of the United States. Thomas Hazel was speaking.

"No one can say," he asserted, "that I was opposed to emancipation. Didn't I belong to that damned Colonizing Society in Lexington! I gave five hundred dollars to send the free niggers, and any other niggers they could get in the boats, off to Africa. But that was before the Abolitionists began to attack us. I won't be robbed by Garrison or James Birney either. I won't let Cassius Clay tell me what to do with my own property. The Constitution is still in force. I'll add this, too—if all the niggers on Calydon were free they would be back in their cabins in a week. They are happier here, and a lot safer, than on the streets of Lexington and Frankfort."

That, Gabriel Sash recognized, was true. The slaves at Calydon were well treated and contented. They were, for the most part, well treated throughout Kentucky. He was fundamentally against a system that made slaves of men; yet, if it continued to be necessary, he was willing to live with slavery in the United States; the actual danger did not lie with him and the reasonable Southern Whigs, but with the Democrats; it had lately become evident that they would not live anywhere without slaves. The Democrats, even Thomas Hazel, had grown bitterly determined about that. Gabriel did, however, agree with their hatred of the Abolition Party. The Underground Railroad, a senseless and melodramatic organization, had ended perhaps for fifty years any hope of voluntary emancipation in Kentucky. Practically every Kentuckian he knew had been in favor of freeing the slaves until the lawless operations across the Ohio River had driven them into a concerted and rebellious opposition.

"I said all that to Cass Clay last week," Bland Hazel said; "it was in Paris. He was talking about the moral degradation of the negro, and I told him his friends in the North were responsible for it. I give you my word he had his hand on his knife. If he had drawn it we would have had one white nigger less."

Manoah Abel said Cass Clay was a dangerous nuisance. "I don't feel like that about Henry," he proceeded. "Thomas, if this business is not settled, it will be fatal. Gabriel Sash and myself are in a difficult position; we don't believe in slavery, we want it ended, but we want to dispose of our own property. We want justice. We really belong to two parties—the Whigs and the Southern Democrats."

"You do," Thomas Hazel agreed; "you're spread over the whole political scene. A man can't say yes and no at the same time. You will have to come over to us, Manoah. Stand with your own state. I keep telling Gabriel that, but he can only think about the past; he doesn't know what is around him; Gabriel thinks this election lies between George Washington and Thomas Jefferson."

There was a general not unkind appreciation of this. Gabriel Sash was silent. Manoah, he considered, had spoken for both of them. Archelaus Hazel said there had been too much politics discussed. He turned to his father.

"When I was in Frankfort yesterday, at least a dozen men asked me when we were going to race Hymettus against Nicodemus Hammerty's mare."

Thomas Hazel's red face grew redder. He banged the table with his fist.

"If this keeps up," he almost shouted, "I'll go out to the stable and shoot Hymettus! I've said in Frankfort and Paris and Lexington and Louisville that I will not race against a slave dealer. Racing is still a sport for gentlemen at Calydon."

Bland thought he was wrong. "We think we have the fastest horse at two-mile heats in this part of Kentucky, and Hammerty thinks his mare is faster. The fact that Hammerty sells niggers has nothing to do with it. He's a very decent man, and treats his blacks decently, as a matter of fact. Anyhow, you will either have to race him or take Hymettus off the track. It's done the Calydon stables a lot of harm already."

"Very well," Thomas Hazel replied in a congested voice; "if that is so I'll sell the Calydon stables. It seems I am not only likely to lose my niggers—the riffraff will soon race my horses."

Archelaus laughed. This, he said, was worse than the other. "I must say I think Bland is right. It would be democratic, father, to match Hammerty's mare."

Democracy, Thomas Hazel declared, could be damned. He belonged to the Democratic Party; that was politics; but where Calydon and his stables were concerned he proposed to be as Whiggish as it was possible. "That," he addressed Gabriel Sash, "is why I made you manager here. It's why I let you marry Liddy. Thoroughbred horses and women are aristocratic properties, Gabriel; feed 'em Federal oats."

With dinner at an end, Gabriel Sash walked through the high hall of Calydon to the front door and went out upon the lawn. There was a small half circle of Kentucky marble, with three shallow steps, at the entrance, but no other porch, and Gabriel knew it was Thomas Hazel's intention to add a portico with impressive Greek columns. This he was prepared to regret; not because he particularly admired the plain brick façade and limestone rangework; he was attached, as Thomas Hazel had asserted, to the past of Kentucky. It was in his blood. From where he stood, meadows swept down to the Paris Turnpike and Cane Run, a wide pastoral reach marked by a regular pattern of whitewashed fences and filled, burnished in the afternoon sun, with slow-grazing red Devon cattle. He could see, at the right, the long low line of the Calydon stables, the green turn of the track; but at the back of the house the primitive forest reached practically unbroken to the slaves' dwellings, the outbuildings and the orchards; and there—perhaps there only—Gabriel was wholly contented.

The forest was magnificent with tulip poplar and walnut and black ash trees, with Kentucky coffee-bean trees and beeches. They rose splendid and straight into the air fifty, sixty, feet before a limb broke their ascent; the ground under the trees was for the most part level and covered all year with brown leaves. Occasional ravines were impenetrable with canebrakes, and innumerable springs were the pure and bubbling sources of streams bright with silver schools of fish.

Gabriel loved his wife honorably and with devotion; he had a deep paternal affection for his children—for Belvard, who was eight and the eldest, Nancy and Robert Wickliffe, in his fifth year; but his feeling for the forest, for its silence broken only by the scolding of squirrels and the thin sweet cries of birds, was more moving than any of the material sentiments and domestic attachments of civilization. He had little or no time for its relief; his duties at Calydon began at dawn and were hardly ended by dark; but he did manage occasionally to linger in the seclusion of the woods, wrapped in its mysterious influences. He often had, there, a strange and reprehensible impulse—he wanted to go deeper and deeper into the wild and never return; not even to Liddy and the children, and to the kindness of Thomas Hazel.

It was in his mind now to walk back to the region of the forest, but Archelaus Hazel appeared and made that impossible.

"Manoah was right," Archelaus said; "at times it must be hard for you here, Gabriel. The truth is, Bland doesn't make it any easier. I do all I can, but I have Greenland to keep up; and my father, who is as near perfect as a man can be, simply won't be approached with small considerations. I don't know how we would get along without you."

Gabriel Sash was obviously uncomfortable. "It sounds ungrateful," he proceeded, "and Liddy hates the idea, but I have arranged to buy a place in Woodford County. Near my sister Sarah's. Soon, Archelaus. I spoke to you before about this. I practically have the money. I'll have to borrow a little, but not much. I want my own land. I want to rear my children on it."

He remembered, Archelaus admitted, that Gabriel had explained to him about this. He could not, in reality, blame him. His speech was interrupted by the appearance, on horseback, of a young man with a dark face and uncommonly long black hair. He wore leather riding breeches and a long well-fitted green coat with silver buttons, a wide felt hat. He rode, Gabriel saw, extraordinarily well, and swung to the ground with grace and assurance.

"You," he said at once to Gabriel Sash, "are Gabriel Sash. I have never seen you before, but I knew you at once. You see, I can recognize my own family."

Yes, Gabriel replied with reserve—yes?

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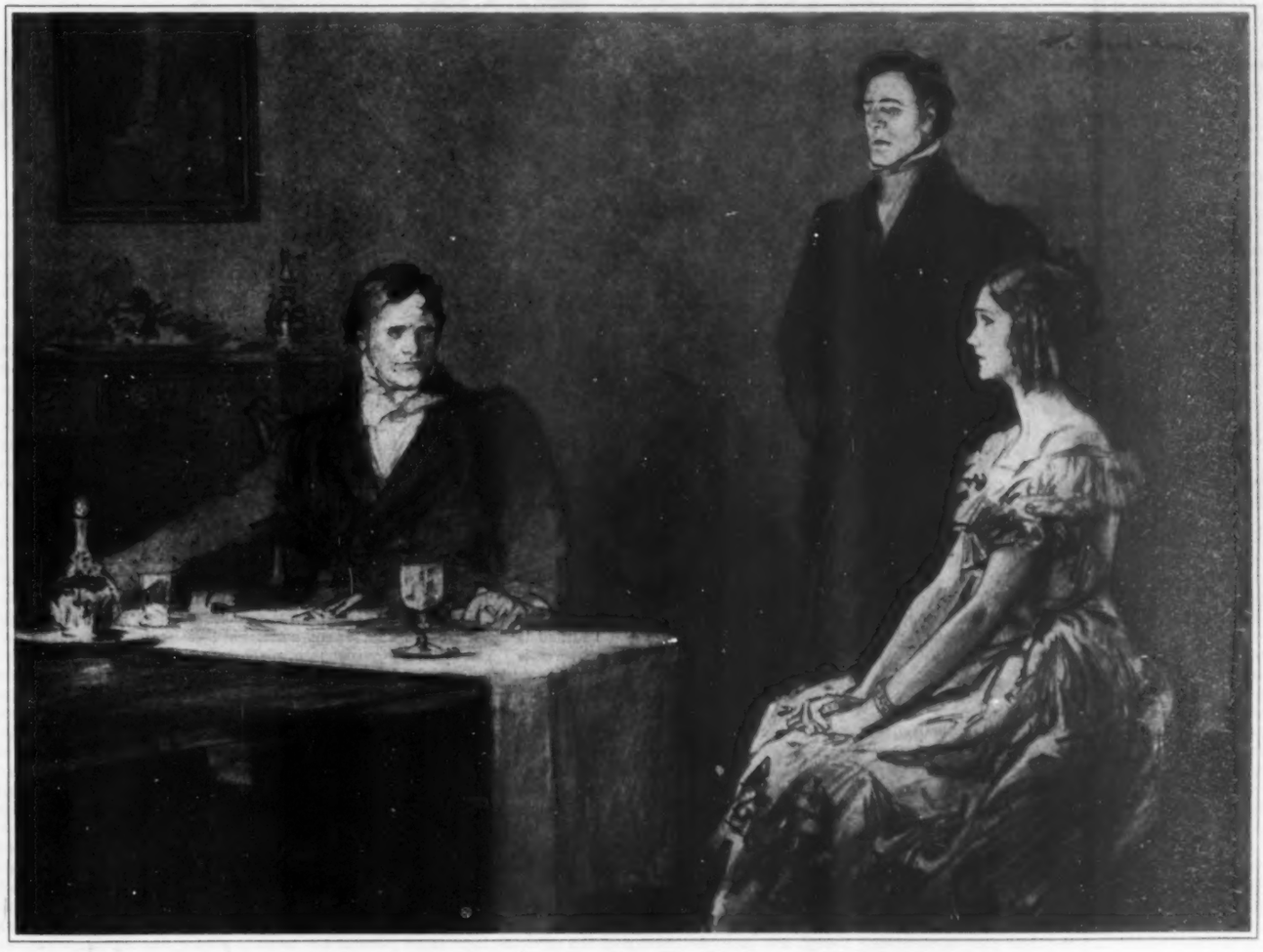


Gabriel Turned to Eliza Rose. "You Must Know What Has Happened," He Said Decisively

THE COMMUNITY AND THE CHAIN STORE

By J. C. Penney, With Samuel Crowther

DECORATION BY WYNCIE KING

IN THE course of a year I get a great many letters complaining that the manager of the local chain store has refused to make a subscription to some community enterprise or charity. Sometimes the letters are very bitter, and occasionally they are abusive. The writers take the ground that they could raise the money were it not that our store and the other chain stores in the town had taken so much of the business as to leave the independent merchants too poor to subscribe.

I can sympathize with the views of my money-seeking correspondents, for my father was a clergyman who had charges in small, poor towns. I know how hard it is for ministers in the country to make ends meet, and I know how easy it is to imagine that the collections would come quickly if only the town were filled with prosperous merchants instead of with chain stores whose head officers live hundreds of miles away. And it would not have the slightest effect to point out that the streets of our towns never have been filled with prosperous merchants, all eager to give away money. Likewise, one cannot be heard to suggest that possibly the promoters of a money-raising campaign may not always be the best judges of the worthiness or expediency of their cause.

The chain stores, so it is said, do not commonly subscribe to local churches and charities. The chambers of commerce complain that the chain-store managers do not enter into the spirit of the community and give neither money nor attention to community needs. The local bankers say that the chain stores do not build up bank deposits, but, on the contrary, ship their money away as fast as they take it in.

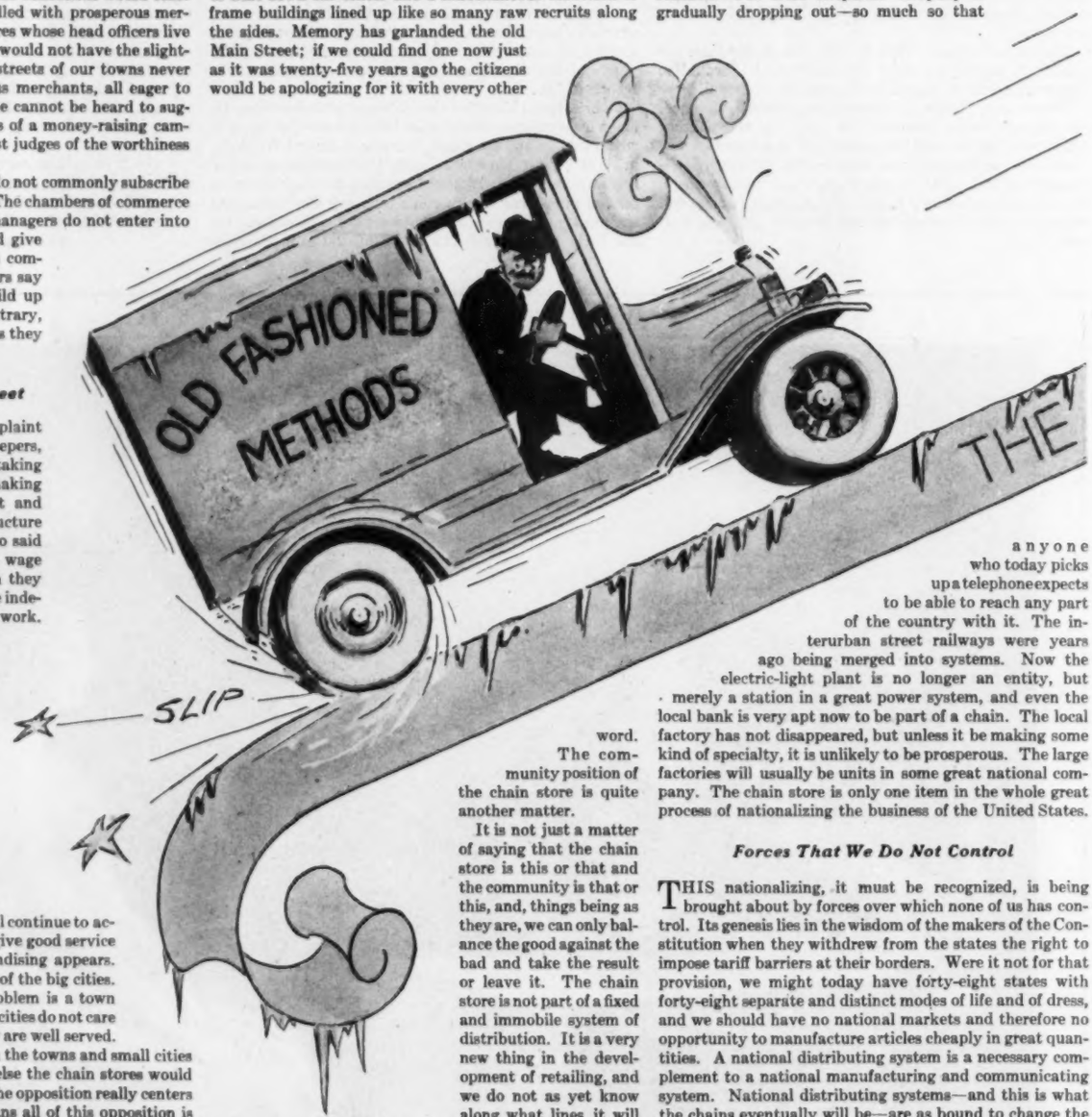
The Change in Main Street

FINALLY, there is the complaint of the independent storekeepers, who say that the chains are taking away all their best business, making it impossible for them to exist and generally upsetting the whole structure of small-town business. It is also said in the factory towns that the wage earners buy at the chains when they have cash and run up bills at the independents when they are out of work.

The tide of opposition to the chain stores ebbs and flows. No surveys have as yet been made which conclusively show the attitude of town inhabitants toward chain stores, but a canvass of one thousand housewives in fifty Middle Western towns turned up less than seven per cent who had any objection to trading in them. The opposition in the large cities comes largely from jobbers and other middlemen. The metropolitan publics have accepted the chain stores, and will continue to accept them just as long as they give good service and no better form of merchandising appears. This applies also to the suburbs of the big cities. The chain-store community problem is a town and small-city problem. The big cities do not care who serves them, so long as they are well served.

The everyday run of people in the towns and small cities must feel much the same way, else the chain stores would not continue to make money. The opposition really centers in a few classes, and by no means all of this opposition is entirely disinterested. But the people who do oppose the stores number among them most of those who accept the social responsibility for the community and, after discounting all the self-interest, there is a considerable body of fair-minded people who are very much worried lest the chain stores disrupt their communities by accepting dollars, while coldly refusing to accept responsibility.

There is some thought that the chain store is changing the whole character of Main Street for the worse. The chain is only one of the many factors changing Main Street. A much larger factor is the hard road and the increase in buying power, together with the demand that small stores primp up and try to look like the big-city specialty shops and that small banks put up decorative buildings. If the appearance of anything in this world needed changing, it was the old Main Street, with its morass of mud or desert of dust down the center and a miscellaneous collection of frame buildings lined up like so many raw recruits along the sides. Memory has garlanded the old Main Street; if we could find one now just as it was twenty-five years ago the citizens would be apologizing for it with every other



word.

The community position of the chain store is quite another matter.

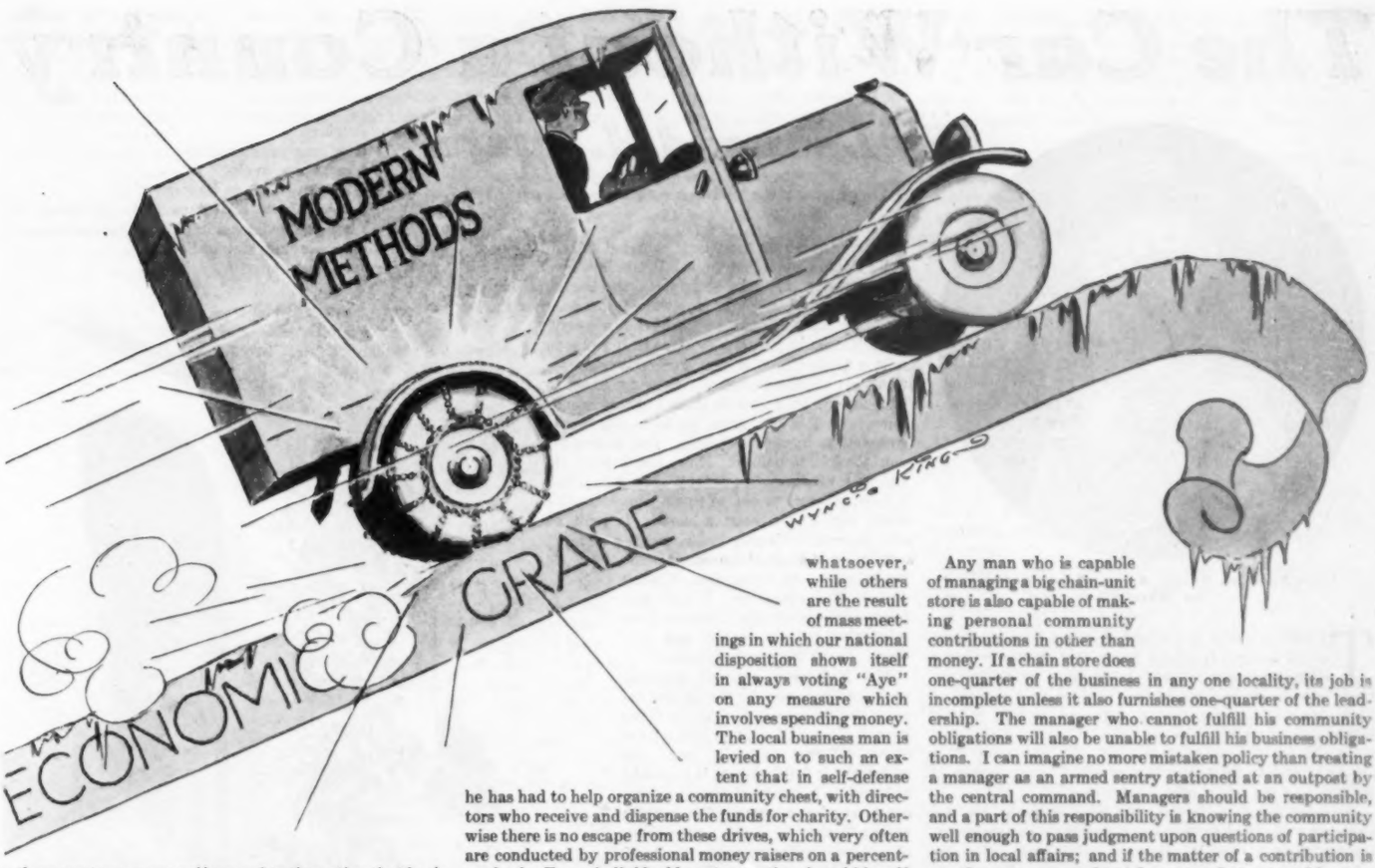
It is not just a matter of saying that the chain store is this or that and the community is that or this, and, things being as they are, we can only balance the good against the bad and take the result or leave it. The chain store is not part of a fixed and immobile system of distribution. It is a very new thing in the development of retailing, and we do not as yet know along what lines it will grow. It principally differs from the old-time town store in being a branch of a corporation instead of being a complete thing in itself. The word "chain" is very unfortunate, for it brings up the thought of bondage. The British term "multi-store" is much happier. If the chain does not now fit modern town life, the opportunity is at hand to change it.

The town has the tradition of being self-contained, although not since the coming of the railroads have any towns been really self-contained, and now, with the automobile, self-containedness is only a fiction in so far as the goods used are concerned. Locality dress has almost disappeared, except among a few religious sects. The typical cowboy will usually be found to have dressed for the occasion, and may try to sell you oil stock. The boy coming back from the city can no longer strut before his fellows, for they are wearing just about the same sort of clothing as he has, and have been around just about as much. The old distinction between the rube and the city chap has disappeared. But until the period following the war, most of the services in a town were principally owned by townsmen. The local railroad, of course, dropped out so many years ago that the present generation cannot even imagine changing cars every few hours because the end of the road has been reached. The local telephone company is gradually dropping out—so much so that anyone who today picks up a telephone expects to be able to reach any part of the country with it. The interurban street railways were years ago being merged into systems. Now the electric-light plant is no longer an entity, but merely a station in a great power system, and even the local bank is very apt now to be part of a chain. The local factory has not disappeared, but unless it be making some kind of specialty, it is unlikely to be prosperous. The large factories will usually be units in some great national company. The chain store is only one item in the whole great process of nationalizing the business of the United States.

Forces That We Do Not Control

THIS nationalizing, it must be recognized, is being brought about by forces over which none of us has control. Its genesis lies in the wisdom of the makers of the Constitution when they withdrew from the states the right to impose tariff barriers at their borders. Were it not for that provision, we might today have forty-eight states with forty-eight separate and distinct modes of life and of dress, and we should have no national markets and therefore no opportunity to manufacture articles cheaply in great quantities. A national distributing system is a necessary complement to a national manufacturing and communicating system. National distributing systems—and this is what the chains eventually will be—are as bound to change the life of the country as any other great economic revolution. The automobile and the tractor, for instance, have profoundly affected farming, first by making unnecessary the raising of any considerable forage crops for horses, and second by compelling the farmer to sell for cash so as to have money to buy gasoline and tires. No one foresaw that the automobile would so change the character of the farmer's purchases as to make getting cash a prime requisite.

Taking all the facts as they stand and noting the great changes that have come about in our lives, it would be



rather easy to argue oneself around to the notion that business is impersonal, that a community is simply a number of people who are potential buyers of goods, that the chief duty of a business man is to himself or to the corporation which he represents, and that he has discharged his full duty once he has persuaded the people to buy his goods. Such a view is not uncommon. But it is becoming less common every day, for it is being recognized that business has a distinct responsibility, and, very fortunately, it has been conclusively proved that dodging this responsibility is choosing the shortest and quickest route to bankruptcy. Unless a corporation returns to a community some of the money that it earns in it, it is doing nothing to strengthen the buying power of that community and, therefore, nothing to promote its own business. This return must, however, be genuine.

The First Duty of Business

THE first duty of any business to a community is to give a high quality of service. Unless that be given, nothing else matters. Paying low wages, selling poor goods at high prices, and then piously making large charitable contributions is a peculiarly vile form of hypocrisy. No man can be regarded as of value to a community unless he can so arrange his own housekeeping as to give a full and honest dollar's worth to his own employes and to the public. It is rather generally admitted that the chain store does give value, but on the other hand that it pays its employes starvation wages, puts in managers who are only clerks following a routine, and that neither it nor its employes enter into the life of the community. No matter what a town may be doing to attract business to itself, the chain store, it is said, refuses to help, although it never refuses to take advantage of any of the new business that local effort may generate. The independent business man may make a subscription or, again, he may refuse to make one, but the chain-store manager has to say: "I have no authority to give you any of the company's money and I cannot afford to give you any of my own. I can only refer your request to headquarters." In the course of time, so the story goes, a letter comes from the executive offices to the effect that the company has no funds to devote to affairs outside its own business. That closes the incident—with a maximum of ill feeling all around.

There are two sides to this question. Every town has enthusiasts who, in their zeal to make it bigger and better, are almost continuously engaged in money-raising campaigns. Many of these campaigns have no public sanction whatsoever, while others are the result of mass meetings in which our national disposition shows itself in always voting "Aye" on any measure which involves spending money. The local business man is levied on to such an extent that in self-defense he has had to help organize a community chest, with directors who receive and dispense the funds for charity. Otherwise there is no escape from these drives, which very often are conducted by professional money raisers on a percentage basis. Every individual has at some time found himself in an extremely disagreeable position because he has refused to subscribe to some project, either because he does not believe in it or because he cannot afford or does not care to part with the money. The intensity of many drives has put many branches of corporations in equally nasty situations. The branch manager cannot say that his corporation has not the money, and he does not often care to speak his mind as to the justness of the drive, and so he must silently accept criticism. On the chain store falls all this, and more, because it sometimes supplies a convenient excuse for not subscribing on the part of those merchants who never had the intention of giving anything. Nevertheless, it is perfectly true that many chain stores have not helped their communities in the way that they should help them and have maintained a wholly impersonal attitude. As my friend W. T. Grant has said:

"The methods of some chains make me just as tired as they do any critical independent. There are chains which are obviously set up for no other reason than to make money. That is not enough. There should be honest value in the merchandise and the service in handling it. The employes must be made to feel that the whole organization is sound and healthy from the heart out. Unless the humblest clerk respects and trusts the higher executives, he cannot have that hustling, brisk, self-respecting attitude which itself, as much as anything else, is responsible for chain-store success.

"Chain methods are by no means as efficient as they will become. But still they are reasonably good. As they improve, a good share of the savings should be passed on to the public. Unless this is done, the organization is not keeping faith with the public."

But is there anything in the chain type of merchandising which of necessity compels it to be impersonal, to pay low wages and to take from the community without giving anything in return? If the chains of necessity had these faults, then I should be for abolishing them by law, and at once. However, every major objection to the chain type of merchandising is founded on what are actually its business weaknesses, largely due to mushroom growth. I hold that a chain must be built from the wants of the consumer in a community back to the central system, and that a chain is not securely founded if it be extended the other way about—that is, from the central authority to the community. I hold that the only really efficient organization starts with the manager, and that the system exists only for the purpose of making his work most effective with the consumer.

Any man who is capable of managing a big chain-unit store is also capable of making personal community contributions in other than money. If a chain store does one-quarter of the business in any one locality, its job is incomplete unless it also furnishes one-quarter of the leadership. The manager who cannot fulfill his community obligations will also be unable to fulfill his business obligations. I can imagine no more mistaken policy than treating a manager as an armed sentry stationed at an outpost by the central command. Managers should be responsible, and a part of this responsibility is knowing the community well enough to pass judgment upon questions of participation in local affairs; and if the matter of a contribution is up, the manager ought to know to what extent his store should fairly contribute. A store must be an all-round partner to its people as citizens as well as customers, and it is its obligation to contribute both money and counsel toward whatever makes for a better town.

Store Managers and Owners

IT IS equally its obligation to refuse contributions to those schemes which do not make for a better town. For instance, I recall that one of our managers was severely criticized for refusing to help make up a fund to induce a certain factory to locate in the town. He took, to my mind, a very firm ground. He said that a manufacturer who knew so little about his business affairs as to be swayed in his judgment of locality by the present of a sum of money was not a manufacturer worth having. The same manufacturer was, we discovered, being offered another sum in his home town—and our manager there was being called on to subscribe to that! Our managers do enter into the life of their communities. Ninety per cent of them take an active part in local business, civic or religious organizations, and 79 per cent of them hold office in these organizations. We generally leave to their discretion the money contribution that their stores will make to any fund being raised. The manager is expected to decide what, if anything, he will give, just as though he were an independent storekeeper.

This is by no means a satisfactory settlement of what is now an acute question. A town has many agencies which must be supported outside of the regular taxes, but how many such agencies it ought to have is always a delicate matter to touch on. It has been seriously proposed that a percentage of the gross store receipts should be made the basis for a community contribution administered by a community-chest committee. That, however, is simply setting up extra-legal taxation which will in the end find its way into prices and cut the purchasing power of the community. The trouble with this plan is that, although it will start with a small percentage, it will quickly grow into a large percentage, and the chain store which does business on a small gross margin of profit will soon find itself without any profits.

Branch factories of all big concerns have the same problem, and one of these days business executives will have to get together and formulate some kind of policy to govern their financial contributions to community life. As affairs now stand, the big company is expected to contribute

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The Car Without a Country

By Leonard H. Nason

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

"Mr. Fanning, Known Among Acquaintances as 'Mecca'"

THERE is a road near where Southern France is about to merge into Northern Spain that moves even the coldest-natured traveler to ecstasy. It follows, at times, the ocean, and one can see across a vast expanse of blue, dancing water a line of cliffs and distant, rugged mountains, stretching far into the Atlantic. Here rises suddenly the mountain Jaizquibel, like the prow of a stranded wreck, on the far side of which is the harbor of Pasajes and the resort of San Sebastian.

Beyond, fading away into the blue distance, are the peaks of Ulia, Igueldo, Eatenaga, Urnieta, Irumugarrieta, the headland of Cape Machichaco, behind which lies the port of Bilbao, and so on into the dreamy distance to Portugal.

Inland lies the billiard table of the Basque country, studded with little red-roofed, whitewashed farms, all lopsided like a child's mud house. From the road that rises above the surrounding fields, one can see all the provinces of the Basque country—La Soule, Laborde and Basse Navarre, and then, on the right, in Spain, Guipuzcoa, Alava and Vizcaya, and, but for the mountains between, could see the seventh, Navarra.

Few who follow this road can contain their enthusiasm, and Mr. and Mrs. Molyneux, as good Americans as ever sailed out of Sandy Hook, made no attempt to conceal theirs. Was not the sky blue and the sea sparkling, the air balmy, and the green of the plain such a contrast for the purple of the mountains? Any artist would weep tears of joy, and Mrs. Molyneux was one. She did not weep, but kissed her husband just below his right ear.

"Lay off," said he, brushing her lips away; "you'll wreck this car on me!"

Mr. Molyneux was an artist, too, but not a real one. He made money at it. He prostituted his talents to drawing a comic strip, which, though it had little in it of art, was nevertheless hailed with delight by numbers of ignorant readers, and as their opinion was worth much more than all the awards ever given by learned juries of critics, Mr. Molyneux could take his wife to Europe for a vacation and buy her such a beautiful, glittering, nickel-plated roadster, and then take her to Spain to show it off. Mrs. Molyneux leaned back in the red-leather-upholstered seat and wriggled. This beautiful scenery, this lovely day, this gorgeous car, and a month's tour of Spain in prospect. Who could help wriggling?

The road abruptly left the cliffs, and swinging inland, descended a hill, at the foot of which was the frontier.

"Get out the passport, kid," said Mr. Molyneux. "We're getting to the border. If they make me open the back seat, we're done. The lock is stuck."

"I don't think they will," smiled his wife. "I know they'll be so polite! Why, no one who lived in this riot of beauty could be so sordid as to think we would smuggle anything. Why, they must just live here like the gods on Olympus, and stroll about and sing, and drink in the loveliness of the spot."

"Uh-huh!" grunted her husband. "Well, we've got nothing to conceal anyway. Only I hate to keep opening that rumble seat. I'm afraid I'll break the key. Never mind. If he wants to see it, I'll slip him five francs, and it'll be all right."

"Oh, here's the frontier!" gurgled Mrs. Molyneux. "Oh, wouldn't you just know it! Oh, how lovely that old building is! Just see, Moly dear, the beautiful shadow across the arch! We must stop while I do a sketch of this!"

"Now listen!" said her husband severely. "Don't start any sketches. This isn't going to take a second, and if you start sketching we won't get out of here today. We've got to get to Burgos tonight, across all these buzzsaw mountains, and I'm not going to have the works gummed up by any sketching. I've waited for you to sketch before! Now, don't start it! I'm on a vacation, but I don't intend to spend it here. I want to get to Spain sometime this week, and if you start a sketch, I won't be able to, even if it's only just across the bridge."

"Oh, hush, Moly, those men are looking at you! All right, dear, I won't sketch. Run along now. I can't wait to get across the bridge! Just see those interesting men in cocked hats over there. Don't they look Spanish!"

Mr. Molyneux, without replying, took out the papers for the car and entered the customhouse. Europe being a small place, and split up into a great many different countries, each one with what it fondly hopes is an infant automobile industry, the various governments have arranged a system among themselves so that automobiles of each nationality may circulate freely in the territory of others. They do this by having the owner of a car deposit a sum to cover the duty on the car in the country having the highest tariff rate, and then issuing said owner a book of tickets, called by various names, but usually *carnet de passage*. Each time the car crosses a frontier—and one can cross as many as four in the course of a morning's ramble—a ticket is torn out of the book, and the customs regulations for that country have been complied with.

It was this book that Mr. Molyneux took with him when he went into the customhouse. He displayed a green ticket showing that he had paid forty dollars for the privilege of circulating on the French highways for three months, and laid the open *carnet de passage* before the officer at the desk.

"What kinda car you got?" asked the customs officer in broken English.

Mr. Molyneux told him.

"Where you buy it?"

"Belgium."

"How long you had it?"

"About three weeks."

"Why you buy it in Belgium?"

"Well, if you have to know," said Mr. Molyneux impatiently, "because we landed in Belgium because my wife wanted to do some sketching in Bruges."

"Where you going now?"

"Come Wit' Me," Said the Customs Officer

"Well, if there's any other country across this bridge besides Spain, I'm going to it, but if there isn't, then I'm just going to Spain."

Two Spanish chauffeurs here entered hurriedly and thrust their papers under the nose of the customs man. He inspected, signed and stamped them, as well as a French merchant's, who was going the opposite way.

"Well, whaddyuh say now?" demanded Molyneux, when he had finished.

"Come wit' me, please."

He led the way outside, and, going to the roadster, circled it in admiration. He blew upon the shiny surface of its glittering hood to see his breath disappear; he touched the deep leather upholstery with a reverent forefinger; he inspected the glittering and well-garnished instrument board.

"Nice car," said he.

Then he spoke in French to one of the guards loitering about. This one, a melancholy-looking man in the baggy blue pants and ill-fitting blouse that the *douaniers* wear, came down from the porch and took up a station directly in front of the roadster, where he pulled at his long mustache and coughed in a bored manner.

"Well, you wanna see the bags?" barked Mr. Molyneux.

"Oh, Moly dear," said his wife from the car, "your English is terrible! I just know you're getting excited about something! Don't be so cross! The poor old dear is only doing his duty. He can't help it."

"Would you like to see the bags?" repeated Molyneux.

"Come wit' me," said the customs officer. He did not go back to the customhouse but to a building set a little way apart. Here the two entered, and after a few brief sentences in French a man behind a desk handed out a little sheet of paper.

"What's this mean?" asked Molyneux. "Read it to me. I suppose it means that I've got to pay you something."

"It does."

"Well, read it."

"'To all directors of customs,'" began the French official, "'chiefs of brigade, and *sous-officiers* in charge. The red Frontenac roadster, red wheels, black hood, Belgian license No. 4258, motor No. 206459, has been illegally imported into France under *Carnet de passage* 3792 issued by the West Flanders Automobile Club of Bruges. This *carnet de passage* will be seized and forwarded to Paris.'"

"Er, what does all that say again?"

It was read again.

"Well, now what?" demanded Molyneux.

"That's all!"

"That's all? Well, then I'll go on to Spain."

"No, you can't go to Spain."

"Why not?"

"Because I got your papers. Didn't you hear what I read to you? 'Forward to Paree the papers'!"

"Listen!" cried Molyneux. "Let's get this straight! You mean to say that you can stop an American citizen, driving an American car, from going anywhere he wants to? You mean to say I can't go to Spain?"

"You'll have to pay duty on your car if you do. Dey won't let you in without *carnet de passage*."

"Well, give it back to me!"

"I can't do that. You hear the order—send the *carnet* to Paree. I gave it already to the *douanier* to send away." The official tugged a huge silver watch from an obscure pocket. "Yes, I would say that they are in the mail by now." He replaced the watch and sighed. "I'm sorry. . . . But now I must return to my work."

Mr. Molyneux's reply was gorgeous, though somewhat incoherent.

"I'm sorry," smiled the official. "You should have bought a French car, and then you wouldn't have had all this trouble."

Mr. Molyneux, haggard and full of words, returned to the red roadster, glittering in its fresh newness.

"Oh, you've been so long, Moly," pouted his wife. "And there's been this so-interesting old Frenchman here all this time! Don't you just love the way he wears his cap? And I could have sketched him ten times! Well, jump in, and let's hurry to Spain!"

"We can't go!" choked her husband.

"Can't go? Why not?"

"Why, the dog-goned, crisscrossed, bifurcated, unmentionable French won't let us! They claim my papers aren't in order! Some of them would be out of order if I didn't have you along! If I could speak French, I'd tell them! They're all crooks! There! See that one! Hasn't he got crook written all over him?"

"Oh, Moly, don't get so worked up! You'll have your high blood pressure again. I'm sure you will. I don't understand you. What's it all about?"

"I don't know! Neither does he! It's an order from Paris!"

"And we can't go to Spain?"

"No!"

"Well, then," said his wife resignedly, "I'll just take out my sketch book and catch that archway while there's still some shadow there."

Two weeks later a man was leaving one of the smaller restaurants that cluster in the quarter about St. Philippe du Roule in Paris. He paused suddenly, and looked again at a haggard, unshaven American who was making passes in the air as though he cut imaginary throats.

"Why, Moly!" exclaimed the man. "I thought you were in Spain! What are you doing here? . . . How do you do, Mrs. Molyneux? Well, it's a surprise to see you back so soon. How'd you like Spain?"

"Gr-r-r!" growled Mr. Molyneux, for it was he who slaughtered the imaginary man with his butter knife. "Ah, they infest the earth, like the Kaiser said! I think he was right!"

"Gee, the Spaniards stick you as bad as that?" murmured his friend in sympathy.

"The Spaniards? The French! They copped my car on me!"

"Copped your car? I never heard of such a thing! What for?"

"Nobody knows!" cried Molyneux. "It was two weeks ago, and I've been wandering around Paris ever since, from this office to that office, and all they do is tell me to go to another one."

"I've been telling Moly he really ought to do something about it," remarked Mrs. Molyneux, powdering her nose.

"Do something?" roared her husband. "Haven't I been doing it? How are you going to do anything if you don't know who to do it with? Good Lord, what can you do if nobody knows who did it? Gee, you ask one, and he says ask them, and you ask them, and they say ask the first guy! It's like trying to catch your own shadow. I'll lick one or all of them any day, any way, in any alley in Paris for a plugged nickel and the butt of a five-cent cigar!"

"Moly, dear," interrupted his wife calmly, "you're incoherent. Tell Mr. Turner about it from the beginning. He has lived in Paris a long time and may be able to advise you."

He had barely begun, however, before his friend Turner interrupted.

"Moly," said he hurriedly, "I just saw a man come in that may be able to help you. It'll cost you something, now mind, because he's a kind of a lawyer and works on commission. I don't know him very well, but I think he's all right. Don't go out with him after dark, though, or off the main boulevard in daytime. But maybe he can help you. They say he's good at this sort of thing."

Turner hastily arose and, crossing the small room, spoke to a man that had not yet sat down, and then led him back to the table.

"Mr. and Mrs. Molyneux," said Turner, "may I present Mr. Fanning? He is known among acquaintances as 'Mecca.'"

"Won't you sit down, Mr. Fanning?" invited Mrs. Molyneux.

Mr. Fanning would. There was a moment of silence while Mr. Molyneux stabbed a steak to death with ghastly enjoyment, and his wife and Mecca Fanning looked each other over.

Mecca, in two looks, had catalogued the Molyneuxs. Here were two young, clean Americans. They would not want any information on the races, or the address of a roulette club, or yet a sightseeing party in search of sights that are better left unseen. No. Here was a case of a lost trunk, a hotel bill with too many mysterious items thereon, or a projected trip to somewhere in France, "where other tourists didn't go."

Mrs. Molyneux, from her side, observed that Mecca was a male that had gone to seed for lack of female cultivation. A wife would have told him that his necktie was not the proper color to wear with a blue shirt, and that the shirt, though clean, did not go well with the color scheme of his suit. It was time, also, that he bought a new hat, for the color of the derby that he carefully laid in the rack behind the seat was fast merging on the olive.

"Now, Mr. Fanning," began Mrs. Molyneux, "what will you have for lunch? While you're eating, my husband will tell you about his affair."

"Damn right!" agreed her husband, spearing a piece of steak and then thrusting it into the air as though it was a *douanier's* head on a pike. "Here, *gassong, kekshoze mangay* for this guy."

While Mecca ate, Mr. Molyneux told his story, assisted by his wife at various moments, and punctuated with horror-stricken exclamations by Mr. Turner. He told of the seizure of the *carnet de passage*, and how they had spent the week-end in Bayonne, waiting to see the local director of customs, only to be informed that since the seizure order emanated from Paris, they had better go to Paris.

He told of his weary journey from one side of Paris to the other in search of elusive *chefs de bureau*, whatever they

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"Listen," Interrupted Molyneux. "All This Jabber-Jabber-Jabber Doesn't Mean a Thing to Me!"

BACK TO BROADWAY

By Joseph Hilton Smyth

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN LA GATTA

ONE minute I was on Broadway—your Broadway and mine—and life was just one paragraph after another, with asterisks and insinuations in between, a column a day, day after day, and then I was in Connecticut, and things were no less complicated.

I walked into the Evening Mercury one afternoon and dumped my copy, and said, "That's that! The last in a long, long time. The Swan Song of the Sophisticate."

Jed Nutting said wearily, "What's the big idea?"

"I'm through," I said. "I told you yesterday I was through, and I meant it. I'm ——"

"The old man wants to see you," he interrupted.

I said, "Tell the old man what he can do. And he can take his paper, and this job, and Broadway along with him."

"Yeah," said Jed. "I know. But suppose you tell him. And make it funny."

I glared at him, and walked out of the city room, and down the hall, and up a short flight of stairs. Thirteen steps up. I counted them, and wondered if anyone had noticed it before, and whether it meant anything. Merrill looked up from a pile of clippings and jerked a thumb over his shoulder; and I walked into the old man's office.

He was scowling at a letter when I entered, and he glanced up at me and waved a hand toward a chair. I dropped my hat in it, and shoved my hands in my pockets, and stood looking out of the window, down into Park Row. He said, "Well?"

"Jed said you wanted to see me."

He grunted and bit off the end of a cigar. "What's the matter?"

"Nothing," I said. "Not a thing."

He eyed me suspiciously. "More money?"

"No."

"Another paper?"

I said no again. "I'm through. That's all. Finished." I turned back to the window.

He said, "You're crazy!"

"Yeah?"

"Listen to me," he said. "You can't do this, Weber! There are only about six good columnists in this town, and you're half of 'em. You can't quit. You've got a following, you've got friends, and you're making money. Plenty. What more do you want?"

I said, "I'm through."

He ground out his cigar and stood up. He said, "Haven't I always played square with you, Weber? Didn't I give you your first chance? Haven't we backed you up all down the line?"

"You've been mighty decent."

"So that now you walk out on us!"

"It isn't that," I said, trying to explain. "I'm tired. I'm tired of being funny day after day. I'm tired of thinking in wisecracks, and dishing the dirt, and hanging Broadway's dingy lingerie out in the breeze. I'm tired of keeping one ear in the gutter, and listening to the pan-hards and the alibi artists and the also-rans, running 'em down. Listening to the ones who have just clicked, and the ones who've just been nicked. Two-Times Square," I said, "where the dawn comes in with plunder and the suckers always pay. I'm fed up. I'm through."

Cranston laughed. "Hell," he said, "and I thought something was wrong. You had me worried."

I said, "That's a shame, now, isn't it?"

He said, "Keep your shirt on. You'll need it, it's going to be a long, hard winter. You're not through, Weber, you just think you are."

"Yeah?"

He came over and put a hand on my shoulder. He was a little man, which was maybe why he didn't stand up more often, but when he did you forgot all about his size. "You need a rest, that's all," he said. "A vacation ——"

I Watched Her Walk Across the Room, Tall and Slim and Straight. In the Doorway She Turned, and I Remembered a Statuette of Cool, Soft Silver

"Fine," I said. "That's just what I'm going to take. A nice, long vacation. Starting now. And I'm not coming back."

"You'll come back," he told me. "They always do. You either ride the town, or the town rides you. You're set to ride it, Weber. All you need now is a change."

"I'm taking it."

"Where are you going?"

"I don't know," I said, "but I'm on my way. And it's not Broadway." I picked up my hat. "I'm going off somewhere," I said, "where people are folks and not so much copy. Where they play out-of-doors and not out of bounds. Where life is normal."

Cranston looked at his watch. "Wait a minute," he said. "How long will it take you to pack?"

"I'm packed," I said. "Why?"

"You're coming with me," he announced. "Out to my place. I'll stop by for you in an hour. There's plenty of room there; too much room."

I said quickly, "I can't do that."

"Why not?" he demanded. "You're going somewhere, aren't you? And you know the wife and youngsters already. I'm taking you out there." He slumped down in his chair, and picked up some papers, and jabbed his cigar at me. "And then I'm going to bring you back. Back to Broadway."

I said, "Yes you are."

He grinned at me. "I'm busy. See you in an hour."

That's how my vacation started. One minute I was on Broadway, and then, almost before I knew it, I was in Connecticut, and in a room with a double bed the size of a small football field hidden in one corner, and a valet laying out my dinner clothes. I sat there, smoking a cigarette and watching him, and thinking all the while how decent Cranston was being to me. I didn't deserve it.

On the way down he had explained what a splendid change Wild Acres would be for me. I could go horseback riding, I could play tennis and golf, I could swim. I could do a lot of things. I said, "I'd been intending to take a rest, but it sounds swell."

"That's just it," he had said. "It's a fine place to rest. No one around but the family, and maybe one or two week-end guests. You can take it slow and easy."

I said, "I'll take it slow and easy."

"Forget your work for a couple of weeks."

I said, "Don't worry. I'll forget it. I'm not going to do anything else but forget it."

"Sure," he said. "You do that. And then you'll come back to us, fresh as a lily."

"I'll be smothered in them," I said, "when I come back. But they won't mean a thing. Not to me, they won't. And they won't mean a thing to you, either, if you don't slow down on a couple of these curves."

"Nerves," he said. "Your nerves are getting jumpy, that's all."

So we had slowed down to about forty-five an hour while my nerves did a little more high-jumping, and a couple of hurdles, and then we swept off the main highway down a dirt road, and through the gates of Wild Acres.

And there I was, sitting pretty while a man laid out my clothes and poured my bath. Sitting pretty with nothing to do. Nothing but forget, forget work and Broadway and wise-cracks, forget everything but play. I tried to feel the way I knew I should feel. I tried while I was taking my time about bathing and changing, and then I tried while I wandered on downstairs.

I found Cranston in the drawing-room, and shortly Mrs. Cranston came in, and said what an unexpected pleasure it all was, my coming for a visit and everything, and I agreed with her that it was unexpected. Then Aileen and Patricia came in, one light and the other dark, and they both looked very nice, and while I was telling them so Mrs. Cranston said, "I don't believe you've ever met my other daughter, Cherry."

I said, "I don't believe I ever have," and I looked at Cherry. She wasn't like her sisters, Aileen or Pat, or like any of the rest of the Cranstons. She wasn't, even that first time I looked at her, like any girl I had ever seen

before. I didn't realize it then; I just knew that something had happened, that something had gone "click" inside me. I said again, "I'm sure I never have." It began to look as though Wild Acres might be a very pleasant change.

Then, as we were about to proceed in to dinner, Sam made his appearance. Sam was the masculine portion of the Cranston progeny, and not what you might call a large portion. We had to wait five minutes while he arranged himself for the festive board, and when we sat down the old man said, "I wish you'd begin to learn the rudiments of punctuality, Samuel."

"Yes, sir," said Sam. "I was detained on business."

"By the name of Bernice," Pat put in. "I heard you talking to her on the phone this morning. How is she, Sam?"

Sam glowered at her and then at his soup and said, "Not so good."

"Really," Pat murmured sweetly, "you always are lucky, aren't you?"

So Sam shot her another dirty look, without much brotherly love in it, and Mrs. Cranston said, "Now, children!" and Aileen turned to me and said, "Dad says you're overworked and taking a vacation."

I said, "Yes."

She said, "It must be awfully trying, turning out the same thing day after day."

I said, "Yes, it is."

"I should think you would want to forget it for a while."

I said, "Yes, I do."

"This ought to be a fine change for you, not having to think about your work, or anything."

I said, "Yes. It begins to look that way."

Mrs. Cranston spoke up. "I think a change means everything, don't you? I mean, the right kind of a change, of course."

I just nodded. I looked across at Cherry. She had on some sort of silver-green dress, and her eyes were green, too; only they were a grayish-green that seemed to catch and hold all kinds of lights. I wondered what you talked about to a girl like her. With Aileen or Pat it was different, you knew where you were. They belonged to certain definite types. Cherry didn't seem to belong to any type I knew anything of. I wondered what she was thinking about.

Before I could say anything Patricia and brother Sam slid into the conversational foreground again, and it seemed that Pat thought his taste in flappers was pretty much of a flop, and his technic more so, and Sam wanted to know what she knew about it anyway.

"Plenty," Pat said. "What about that frozen dainty from Weston that gave you the air last week?"

"Nothing," Sam glowered. "She just wasn't my type, that's all."

"You thought she was at the time."

"Yeah?" said Samuel. "Well, I made a mistake. We all make a mistake sometime, don't we? That's why Reno's so crowded." He stopped, and considered his last remark in complete silence for about thirty seconds, and then turned to me. "That's a good one for you," he said. "Why don't you use it in your column? 'We all make a mistake sometime, that's why Reno's so crowded.' Get it? 'We all ——'"

"I got it," I said. "Thanks."

"And this hand-me-down you're gaga over now," Pat went on. "I don't want to be snitty, but ——"

Mrs. Cranston gave them a kind of startled look and said, "Would you two mind telling me whatever you're talking about?"

"They're mulling over Sam's love affairs," Aileen informed her.

"I'm sure one would never know it. Can you understand them, Mr. Weber?"

I said, "I think so."

"He ought to be able to," Pat inserted. "We get most of our stuff from his column."

Mrs. Cranston said, "It doesn't sound like a very romantic way to discuss love affairs though."

"But people aren't romantic any more, mother," Cherry broke in with a smile. "Are they, Mr. Weber?"

I looked at her. It occurred to me sharply that that was almost the first thing she had said during dinner. She had looked things, but hadn't said them. Maybe, I thought, with sisters like Aileen and Pat she didn't get many opportunities to say a great deal. Looking at her, I started to say one thing, and then changed my mind, and just said, "Aren't they?"

"Why, no. I mean, aren't you always poking fun at sentiment? Weren't you the one who first called love 'perpetual emotion' or something like that?"

"Well, I give up," Mrs. Cranston observed, before I could answer. "I'm only too glad I'm not young again. Crannie was matter-of-fact enough, twenty-five years ago, but if he were proposing today I don't know what he'd say. What would you say, Crannie?"

"Humph!" said Mr. Cranston.

"'Let's breeze, baby,'" Pat suggested. "That's what you'd say, isn't it, dad?"

Mr. Cranston said, no, it wasn't, looking as though he meant it, and Mrs. Cranston repeated, "Let's breeze, baby," in a kind of bewildered tone, and then we all breezed into the drawing-room for coffee, and Sam said something about an important business engagement and departed, and then Pat followed suit. The rest of us cut in for bridge, and it was Aileen and I against the parents, and Cherry sat around reading a book while I discovered that I didn't care so much about bridge as maybe Mr. Work or Mr. Whitehead. About ten-thirty Cherry said good night and left us. I watched her walk across the room, tall and slim and straight. In the doorway she turned and smiled back at us, and I remembered suddenly a statuette of cool, soft silver I had once seen in a jeweler's window. From where I sat I could see her legs as they disappeared up the stairway, and they were very nice legs, and then I lost three more hands without much difficulty, and by then none of the rest seemed to care much about playing any longer, so I got to bed about twelve, and to sleep about three.

The next morning I woke up fairly late, and smoked a cigarette in bed, and thought what a fine rest I was going to have, and what a swell vacation it would be. It seemed pretty nice not to have to worry about thinking up wise cracks and gossip and getting my copy in on time. I got up and put on some riding clothes I had bought one morning in a slightly mellow mood but had never used, having taken several black coffees instead, and went downstairs hoping Cherry would be around at breakfast. But she wasn't, so I had coffee alone and then wandered out to the stables.

I looked over the horses, and they looked a lot different from the last I had seen in the movies, and I began to

(Continued on Page 128)

And Every Once in a While He Would Shoot a Dirty Look in My Direction

THIS CONGRESS AND THAT

By Samuel G. Blythe

ONE depressing thing about this Seventy-First Congress, among several, is that there isn't a spark of conscious humor in it, nor a grain of percipient wit—depressing, but not extraordinary.

Even Senator George Moses, who has a supply of that New England tang that a former New Hampshire senator, William E. Chandler, used to utilize with exciting effect on his colleagues, goes outside those dull and dreary halls when he has anything but regulation tub-thumping to do, and the contention that there is no humor in the present Senate is proved by the fact that when George does make a crack at his fellows, or a part of them, they try to develop that crack into a split in the Republican Party instead of coming back at him in kind.

The present Congress is neither better nor worse in this doleful regard than numerous of its predecessors. It is often funny, but it doesn't mean to be. It is never brilliant by any chance, and it is a long time since a real epigram has been made on the floor of either House or a rebuttal better than an "Is that so?" handed out. Time was when there were some lively and sparkling persons in the now solemn and serious spaces beneath the dome—men who could turn a phrase instead of being able to do nothing but shout demagogic hokum, men who could make an apt rejoinder, tell a story pat to the occasion and discussion, or flash a retort for a devastating laugh.

"Mr. Speaker! Mr. Speaker!" howled Springer, of Illinois, charging down the center aisle of the House of Representatives, "I'd rather be right than be President."

"The member from Illinois need not worry," blandly remarked Speaker Tom Reed; "he'll never be either."

"Mr. President," said Senator Pettigrew, of South Dakota, after he had been stopped in his speech several times by the highly superior Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, of Massachusetts, in his most irritating manner—"Mr. President, the senator from Massachusetts, who is constantly interrupting me to no advance of our general information, reminds me of the soil of his native state—highly cultivated, but very thin."

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Senator Boies Penrose of Pennsylvania

When Congress Put On a Good Show

"AND I fought against the Yankees," declaimed Private John Allen, of Mississippi, in the House of Representatives, "and in one bloody engagement they captured me. After they had held me prisoner for a week, they turned me loose, and I rejoined my regiment again, and again took up the pleasing pastime of killing Yankees. They captured me again, and, after another week, turned me loose once more."

"But why," asked a member, "did they turn you loose instead of keeping you prisoner?"

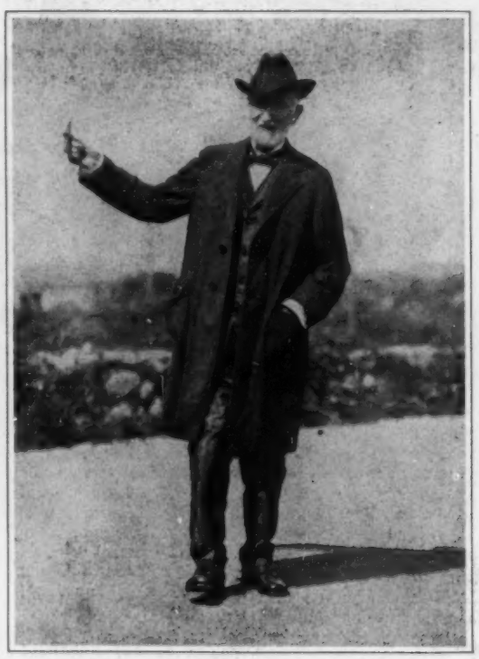
"Well," Allen replied, "they figured they would rather fight me than feed me."

"And so," spoke Representative Cushman, of Washington, whose annual humorous speech on the River and Harbor was one of the high lights of the days when there was humor in Congress, "things got so bad, out in Seattle and Tacoma during the panic of 1893, that we were reduced to the dire necessity of going to the beaches and digging clams for our sustenance, and, Mr. Speaker, I do not exaggerate when I say that my unfortunate people ate so many clams during that fateful period that their stomachs rose and fell regularly with the rising and falling of the tides."

"And I hear," said Senator Pugh, of Alabama, during a speech on the state of the Union, "that them Populists is gettin' very bad down in my state of Alabama, and I'm goin' down there."

"Going down to fight them in the interests of the Democratic Party, I suppose?" put in the always-helpful Senator Augustus Octavius Bacon, of Georgia.

"Hell, no," replied Pugh; "if they are as bad as I hear they be, I'm goin' down and jine 'em!"



A Member of Twenty-Two Houses and Speaker of Four, Uncle Joe Cannon

Men of quick mind, quicker retort, rich humor, Attic wit, apt allusion, lively anecdote, biting repartee—and all gone. We deal in platitudes now, work ourselves up to shouting frenzies of denunciation of various "outrages," and our statesmen occupy most of their time in the capacities of police-court investigators.

"And what shall you talk about?" asked an interested person who knew that Senator Samuel Shortridge, of California, was to make a speech. "Most of the things are all cleared up, it seems to me."

"My boy," said the senator, impressively raising his right hand above his head and pointing upward with a grand gesture, "you forget that there is always the flag."

The People's Choice

NATURALLY, persons who, like myself, knew Congress when—in our opinions, at least—it was far removed from and far ahead of, both in capability and individuality, the present aggregation that operates on Capitol Hill, look rather disconsolately at what goes on up there from day to day and has been going on for some years. That is a human attribute. A man always is inclined to think that his were the halcyonian days. Nevertheless, and without either odious or obvious comparisons, it seems reasonably apparent that two things have happened since 1900, say, or the ten years before that, that have made this impression inevitable to one who knew Congress well thirty-five years ago and who knows Congress equally well now. The first of these is the shift in the responsive character of the two coördinate bodies of the Congress, the House and the Senate. Back yonder, the House of Representatives, as was intended and set forth by the Constitution, was the representative body, and most amenable to the direct influence of the body politic. Now the House is a mere political machine, and the Senate, because of varying influences and considerations, is the responsive body and not the august tribunal furnishing the checks and balances against the popular demand that the Fathers designed it to be.

The second, so far as the Senate is concerned, is a corollary of the first, for the reason the Senate has now become the sort of body it is, is found in the constitutional amendment that provides for the direct election of senators by the votes of the people rather than by the original constitutional method of election by legislatures in the various states. This constitutional amendment, ratified on May 31, 1913, has destroyed the old character of the Senate in the sixteen years it has been in operation, and has created an entirely new type of Senate—a Senate composed of ninety-six men of whom there are, probably, seventy-five who could not have been elected to the Senate under the old plan. That is to say, no convention, or caucus, or boss control whatsoever would have sent seventy-five of these men to the Senate who are there now, largely, because of their success in making a direct political appeal to the voters.

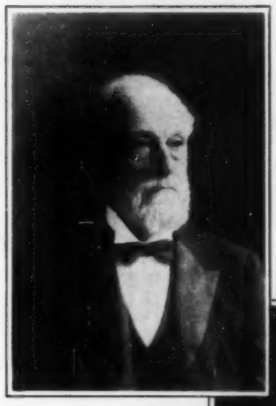
This may be progress, or it may not be. That is a moot question not to be debated here. I was in China several times during the ascendancy of Yuan Shi-kai, the first real president of the republic, who took the government away from Sun Yat-sen after that idealist had established himself by means of the revolution. A hard citizen was Yuan Shi-kai, and ambitious. His beginnings had been in the court of the Empress Dowager, the Old Buddha, where he had been a

mafoo, or stable boy. He was a Confucianist, and an opportunist who took advantage of the situation created by Sun Yat-sen after years of toil and fighting, and calmly threw Sun Yat-sen out of the picture and took the presidency himself. Yuan Shi-kai, because of his early training and sympathies, was not a republican at all, and only nominally in sympathy with the republican ideas that were established by the revolution.

I came to know Yuan Shi-kai very well, under exceptional circumstances, for I was in Peking at the time the Japanese made their Twenty-One Demands on China, and was of some assistance in getting the facts about those demands published to the world. We hit it off very well together—so well, in fact, that he wanted to confer a decoration on me, but I took an autographed photograph instead—the first, he said, he had ever given to anybody. Also, he gave me an interview about Chinese affairs for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST that was the first interview any ruler of China had given to anybody for publication.

The Day of the Handshaker

THINGS went along. I came home and, later, returned to China to find Yuan preparing to make himself emperor. It was his opinion that a democracy such as China was then—a futile and footless and internecine affair—could not function in times of stress save as an autocracy. And things were very stressful then—very. This opinion, by the way, was supported during the war by events and circumstances in England and the United States. Autocrats ran things in this country and England, both great democracies. I refer to Woodrow Wilson and Lloyd George. Further, the present degeneration of China shows that Yuan knew his people and that the idea had merit.



Senator Orville H. Platt, of Connecticut

Senator Moses' Predecessor—Senator Chandler, of New Hampshire

Yuan had furbished up the Peacock Throne, and repainted and refurnished the gaudy ceremonial rooms of the old empire. Everything was set for the ceremony that would proclaim him Emperor of China. The idea seemed futile to me, and I so expressed myself to one of Yuan's closest friends and supporters, a learned and influential man.

"You think," said he, "that the plan to make Yuan Shi-kai Emperor is not a wise one?"

"I do," I told him.

"And not in accord with the theories and principles for which we fought the revolution?"

"Not at all."

"And you consider the United States a workable democracy?"

"Yes."

"Well, tell me some of the advances in governmental theory and the practice of popular government you have made recently in your country."

I cited direct primaries, election of United States senators by the vote of the people, the commission form of government, the initiative and referendum, and several similar governmental and political gadgets that were recent in America.

My learned Chinese friend listened politely and interestedly. After I had finished my recital, he smiled and said: "Yes, I understand, but you must remember we tried all those things two thousand years ago and rejected them."

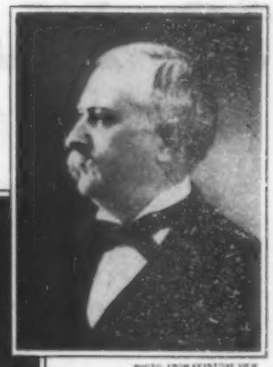
This started a train of thought that has not stopped yet, and the present state of the United States Senate has done considerable to keep that train in motion. Yuan did not get to be Emperor. Before he could ascend the throne he died of "stomach trouble." This stomach trouble may have been accelerated by ground glass or something like in his tea, or it may not have been. In any event, Yuan passed on to his Confucianist fathers, and nobody who has arisen since in China has had sufficient strength to get on a throne, although there is no doubt that many have had that eminence in view.

Yuan died in 1916, after our plan of electing United States senators by the direct vote of the people had been in effect but three years and before it had had any full determination in the Senate itself. Now, having watched the full workings of that plan, it is my opinion that it would have been just as well if the Seventeenth Amendment had never been adopted. What was once, and for many years, a great Senate is now a mediocre Senate. The class of senators elected by direct vote compared to the class of senators who came to Washington through legislative selection shows a marked deterioration in ability, force, statesmanship, intellectual capacity, and high political acumen.

The great bulk of the senators we have now are products of campaigns in which the most adroit handshaker and the most voluble promiser wins. They are mostly commonplace, undistinguished men, and the records of the Senate, since the direct vote for its members changed the character and personnel of that body, prove that assertion. All that is necessary is to look at the Senate now, five years ago, ten years ago, and compare it with the old-time Senate that began to go out of political existence after the amendment of 1913.

On the atmospheric side, which, in its fullness, was a significant and important side, the death of Senator Francis E. Warren, of Wyoming, removed the last Civil War veteran from the rolls of the Senate. One Confederate veteran is left in the House. He is the sole remaining representative of the soldier domination of our Congressional and other politics that began soon after the Civil War, and reached its strongest level during the thirty years after the close of that struggle. When I first knew Congress, there were dozens of Union and Confederate veterans in the House, and a good many in the Senate, including several Union and Confederate major and brigadier generals, one of whom was that fine old gentleman, William Brimage Bate, senator from Tennessee, who was a private in the Mexican War, a major general in the Civil War, and who looked with great suspicion on any measure pending in the Senate that was not in accord with the Constitution of the Confederate States.

At Right—Senator Joseph B. Foraker, of Ohio. Below—The Gentleman from Indiana, Albert J. Beveridge



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There Were Giants in Those Days

THE soldier organizations and the soldier sentiment were great political factors, especially in the Republican Party. Grant, Hayes, Garfield, Harrison and McKinley were all Union officers. The fact that Grover Cleveland paid $300 for a substitute in the Civil War was an argument against him of a potency not realized today. Laying aside any discussion of the merits or demerits of these soldier legislators, they were in Congress in great numbers, and they added a picturesque and interesting atmosphere to both Senate and House. Their advent was caused by the intense feeling brought about by the Civil War, skillfully exploited by the politicians, and the gratitude of both the North and the South for their patriotic services.

Time and changing conditions brought about their inevitable departure from the scene. But for thirty years or so they were numerous in Congress, and many of them were virile and entertaining fellows.

Let us go back thirty years or so—a good round period—to the beginnings of the century and a few years before and after, and have a look at the Congresses of those days. Every good citizen should have a sufficient knowledge of his current Congress to make comparisons. I shall make none. Roll your own. My purpose is to assay the men who were in Congress then on the basis of the average opinion of them by men who were competent to judge. These were Congresses that commanded respect for their ability, no matter whether the observers liked or disliked the actions and operations of them. There was no question of the high status of their leading members. There were big men in them, as big men go legislatively. Of course, there were plenty of dubs in them also, but not so many by 60 per cent —— Avast there—no comparisons!

Occasionally, by the mutations of politics, big men dropped out. Arthur Pue Gorman, of Maryland, a Democratic leader, was defeated in 1898, but came back again in 1902, for instance. Now and again local conditions and state disruptions eliminated a big fellow, but, all in all, the big men stayed in Congress until removed by death or disability, and they ran things with skillful, practiced, disciplinary hands,

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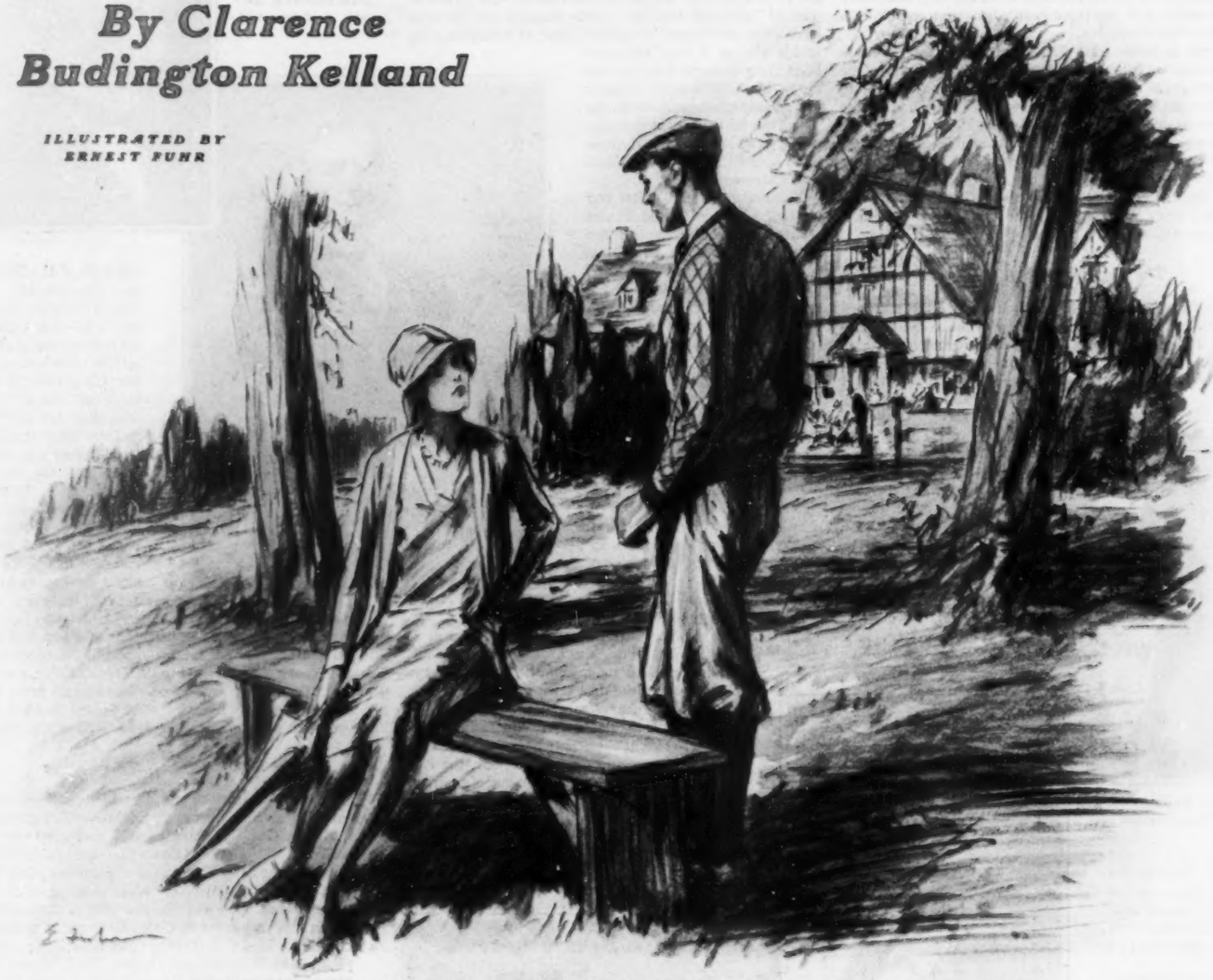
PHOTOS. BY BROWN BROS., NEW YORK

Senator Benjamin Tillman, of South Carolina

A MATTER OF NERVE

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR



"You Know What Happens to Girls Who Make Mésalliances. Their Friends No Longer Receive Them"

IN SPITE of this and that, Jefferson McTodd believed himself to be a very unhappy young man. He moped. He sat with eyes on distant horizons. He sighed. One would have gathered from this conduct that he suffered from one of two ailments: low blood pressure or an unrequited attachment for a member of the lovelier sex. If a physician had wrapped a gadget about his arm and squeezed a bulb, the pressure of the blood against the walls of the arteries would have been found admirable. Hence, by elimination, we arrive at that anguish to which all fortunate young men are heir, namely, love.

In a somewhat headstrong way he had walked out of the life and plans of his father, old T. P. McTodd, who wished to raise his boy to be a multimillionaire, and, according to all of the ten commandments of modern youth, set about it to live his own life. In practically every department of living it, he had done very well indeed. He had found himself a desirable job as professional at the Lark Meadow Country Club; he had, by the exercise of ingenuity and a certain gift of applied curiosity, made a very considerable sum of money in an unreasonably short time; he was esteemed by the club members, and was at the top of his game. Seventy-twos rolled off his clubs with admirable regularity. But!

In common with the rest of modern youth he had neglected to foresee that, when one sets out to live his own life, free, untrammeled, emancipated, he might collide head-on with someone else who was living a life, and that the strings and streamers of both of them might entangle inextricably. In short, he had not gazed into the crystal intently enough to perceive Abigail Vance, daughter of the president of the club, Hampstead's first citizen, a man not only of wealth but of lineage and of self-respect. Which not only complicated matters but brought them to an impasse. King Cophetua may marry a beggar maid and use his army to make his kingdom like it, but an Abigail Vance cannot marry a golf professional, because all the king's horses and all the king's men could not make of it anything but one of those things that get people's pictures in the tabloids!

There is a very definite double standard in marriage: Gentlemen may marry beneath them from the ranks of the chorus or the salesladies and get away with it. This is for two or three reasons, among which are that the world hopes every rich young man will make a fool of himself and rather approves when he does, and second, that beauty is above social position, and third, that a lovely washerwoman's daughter can ennoble herself with a Paris frock and adapt herself by two weeks' scrutiny of the aristocracy. But the Social Register disapproves of young ladies making fools of themselves; a truck driver in a tailored suit is only another comedy part, and the lady must take the man's name and become one of the crowd from across the railroad tracks. Every beautiful girl is born to be a princess, but every proletarian boy is just born.

Hence Jefferson McTodd, a club professional by adoption and bound by the rules to go his own without the glamour of the McTodds, was as ineligible as a kangaroo in an aquarium. Also, having been born and reared on the heights, he knew it better than someone who was striving to climb up out of the valleys.

It was at this time that he was further disquieted by news which came to him in a fragmentary way as he went about his business at the club. The first inkling came as he was giving a lesson to Miss Phillips while Miss Garner sat by and watched.

"My dear," said Miss Phillips, "I just heard Dayton Curtis will be back next week!"

"Hail the conquering hero comes," said Miss Garner.

"After more than a year. They say he's literally made millions!"

"Even if it was billions," said Miss Garner, "I'd still resign my share of him. His idea of a swell day would be for a choir to sing hymns to him. And now he'll be worse."

"But he's darn handsome," said Miss Phillips. "And you never had a share of him anyhow. He belongs to Abigail Vance."

"I haven't noticed her pining away."

"Abigail doesn't pine. But I'll bet you. And he's only thirty-two!"

"Wonder why he's coming back. There aren't any billions here for him to make."

"To marry Abigail."

"Then Abigail's got less sense than I credit her with."

"He's a swell golfer too."

"Even that doesn't make my heart go flippity-flap. I don't like any part of him. He's a very superior person. He's the sort who bawls out servants."

"Anyhow, it'll be a swell wedding," said Miss Phillips.

Jefferson, growing restive, asserted himself. "Suppose you take just one swing at the ball, Miss Phillips," he said. "After all, I must do something to earn my money."

Miss Phillips made a face. "Well," she said, "when Dayton Curtis comes there'll be one man you can't beat."

"My grandsire drew a good bow at Hastings," said Jeff. "I'll do my best. No man can do more."

"All right, Hubert," said Miss Garner. "I hope you rub his nose in every sand trap on the course."

Mr. Curtis' name came up again the next day when Jeff was playing in a foursome with Mr. Ralston and two friends.

"Curtis has turned out well," said Ralston. "A touch of financial genius. A remarkable success for so young a man."

"He was an arrogant brat," said his friend.

"What's the idea of the home-coming?" asked the other gentleman.

"Partly business," said Ralston, "and partly—if rumor tells truth—romance."

"Tough on the girl," said the other gentleman. "Whoopee! In the deep, dismal trap! I hope it's in a heel print."

On Monday Dayton Curtis arrived. On Tuesday he appeared at the club with a couple of other young members and Jeff encountered him for the first time as he bought some balls for the day's game.

"You're the new pro, eh?" said Curtis, a tall, heavy-shouldered, unquestionably handsome young man. "I hear you fancy your game."

"I don't advertise it on the billboards," said Jeff.

"Always like to take professionals down a peg," Curtis said over his shoulder. "When can I take you on—er—What's-Your-Name?"

"My time is booked for some days," said Jeff.

"What's the matter? Timid?"

"I'm a rabbit, sir. Thank you, sir," said Jeff without lifting his eyes.

Curtis frowned uncertainly and turned away. "Some day, when you get your nerve up," he said.

"I'm taking a tonic, sir," said Jeff.

"The man's a fool," Jeff heard Curtis say outside the door. "Where'd they dig him up? How's he lasted this long?"

The second encounter came on a Wednesday while Jeff was giving a lesson to Abigail Vance. Curtis strolled out to the practice tee and stood with critical eye.

"What are you doing," he demanded presently, "trying to ruin her swing?"

"I'm trying to ruin the one she had before I came," said Jeff mildly.

"I taught her to play golf," said Curtis, as if that settled the matter. "No. No. Not that way. With the face of the club closed. Always close the face of your irons on the back swing."

Jeff scratched his nose and Abigail looked innocently, if expectantly, off at distant scenery.

"Miss Vance," asked Jeff, "what was your average game when I came here?"

"Around a hundred."

"What is it now?"

"I very seldom go over ninety."

"In which case," said Jeff, "you will continue to play with open stance and open blade. And, Mr. Curtis, I don't object to spectators on this tee if they give an imitation of a deaf-and-dumb school. At the present moment of going to press I am the professional of this club engaged in the occupation of giving a golf lesson. I require neither advice nor encouragement. If you remain, you will be so good as to keep for yourself any misinformation you may burn to supply. I trust I am not obscure."

"Why—why ——" Curtis fumbled for words. "You've a face to speak to me like this. I'll report you to the greens committee."

"Do so," said Jeff, "while I finish this lesson."

"Abigail!" said Mr. Curtis.

"You asked for it, Dayton. Now run away. Mr. McTodd is perfectly right."

Curtis swung on his heel and strode toward the club house. Abigail's eyes twinkled. Jeff's face was inscrutable. Then, suddenly and for an instant, he lost that control of himself which he knew so well how to exercise.

"Are you going to marry that man?" he asked.

Abigail looked at him. "One naturally wonders," she said, "if that is a matter of interest to you."

"None whatever," said Jeff. "I beg your pardon. Swing please—with the club face open."

As Jeff completed the lesson his curiosity, always a troublesome possession, began to itch. Why, he asked himself, had Dayton Curtis come back to Hampstead? It was easy to answer this as Miss Phillips had done: That his return was romantic; that he had come back to renew his courtship of Abigail Vance. But Jeff could not force himself to believe that. As he scrutinized Curtis and took stock of such facts as he possessed about the man, he felt certain romance would play a very secondary part in his life. And as for courtship, it seemed to him Mr. Curtis would feel he should himself be sought instead of suing for the favor of another. Dayton was a possessive person and arrogant. He was the sort to step into a girl's life and to inform her that he intended to marry her Tuesday—and he would do so in such a domineering way that, if she were not an exceptionally strong-willed individual, he would have her believing it. No, Jeff reasoned, Dayton Curtis did not come back solely for the purpose of winning Abigail Vance.

What then? Available data furnished no answer except the general one of money. The man's eyes, his mouth, his lips, informed Jeff that the dominant passion of his life was money, and that he would prefer to make money by superior adroitness rather than by straightforward means. It meant as much to Curtis to get the best of someone as it did to derive a profit.

Jeff believed himself reconciled to a life without Abigail; but he could not reconcile himself to Abigail's spending her life with Dayton Curtis. That was something quite different, and in common with some millions of young men in the world's history who had occupied similar shoes, he wondered what in the world Abigail could see in a man who, so patently, would bring her nothing but misery.

"Don't be a fool," he said to himself in a weak moment. "Resign your job. Tell everybody you are T. P. McTodd's son. Then you'll have a chance."

But Jeff's weak moments were only fleeting; his stubbornness was a permanent fixture. "I'll be darned if I do," he said with a snap of the jaws. "But dog-gone if I don't peruse this Curtis volume for typographical errors."

From that instant he watched and listened. No fact was too small to be given storage space, and because he was able to reconstruct a large animal from a small bone, it was not long before he had guessed himself inside Curtis' head, and lifted more than a shrewd idea of what was going on there.

Little things like an overheard conversation between William Ralston and Curtis gave him the key to the door.

(Continued on Page 94)

Dayton Curtis Became Conscious Suddenly of Abigail Vance and Turned to Stare at Her as She Stood in the Doorway

THE DOOR

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

XV

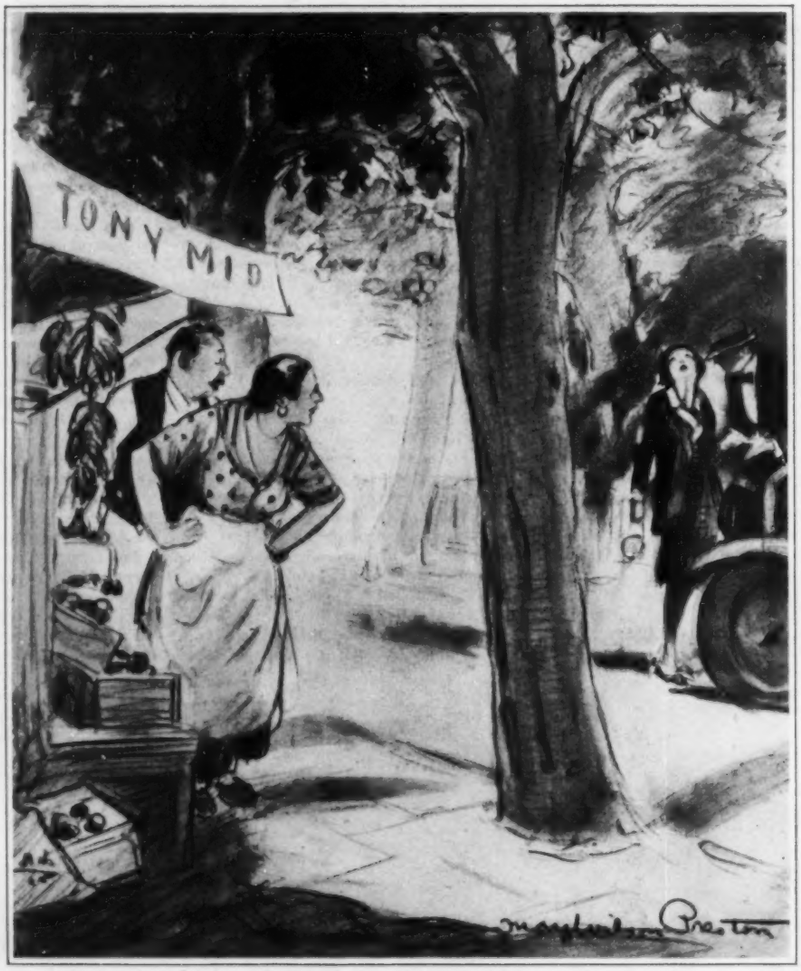
JIM BLAKE arrived at noon the next day for the funeral. Save for a certain pallor—he had been in the house for more than three weeks—he seemed much as usual; impeccably dressed, with a black tie and a black band on the left sleeve of his coat. I had no chance whatever to talk to him. He went at once to Katherine's room, and their luncheon was served to them there.

Only during the solemn process of carrying Howard's body downstairs was he seen at all until after the services, but that seems to have been sufficient. Sometime in that slow and affecting progress, Jim came face to face with an individual whom I was later to know as Charles Parrott, a man of middle age, with a cap drawn low over his face. This Parrott was carrying in the chairs usually provided for such occasions, and was opening them and placing them in rows, and as Jim passed him he gave him a long steady look. Jim did not notice him apparently.

I was not there at the time. The name "Charles Parrott" meant nothing to me. But in due time Charles Parrott was to play his own part in our tragedy, to make his own contribution to the tragic dénouement which was to follow. For Charles Parrott, introduced by Dick by methods of which I have no knowledge, was the night watchman of the building. And he identified Jim Blake as being of the same build and general appearance as that visitor to Howard whom he had admitted two nights before.

True, he stubbornly refused under oath to make a positive statement.

"He's the same build. He looks like him. But that's as far as I go."



She Seemed to Demur at Something, the Man Appeared to Insist

So Jim moved about, unsuspicious, changing the flowers, softening the lights, and Parrott watched him. He disappeared when Jim had gone upstairs again to remain with Katherine and Judy during the services. Wallie was not asked to join them. He was left to sit alone, where he chose. A cruel thing, perhaps; a stupid thing certainly. Katherine had taken the strongest affection he had ever felt, the deepest grief, and flung them back in his face.

So he sat alone, rigid and cold during the services, and stood alone at his father's grave. However he had wavered before, sometime then he made his decision. He went that night to call on Alex Davin, sitting complacent and snug in his library, and slammed out only a half hour later, leaving Alex in a state bordering on apoplexy.

Half an hour later Alex Davin was frenziedly ringing the bell of the apartment and demanding to see Katherine. He was admitted and taken up to her, but Judy and I knew nothing of all this until later.

Judy had determined to talk to Jim, and asked me to be present in the library.

"I can't stand it any longer," she said. "He was here. Why doesn't he speak up? He must know that watchman saw him. Even if father was—was alive when he left, why doesn't he say something?"

But Jim's reaction to her first question was a surprise to both of us. He denied, immediately, categorically, and almost violently, that he had made any visit to Howard Somers on the night of his death.

"Here?" he said. "Why, it's madness. Why should I have come like that? You've lost your good common sense, Judy."

"Someone was here and used your name. He telephoned on the way, from somewhere in the country."

When she had told her story, however, he looked ghastly. Not only was there the implication that Howard had been murdered but there was the terrible possibility which the situation held for himself. What was he to do, where to turn? To go to Katherine and demand that the body be exhumed? And that with the police watching him, and maybe poison to be found? All that he must have thought of, sitting there so neat and dapper in his chair.

"It's terrible," he said. "It's all terrible. And this night watchman? He says he recognized me?"

"He says the man was your height and build."

Suddenly he was savagely angry. "And so this fellow—this Parrott—he's in the secret, is he? He's been brought here to look me over! Good Lord, Judy, do you want to send me to the chair? I wasn't here. How could I get here? I've been sick for weeks. If somebody came here that night, using my name and impersonating me, he was a liar and an impostor, and before God I believe he was a murderer too. Why should I have come here in the night? I could come at any time." Then he quieted, although he was still shaking. "Does your mother know anything of all this?"

"Nothing."

"Then keep it from her. You can do that much. She is in great trouble."

"So am I in great trouble," said Judy bitterly. "But I suppose that doesn't matter."

He looked at her.

"You believed it, did you? Do you still believe it?"

"I don't know. No, of course not."

"Judy," he said, more gently, "what motive could I have? What possible reason? Your father was my friend. To put the thing boldly, what could I possibly gain by his death? By any of these deaths?"

And as if in answer to his question, a footman knocked at the door and said that Katherine wanted to see him in her room.

I have no picture of that scene, but I can see it: Katherine frozen in her chair and Alex Davin walking the floor and, after a habit of his, snapping his fingers as he walked. Into that scene Jim was projected, and in forcible language was told what Wallie had said. Briefly, Wallie had claimed that, during his illness the summer before, his father had made a second will. That this will was in Howard's safe-deposit box at the bank in New York, and the copy in the hands of Waite and Henderson; Mr. Waite having personally drawn it, here in my own city.

By this will, Wallie received no trust fund and no annuity, but a full half of the estate, and the previous will had been revoked. The new will made no provision whatever, either for Sarah or for Jim.

"He may be lying," said Jim, still apparently confused.

But Alex Davin snapped his fingers with excitement, and said that, if so, it was fairly circumstantial lying.

"He's even got the names of the witnesses," he said, and drawing a slip of paper from his pocket he read them aloud: "Sarah Gittings and Florence Gunther."

I believe it was then that Jim collapsed.

Naturally I knew nothing of this at the time, nor did Judy. Both Katherine and Jim were still shut in their rooms when I left early the next morning. But I was sufficiently dismayed and confused. If we were to believe Jim—and I did—then the possibility of a third murder was very real. And once more, sitting in the train, I endeavored to fit together the fragments of that puzzle. I saw Howard, that night, waiting in his room, settled in his bed, the highball beside him, a book in his hand. Getting up to admit his visitor, finding it was not Jim, but making no outcry. Still calm, putting on his dressing gown and slippers, talking. Judy had heard them talking.

Someone he knew, then—knew and trusted. Was it Wallie? Wallie was not unlike Jim in build, although taller and slimmer. Might not that be the answer, and no poison, no third murder? A talk between father and son, and then Wallie going and the heart attack after he had gone.

I admit that this comforted me. I sat back and tried to read.

Shortly before the train drew into the station Dick Carter came through the car. He looked depressed, but he forced a smile when he saw me.

"Well," he said, "I'm back on the job! Even funerals can't last forever."

He sat down in the empty chair next to mine and said that Judy had telephoned him of Jim's denial.

"She believes him," he said. "In that case, this Martin girl seems to be fairly vital. It begins to look as though she's the key, doesn't it? Take that glass, for instance. She thought fast that morning and she was still thinking that night. It's not coincidence—all that glass stuff. Get why she did that, and we've got somewhere. Where does she come in in all this anyhow?"

"I wish I knew."

"Tell me something about her," he said, leaning forward. "Who is she? What do you know about her?"

"Nothing really. She answered an advertisement last fall. I tried her out, and she was efficient. Very. She had no local references."

"And on that you took her into the house? To live?"

"Not at first. But she was really very capable, and sometimes I work at night. I rather drifted into it."

He was silent for some time. Then he made a circle on a piece of paper and marked it around with perhaps a dozen

dots. It bore a rough relation to a clock face, but without the hands, when he held it out to me.

"This dial thing," he said. "It may not refer to a clock, you know. It might be a safe. You haven't a safe in the house, have you?"

"No."

"A safe, or something resembling a clock, but not necessarily a clock. Something round. Would that mean anything to you? A picture, maybe? Have you any round pictures with nails at the back?"

"One or two. I can examine them."

The train was drawing in. He helped me into my wraps, and we sat down again while we were being slowly moved into the station.

"I suppose," he said, not looking directly at me, "that you realize what all this has done to me?"

"To you!"

"About Judy. I'll be nobody's kept husband, and Judy's got a couple of millions or so. I fade, that's all."

"Judy has a right to a vote on that, hasn't she?"

"She's voted. She'll keep the money."

"I don't believe it."

"Well, the equivalent of that. She says I'm a poor, mean-spirited creature to refuse to let her support me in luxury. She says it takes a strong man to marry money, and I'm weak or I'd do it."

Then the train stopped.

I was glad to get home, to find Robert at the station and Joseph at the open door. I like my servants; I have to live with them, and so when I do not like them they must go. And the house was cool and quiet, after New York. I relaxed at once under Joseph's care; the well-laid tea table, the small hot rolls, the very smoothness and greenness of the lawns outside the windows. For the first time since Sarah's death I felt secure. Surely now it was over; we had had our three tragedies, according to the old superstition.

I leaned back and looked at Joseph, and for the first time I realized that he was pale, almost waxy.

"Have you been ill, Joseph?"

"No, madam. I have had an accident."

"An accident? What sort of an accident?"

But as it turned out, Joseph had had no accident. Dragged out of him, and later corroborated by the maids, came the story of an attack in broad daylight so mysterious and so brutal that it made my blood run cold.

The story was this: On the afternoon of the day I left for New York he had allowed the women servants to go out. He often did this in my absence, getting himself a supper of sorts, and apparently glad to have his pantry to himself.

The house was locked and Robert was washing the car in the garage. According to Robert—and this was later found to be true—the first knowledge he had of any trouble was at four o'clock that afternoon, when he heard a faint rapping on the pantry window, and looking toward the house, saw a bloody head, wavering with weakness, inside.

Robert was frightened. He made no effort to get into the house alone, but summoned a white chauffeur from the garage of my bootlegger neighbor, and the two of them broke open the basement door and rushed up the stairs.

They found Joseph unconscious on the pantry floor, his head bleeding profusely from a bad cut and, as Doctor Simonds later discovered, his body a mass of bruises. It was two hours before he recovered consciousness, and then he could give no description of his assailant.

"I saw and heard nobody," he told me. "I was on the second floor. It looked like rain and I was closing the windows. I had finished that and was about to go down the back staircase when I felt that someone was behind me. But I never saw who it was. The next thing I remember, madam, I was at the foot of the stairs, trying to crawl to the pantry."

And this story of his was borne out by the fact that the maids later found blood on the stairs and a small pool at the bottom.

Doctor Simonds, however, did not place too much confidence in the story of the attack when he came in that night to see me.

"Sure he was hurt," he said, with that cheerful descent into the colloquial with which the medical profession soothes its fearful patients and its nervous women. "Surest thing I ever saw. It took four stitches to sew him up! But why assault? Why didn't Joseph catch his rubber heel on something and pitch down those stairs of yours? There are twenty-odd metal-edged steps there, and every one got in a bit of work."

"He says he felt that there was someone behind him."

"Exactly. He was stepping off as he turned to look; and why he didn't break that stiff neck of his I don't know. It's a marvel to me that he's up and about."

But Joseph stuck to his story. He had been attacked by someone from the rear, armed either with a club or a chair. And as we know now, he was right. Joseph had indeed been murderously assaulted, and very possibly left for dead.

As it happened, it was during that call of Doctor Simonds' that I first learned of the possibility that Howard had left a second will. He had attended Howard during his illness at the Imperial the summer before, and expressed regret over his death.

"Of course it was bound to come," he said. "He knew it. He was not a man you could deceive, and that attack he had here was a pretty bad one. By the way, did he alter his will at that time? Or do you know?"

"Alter it? I don't know, I'm sure."

"He was thinking of it. Walter had been very attentive to him, and they'd patched up a peace between them. It was rather amusing, in a way. Poor Miss Gittings hated Walter, and she would have kept him out if she could."

"I hope he did change the will," I said thoughtfully. "After all, his only son ——"

"He may, and he may not. I talked it over with Walter, and he said there would be hell to pay if it did happen. He wasn't sure, of course. But he got me to give him a letter, to the effect that his father was capable of drawing such a document; 'not under drugs, or mentally enfeebled.'" He laughed a little. "Mentally enfeebled!" he said. "If Howard Somers was mentally enfeebled I wish I had arteriosclerosis!"

But Joseph's injury had made me most uneasy. What was the motive? What had been gained by it? I must confess that once again I considered the possibility of a killer who killed for the sheer lust of murder.

That day I bought a new revolver for Joseph and moved him to a guest room on the second floor. Before he retired I made the round of the house with him, and even of the garage and the cellars. Then, with my own door locked, I was able to pass a quiet, if not an easy night.

But again I did not sleep. I lay in bed with a pencil and a sheet of paper, and tried that night to put together what we knew about this unknown. I wrote down that he was crafty and physically strong; that he had no scruples about taking human life; that he knew my house even to the detail of the airshaft and its window; that he was—at least probably—of the same height and build as Jim Blake; that my dogs knew him; that, although since Sarah's death the front-door lock had been changed, he was still able—if Joseph's story were accurate—to enter my house at will; and that his motive, still hidden, had somehow already involved and destroyed Sarah and Florence Gunther and possibly Howard, and might in the end affect others; God only knew whom.

I was badly frightened by that time, and when, just as I had finished the list, I heard the stealthy padding of feet in the hall, I was in a cold sweat of terror. It was only Jock, however, moving restlessly about, with the call of the spring night in his blood and a closed and double-locked front door between him and his kind.

"I Believe That Completes Us," He Said, as Though He Had Announced That There Was a Quorum Present. "And Now, if Joseph Will Notify Mrs. Somers ——"

XVI

THE next day I went through my house, acting on Dick's suggestion. I imagine that the servants thought that our recent tragedies had slightly unbalanced me as I took down one circular object after another and examined it. One or two old daguerreotypes in round frames I literally ripped open, but at the end of these acts of vandalism I was no wiser than before.

It was that afternoon that I was sent for by the district attorney; a disquieting interview, with accusation and suppressed anger on his part, and sheer dismay on my own.

"This is a curious case, Miss Bell," he said. "Two horrible crimes have been committed by the same hand; and

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KI OF THE WINDS

By Herbert Ravenel Sass

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

KI BELONGED to the winds, the storms. He had in him, it seemed, something of the invisible energy that is in the lightning. It was in him from the beginning, but at the beginning no one would ever have guessed it. Ki was then only a small, flabby, helpless lump covered with soft down—a little white lump of a baby duck hawk lying on a narrow ledge high up on the precipitous rocky face of Nickajack Mountain.

Yet even then the infant falcon's eyes were bright and keen. Those eyes and his small hooked nose gave him, in spite of his shapeless ugliness, a certain dignity. At times his eyes grew brighter—when food was brought to him or when great storms roared and crashed around Nickajack peak. Ki did not fear the storms, no matter how mightily they raged or how tremendous were the thunder crashes. He never cowered or trembled, and always at such moments his eyes were very bright.

They were bright, too—bright and fierce—when for the first time he saw his father in action.

That was a fine sight of its kind, and perhaps, deep down in him, Ki felt vaguely, subtly, its savage splendor. From the aerie near the top of the huge precipice of Nickajack the baby duck hawk, always awaiting eagerly the return of his parents with food, looked out across a deep, wide valley toward a tumbled mass of mountains beyond. Suddenly, far out over the valley, he saw a dark bird winging toward him, and his eyes glittered with joyful anticipation. Ki had not yet attained the marvelous perfection of vision that was to be his later on; the oncoming dark bird was not, as he supposed, his father. That ash-blue warrior of the upper air was, at the moment, balanced in a wind current a thousand feet above Nickajack peak, hidden from Ki by the overhang of the high rock wall above the aerie.

Ki saw what happened, for it happened directly in front of his ledge and scarcely fifty yards away. The male duck hawk, resting on motionless wings far above the mountain, had seen, long before Ki saw it, the approach of the big, dark bird across the valley below him. He knew at once what the bird was—a red-shouldered hawk, bulkier and heavier than himself, but comparatively slow of movement. The red-shoulders were an inoffensive race. They lived mainly on ground game, such as rabbits and snakes, and there was scarcely a chance in a thousand that this one would see the baby falcon on the narrow rock ledge and attempt to make a meal of him.

Nevertheless, Ki's father, seemingly anchored in the wind high over Nickajack crag, kept his stern eyes fixed upon the red-shoulder as the big bird came on. It was flying in a direction which in another minute would have carried it past the ledge where Ki was waiting, but suddenly some unlucky chance or whim caused it to change its course and head directly toward the aerie. From his far height Ki's father dropped like a bullet. The eyes of a man could scarcely have followed that incredibly swift descent; the plunging duck hawk was a long, dark streak in the air, a black arrow shooting down almost vertically from the region of the clouds. The sound of his fall was like the rushing noise of a rocket. Ki, watching from his ledge, heard the sound, though he did not know whence it came; his bright little eyes were fixed on the approaching red-shoulder.

Suddenly Ki saw, almost directly above the red-shoulder, a dark object falling swiftly; in the same instant this dark object struck the big hawk squarely on the back, crumpling it in the air. The red-shoulder, his spine broken and half his side torn out, pitched downward toward the tree tops in the valley. Ki saw the dark object which had dealt the death blow open long, pointed wings and shoot upward at a single bound two hundred feet or more, to hang poised on swiftly beating pinions above the brow of the crag. Ki recognized his father.

This was the baby duck hawk's first vivid glimpse of the world of strenuous action into which he had been born, the first hint that came to him—though he had no glimmering of its significance—of the superb powers which he was later to possess.

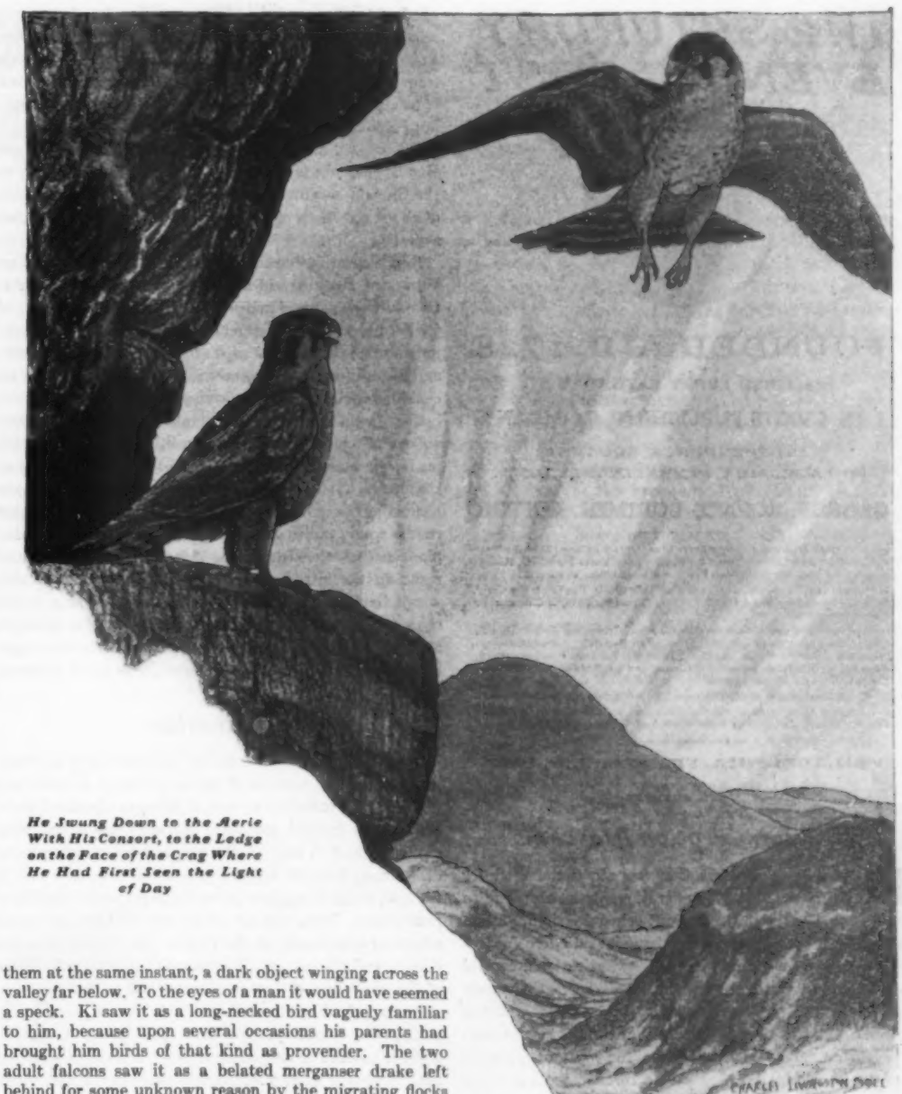
Now He Was Smashing, a Living Lightning Bolt, Into a Flock of Red-Billed Toucans Flying

Among the several hundred species of hawks inhabiting the earth, by far the finest are the true falcons, distinguished from all other hawks by their long, pointed wings and notched bills; and among the falcons, the American duck hawk—virtually identical with the famous falcon of Europe which made falconry the sport of kings—yields place to none. The great gyrfalcons of the Far North are larger, more powerful, equally courageous and probably as swift; but ounce for ounce and pound for pound even these superb and little-known hunters of the Arctic are matched by the duck hawk—compared with whom the eagle is a mere tyro in the art of flying, while the big, burly hen hawks are slow, lumbering hulks of the air.

To this vigorous race Ki belonged; a race of fiery-hearted hunters and fighters of unsurpassed courage, speed and skill. Over Ki's life from the beginning there shone a lucky star. Of the four variegated reddish-brown eggs which his mother had laid on the narrow ledge a hundred feet below the top of Nickajack crag, only one had proved fertile. Hence there were no other nestlings to share the prey that the parent duck hawks brought to the aerie. Ki got it all—mainly small birds not too tough for his little beak and talons—and out of this abundance of food strength flowed into him as if by magic.

He grew with extraordinary rapidity. Within three weeks his white natal down was being replaced by brown feathers. He passed through the awkward stage of callow youth, assuming gradually the graceful yet stalwart proportions of his kind. His parents were ash-blue birds—the female a little larger than the male—their creamy breasts barred with black, their fierce faces adorned with black cheek marks like long, down-curved mustaches, their flat heads crowned with dark slate. Ki was brown above instead of ash-blue, his buffy underparts were streaked up and down instead of being cross-barred, his mustaches had a slight brownish cast. He was now, however, as large or almost as large as his father, and the first chapter of his life was almost at an end.

One May morning his mother, floating on widespread wings twenty feet from the aerie and just on a level with it, called to him softly. Ki moved awkwardly to the brink of the ledge. He stood there a moment gazing out and down. Below him was a sheer drop of five hundred feet or more to the jagged rocky talus at the foot of the precipice. His mother called again, a gentle, persuasive, almost crooning cry. Ki opened his long wings and launched out over the abyss, riding the air, even in that first moment, with perfect ease and absolute confidence, never for one fraction of an instant at a loss, never for one fraction of an instant afraid.



He Swung Down to the Aerie With His Consort, to the Ledge on the Face of the Crag Where He Had First Seen the Light of Day

He belonged to the air, the wind. From that moment when his untried pinions bore him outward for the first time he was master of flight. Without training, without practice, he was more skillful than most other birds; but to his parents he was a raw, awkward novice, and together they took him in hand.

Master of flight though he was by virtue of knowledge born in him, he had not their wizardry, their finesse. They taught him lovingly, carefully, patiently, fiercely. They sharpened the skill that he already had; with constant use his wings, which at first grew heavy and weary, became so strong that they never tired. In the airy amphitheater above the valley, encircled by lofty mountains, his mother and father put him through his preliminary courses. Sometimes they took him up so far above the earth that the eyes of a man could not have seen them, and in that blue void they imparted to him the science of the upper air.

Ki learned quickly. Proficiency came to him with a rush. He learned the tricks of wind currents: How to ride them, how to climb them, how to anchor himself in them, how to lie motionless upon them as restfully as a man reclines upon a bed. Being himself a feathered projectile, a living cannon ball, he learned the laws of momentum, the science of ballistics. He learned to kill. At first his parents continued to supply him with food, and how they got this food—it consisted mainly of birds of many kinds, from blue jays to pheasants—Ki did not certainly know. One day he found out.

They were practicing in the high air two thousand feet above Nickajack peak when suddenly they saw, all three of them at the same instant, a dark object winging across the valley far below. To the eyes of a man it would have seemed a speck. Ki saw it as a long-necked bird vaguely familiar to him, because upon several occasions his parents had brought him birds of that kind as provender. The two adult falcons saw it as a belated merganser drake left behind for some unknown reason by the migrating flocks and now journeying northward toward the distant breeding grounds of its race.

Across a Sluggish Jungle River

Suddenly Ki found himself alone. Looking down, he saw his parents plunging earthward. The female was ahead of the male; her long, narrow wings were closed, but his were slightly opened, retarding his speed. Ki, too, fell like a plummet at a rate of perhaps a hundred miles an hour. The wind whistled past him. A man's sight would have been blurred to blindness in that rush of wind, but Ki saw everything clearly. Within a space of seconds the female falcon was close above the merganser and a little behind it; then, for a fraction of a moment, the two birds seemed to be one.

At once they separated. The drake, warned by the rushing sound of his enemy's onset, had swerved slightly. The falcon had missed her stoop by six inches and, spreading her wings, was now shooting skyward, sweeping up in a long curve, borne onward by the terrific momentum of her plunge. It was for this that her mate had waited—the chance that she would miss. The fleeing drake was watching her, unaware of another enemy behind and above.

The male falcon's long wings opened once, twice, doubling the velocity of his descent; his great yellow talons were clenched under him, forming two hard, horny fists. He smashed into the merganser with shattering force, and it was as though a lightning bolt from the blue sky had struck the luckless drake. The merganser hurtled downward, instantly dead, its neck broken, its back split open from neck to tail.

This was Ki's first lesson in the taking of game. His own early efforts were of a humbler kind.

A flicker, rashly attempting a short cut across the valley from one timbered ridge to another, was suddenly aware of three duck hawks in the air above him. Ki's father and mother both cried to the brown falcon; they hung back, urging him on. He plunged—his first stoop at living prey—missed by half a yard, and the terrified flicker gained the shelter of the woods.

Later that day he had a chance at a high-flying blue jay. Again he missed his stoop, but the jay, a young one, lost its head; instead of darting down amid the tree tops, it flew onward at top speed, screaming wildly. Ki pursued, overtaking it easily, cutting at it with his claws, first from one side, then from the other, till his talons clutched the fleeing bird.

Thenceforward he hunted every day for himself, eagerly, zestfully, more and more successfully. His first great triumph came weeks later when a cock grouse, flushed from its covert on a steep mountainside by a fox, flew directly out over the valley and, seeing no enemy in the air, decided to risk a direct flight to another spur of the mountain a quarter of a mile distant.

Midway of its course, Ki fell on the grouse from a height of three hundred feet, hitting it squarely, instantly dashing out its life. The big bird fell into the woods where Ki could not recover it; but the young falcon, circling above the spot where it had fallen, screamed again and again. He had made his kill in typical falcon fashion, dropping upon his prey in mid-air like a thunderbolt and killing it cleanly by the terrific impact of his stoop. Ki was happy. The screams that he uttered were not cries of disappointment at the loss of his prize. They were his wild, fierce song of victory.

There was a small green cottage in a clearing in Nickajack valley, and a man lived there with his wife—a youngish man, James Acton, who was in spirit something of a falcon himself. He had been an aviator on the Western Front and he had fought desperate battles above the clouds before his shattered plane fell within the Allied lines. After that, for

(Continued on Page 150)

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New Immigration Programs

FOUR bills now before Congress stress the need for further restriction of immigration. It is reassuring to note that in the fight over tariff schedules, immigration matters were not ignored. The issue is still a live one, for though a good beginning looking toward rational control was made by the adoption of the Johnson Act, that measure has been the object of ceaseless attack, and the bombardment of propaganda hostile to it has at no time slackened or abated. In the meantime the bootlegging of aliens across our land borders and through ports of entry has flourished, despite the efforts of the border patrol to cope with a task thrice too big for the number of men assigned to it.

The nation is under heavy obligations to at least two of the framers of bills now before Congress. Representative Albert Johnson, of Washington, Chairman of the House Committee on Immigration, has virtually dedicated his life and career to the task of securing the adoption and enforcement of sound immigration policies. The extraordinary value of his services springs from several factors. His long tenure of the chairmanship of this important committee, with the laborious duties it has entailed, has made him, perhaps, the foremost expert in the country on this highly intricate subject. Moreover, he is a practical legislator, which means that he knows how to get things done and how to work with colleagues who stand for the same underlying policies, but who often differ with him as to the best means to common ends. To these qualities he adds indefatigable industry and the bulldog spirit that knows not the meaning of discouragement or defeat.

His Democratic colleague, Judge John C. Box, of Texas, is another tireless fighter, the sum total of whose services to the cause of immigration reform can scarcely be overestimated. Endowed with a vigorous mind and ripe experience, he has fought in season and out of season to raise the standard of racial values represented by our incoming aliens. He has not always been in accord with Chairman Johnson on matters of minor policy; he has never hesitated to think for himself or to bear in mind the local interests of the section he represents; but his whole-hearted Americanism, his understanding of his task and his capacity for carrying on in the face of any odds have won the admiration of all who understand the insidious perils of free-for-all, unselected immigration. His bill, at this writing in committee, would cut down our maximum annual intake of aliens from this hemisphere to about fifty-five thousand. In view of existing conditions, the liberality of this maximum cannot be doubted.

Chairman Johnson's measure would divide the Western Hemisphere into four zones, assigning a quota of 50,677 to the Canada-Newfoundland zone and distributing a quota of about one-tenth of that number among the three other zones.

Representative Bacon, of New York, is the author of an important measure which would limit Mexican immigration to twenty-five hundred a year; and Mr. Welch, of California, is the framer and sponsor of a bill which would put Filipinos in the class with other Orientals. The merits and demerits of these several proposals are being threshed out in committee, and it would appear that the whole boiling ought to yield some highly beneficial legislation.

Even the most friendly critics of the House Committee on Immigration have sometimes had reasons to wish that the more active members of this powerful body who are headed in the same direction and aim to achieve the same results would pull together with more unanimity and display a little better teamwork. If they would do so it would result in the introduction of fewer bills, each of which would have stronger initial backing and stand a better chance of passage, besides ridding the calendar of much avoidable clutter. Such a change in committee tactics might be bad politics, but it would certainly be good business.

Uglification

BEFORE long now winter will be drawing to its close. The annual miracle of spring is always awaited and welcomed by mankind as one of its most cherished joys. But in this fruitful process of Nature there is one vital element which is easy to destroy, and by so doing bring disharmony into the whole course of the seasons. This is the tree, which is helpless before the greed and thoughtlessness of man. Even with all our science, we have no control whatever over many of the factors which enter into the climate and the seasons. We cannot change the movement of the earth and the other planets, and as yet we know only vaguely how to influence rain, snow, heat, cold, aridity and humidity. But any child strong enough to wield a hatchet or saw can cut down a tree. We do not know precisely what part the tree plays in climate, water supply and soil supply, but there is a direct connection. Yet anyone with title to land may do as he pleases with the trees thereon.

This is not a plea for forestry, which is another subject. That the economics of lumbering and scientific reforestation shall go hand in hand is the fervent hope of all who seriously plan for their country's future. But there is a simpler, much less complicated approach to the tree problem than that; and though perhaps not so fundamental, it is sufficiently insistent and touches the average individual far more closely. We refer to the increasing practice of denuding the cities, towns and highways of their arboreal covering or lining. This is largely incidental to the widening of streets and highways, or the building of new ones. It follows upon the insistent demand for more space in which to operate automobiles.

We do not believe, however, that the pressing expansion of automobile runways necessarily involves tree-destruction programs. If it does, then the gain will be hollow and unreal. There are cities in which the widening of streets is accompanied by the tearing down of many fine trees, without first a well-designed plan and adequate appropriations for planting trees to take the place of those destroyed, as fully as the art of tree planting permits. It is to be suspected that in many cases no thought is given the matter at all by the authorities. The pressure is for street widening and not for tree planting, and city officials do what they have to do.

Yet cities without trees are tawdry, ugly and, indeed, actually repulsive. The human face would be the same without skin. Nor are rural highways any better off without the border of trees. To cut these down in the widening and straightening process and replace them with billboards is the last word in human futility. What is the purpose of manufacturing automobiles and building highways if thereby the countryside is rendered hideous? Man can make nothing which takes the place of natural verdure in his own life. The machine shop and steam shovel are valuable, as they add utilities to man's use, but if they are to be employed as a substitute for Nature, they are merely instruments of racial decay.

We do not believe that highways must necessarily be open gashes or wounds in the countryside. Military commanders are able to move large bodies of troops in wartime without undue display or commotion, if it be desirable to conceal the movement. Roads can be built inconspicuously if the builders will take thought. Yet there have been instances, even in public parks, where roads were built as roads and not as part of the whole idea or intention. To what purpose do streets and highways exist? The obvious reply is that they are lanes for vehicular traffic. This is true, but it is only a small part of the truth. Likewise it is true that shoes and trousers are very necessary, but we do not live solely for the purpose of wearing them. Streets and highways are a means to an end, not an end in themselves. It is the sober truth that street and highway improvement which uglifies will do more harm than good in the long run.

The Minnesota Tax Case

THE injustice arising from the duplicate or multiple taxation of the estates of deceased persons has often been pointed out in these pages. It is, naturally, a source of satisfaction to find our views shared by no less a tribunal than the Supreme Court of the United States.

Most readers are aware that the estates of persons who died in one commonwealth possessing property in several others have ofttimes been whittled down to little or nothing. A favorite diversion of writers on this form of taxation has been the framing of possible and plausible suppositious cases in which the residue actually payable to the heirs was a minus quantity. The hardships of this burdensome system were somewhat lightened by the reciprocal agreements entered into by many states whereby they undertook to refrain from the imposition of inheritance taxes upon property in other commonwealths which accorded the same treatment to them. Some states, however, were chary about coming to such understandings; and, in consequence, large extraterritorial estates were taxed twice or thrice over.

It has remained for the Supreme Court of the United States, in what has been hailed as the most important decision relative to estate taxes ever handed down, to discountenance this anomalous state of affairs. The question at issue in this case involved the right of the state of Minnesota to impose an inheritance tax upon bonds of that state and certain of its municipalities which were owned by a resident of New York at the time of his death, the actual bonds being in New York State.

Business men through the land will applaud the words of Justice McReynolds, who prepared the decision handed down in January. He wrote:

> Primitive conditions have passed; business is now transacted on a national scale. A very large part of the country's wealth is invested in negotiable securities whose protection against discrimination, unjust and oppressive taxation is matter of the greatest moment. . . . Existing conditions . . . imperatively demand protection of choses in action against multiplied taxation whether following misapplication of some legal fiction or conflicting theories concerning the sovereign's right to exact contributions.

This decision appears to mean that hereafter all property left by a decedent will be subject to only one state tax. On real and personal tangible property this will be collected by the state in which it is actually located; intangible personal property will be taxable in the state of domicile.

It is, no doubt, possible to adduce an endless amount of fine-spun argument against the soundness of this decision, but it is one which will appeal strongly to the sense of fairness and equity of the average business man. At all events, it gives a clean-cut answer to a much-vexed question, and one which appears to correct a burdensome injustice.

JAMES A. FARRELL, STEELMAN AND SEAMAN—By Rose C. Feld

IF THE father of James A. Farrell, chief executive of the U. S. Steel Corporation, had not been lost at sea, Farrell today would probably be in the shipping business. The world of industry and commerce knows him as the head of a two-and-a-half-billion-dollar corporation and points to him as one of the outstanding examples of a man who has risen to power from the ranks of workers. It doesn't know, for Farrell doesn't talk about it, that equally as important as his experience in steel mills and steel management is his heritage as a seaman.

When Farrell was a little over fifteen, his father, master mariner of the Monte Cristo, went to the rescue of a sister ship in distress in a Caribbean hurricane and was never heard of after. It was that which put young Farrell into the steel mills of New Haven rather than on the deck of a ship. His rise in the steel industry was phenomenal, but throughout his years as steel maker and steel executive the seaman in him never died. His success can very definitely be traced to that.

At present the U. S. Steel Corporation has a marine equipment of upward of fifty overseas steamers, seventy-five Great Lakes steamers, four motor steamers, fifteen river steamers and a vast fleet of barges, tugboats and other service craft. This feature of the corporation's vast operations is perhaps the one that interests him most. Never is there a time, it is said, when Farrell cannot tell where each of his overseas craft is going, what it is carrying, what harbors it will touch, what cargo it will bring back. When he talks about world trade it is with the knowledge and conviction of a man who has created world trade for an industry that hitherto ignored it.

Farrell's real rise as a steel maker came after he left New Haven and went to Pittsburgh, where he worked in turn as a wire drawer, foreman, salesman and finally as manager and vice president of a large wire-manufacturing company.

Throughout these upward-climbing years Farrell the steel maker never lost sight of Farrell the seaman. The education his father's death interrupted he continued by himself along the lines of his natural inclinations—that is, seamanship. Routes, ports, products, people were the things that interested him. Steel did, too, and in time he tied the two interests together. In 1893, a panic year, when buyers in the United States were holding off for fear that prices would drop and leave them in a hole, Farrell's concern, the Pittsburgh Wire Company, disposed of over half its products in foreign trade. That was due to Farrell's foresight and initiative. Where other American steel makers had considered it impossible to compete in markets already held by German, Swedish, French and English competitors, Farrell had gone ahead and done it. Not only did he take his chances as a rival of European steel makers in markets already established but, in addition, he began tapping markets untouched by others.

When the American Steel and Wire Company of New Jersey bought out the controlling interest of the Pittsburgh Wire Company in 1899, Farrell thought of quitting and organizing an outfit of his own, but a telephone call from John W. Gates offering him the position of foreign sales agent of the new group made him change his mind. Two years later Gates' company became one of the subsidiaries of the newly organized U. S. Steel Corporation, and to James A. Farrell was intrusted the job of developing the foreign trade of this vast combine. When he took hold, each individual company of the powerful group was handling its own foreign business. Farrell convinced the directors of the waste and inefficiency of such a method, and in 1903 the United States Steel Products Export Company, now known as the United States Steel Products Company, was organized and Farrell was made its president. In 1904 the foreign sales of the U. S. Steel Corporation amounted to $31,000,000. By 1912 they had run up to $90,000,000. During

(Continued on Page 101)

THE HELPERS

POST SCRIPTS

Soft Music

OF COURSE I think you're brighter far
Than any whippersnapper star.
Of course I do the worshiping
And all the wide-eyed listening,
And think each word you utter quite
An oracle in its own right.
At least that's what I try to do—
Because I like to humor you.

—Margaret Fishback.

Visiting the Sick

WELL, fella, you look all right. I don't see what you're in bed for. Just a good old-fashioned rest, I guess. Just want a little extra vacation, eh? I know you, you old smoothy.

What's this you got here? A chart! Well, I'll be —— You don't mean to tell me you make Elizabeth keep that chart? . . . Elizabeth, you don't mean to tell me he makes you keep this chart? . . . Why, you big stiff! Haw-haw-haw! That's the realistic touch all right, all right. You know, nobody else would of thought about that. Just you. You think of everything. Why, you're just like a guy that's expecting a visit from the sick-benefits committee. Or is your boss coming to see you? Haw-haw, good old Smalley. Trust you to make it look genuwine.

DRAWN BY F. WEBB

"I Just Can't Believe He Eats and Sleeps Like Other People, Pamela"

I guess you're wondering what's in this package, eh? Here, take a look. Go ahead, open it. . . .

[Invalid opens package.]

How's that, eh? Haw-haw-haw! Come here, Elizabeth. Take a look at what I brought oo's sick 'ittle 'ubby. Haw-haw. Don't you reccanize them? Congressional Records! Haw-haw-haw. Yeah. Real ones. Found 'em lying around the house. Haw-haw-haw.

'Smatter, Smalley? Doncha like this cigar? Will I open a window for you? No, I'm just kidding, Elizabeth. I won't open it. I'll throw the cigar away if oo's 'ittle 'ubby doesn't like it. Haw-haw-haw.

But seriously, Smalley, you don't look so good. When I first came in I thought you looked pretty good, but I guess it's pretty much of a strain on you, having a lot of visitors. . . . Oh, now, sure you have a lot of visitors. I'll bet the place is crowded with them all the time. Do you think maybe I'd better go, or do you think I oughta stay and read to you or some ——

Hey, Elizabeth! Elizabeth! Come here! Oo's 'ittle hubby fainted.

—JOHN O'HARA.

DRAWN BY ALICE HARVEY

"Well, Who Did it, Young Man?" "I Won't Tell. I Wouldn't Tell on Janet"

Rimed Reviews

The War Novel

AN ARDENT youngster shoulders arms
And joins his corps of brave crusaders
Recalled from counters, mills and farms
To massacre the foul invaders.

But, herded into cattle cars
And bullied by a brutal sergeant,
He finds the paths and pay of Mars
Not either aureate nor argent.

He learns the trick of dodging shells
And hunting rats in horrid trenches,
Where lovingly the author dwells
On eighty-seven kinds of stenches.

They teach him sprightly martial wit,
Composed of quips from dive and hovel,
With curses, sure to make a hit
When stately Drama claims the novel.

His foes he's found as good as most
Of any other alien nation,
When suddenly they storm his post
Without the least consideration.

They leave him quite a bit the worse
For wounds and black-and-blue contusions,
Because of which he meets a nurse
Who helps restore his lost illusions.

A bomb goes off, as bombs will go,
And blows the gentle girl to tatters.
Our hero's heart is rent with woe,
And after that—well, nothing matters!

The gist of what these authors chant,
In English, Russian, French and German,
Is "Let's have peace!" like U. S. Grant;
And, "War is hell!" . . . You said it,
Sherman.

—Arthur Guiterman.

Bach to Nature

THE telephoned invitation for you and your husband to see the interpretive dancer. The congenital inability to think fast on the telephone. The flurried acceptance. The feeling of guilt. The unsuccessful attempt to break it painlessly to your husband. The assurance that it won't be as bad as he thinks, that it may not be bad at all, that in fact he may even like it. His vividly expressed conviction that he won't. His wish that you wouldn't drag him into things like this and your answer that you don't and anyway not often, and that it isn't going to hurt him a bit to hear some decent music and see a little beauty for once. His answer that when it comes to dancing he is perfectly satisfied with Jack Donahue. Your acid retort and the gloom that settles between you which deepens as the appointed evening approaches.

The evening itself. Your husband's attitude of gentlemanly martyrdom and your own state of mind, which is none too hot. The sense of being abused and the wish that you had married a man who liked interpretive dancing. The silent setting out. The arrival at the hall. The unexpected throng. Your exclamation, "Just look at the crowd!" and your husband's reply, "And don't laugh!" which doesn't help the situation any. The hum of foreign tongues. The thoughts of Ellis Island. The men with strange hats and the girls with none. The feeling that something ought to be done about bérets. The artistic costumes. The lady in what appears to be blue taffeta pajamas. The lady in the purple-and-red portière. The very elegant lady in deep evening dress who has discovered that her ticket is for the gallery.

DRAWN BY F. BARLOW

First Workman (Peering Over Another's Shoulder at His Newspaper): "Steel Still Going Up, Bill?" Second Toiler: "Yep, We Finished Another Story Today"

The arrival of your host. The too hearty greetings and the bustling about. The box. The settling down. The anxious glance at your husband. The hush.

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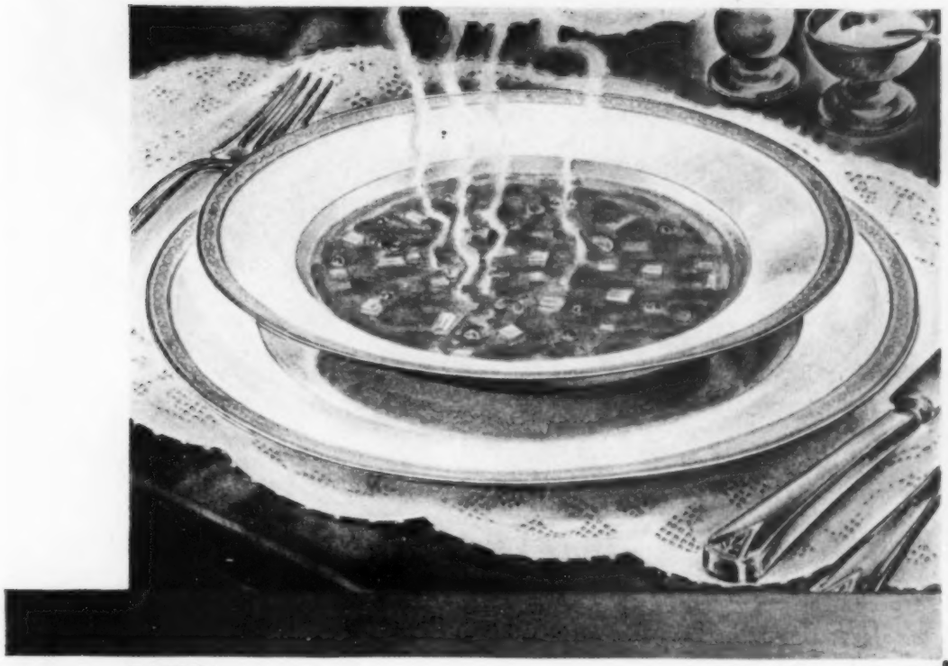
Do you take full advantage of Variety in Soups?



THE most fascinating choices from a long and varied list. Do you realize that you can vary your few favorite soups with them? Do you realize that there is a new and different Campbell's Soup awaiting your selection for each day's meals? Just think how much that helps to keep your table bright and attractive!

Read the full list of Campbell's Soups printed on this page and on every label. See how many there are which your family has never tasted. Then order a varied supply from your grocer, including, of course, the soup with the 15 vegetables—a meal in itself—Campbell's Vegetable Soup. 12 cents a can.

MEAL-PLANNING IS EASIER WITH DAILY

CHOICES FROM CAMPBELL'S 21 SOUPS

Your choice . . . Order any of these Campbell's Soups from your grocer

Asparagus	Mock Turtle
Bean	Mulligatawny
Beef	Mutton
Bouillon	Ox Tail
Celery	Pea
Chicken	Pepper Pot
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Printanier
	Tomato
Clam Chowder	Vegetable
Consommé	Vegetable-Beef
Julienne	Vermicelli-Tomato

This letter to Campbell's
I am happy to write
With thanks for the soups
That I eat with delight!

VOTES

By CHARLES FRANCIS COE

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

"I'm Going to the Meeting With Hector Sparr. I Don't Want to Go With Him. You Understand This?"

XIV

OTHER than an increased volume of the usual routine work, there was little to mark the passing of the weeks intervening between Fennister's association with Old Tim and the primary-election day. With an amazing virility, the boss remained on his feet and in touch with that which went on about him.

There were times when he faltered physically, but never for an instant did his mind flag. He foresaw developments with infinite cunning and he prepared for them with consummate skill. Seven clerks now were employed in the beautiful library, and so strenuous was the supervision of their activities that Miss Toland was delegated to give her entire time to this work.

Fennister found the girl to be alert of mind and substantial of character. He placed considerable reliance upon her, and between them there grew a bond of understanding. Without making definite mention of the matter, the situation between Fennister and Pat became known to the girl, and Fennister sensed her approval of the affair.

Morton's mysterious warning that under no circumstances should Old Tim be apprised of the situation created in Fennister a mental attitude which welcomed even a silent confidante. Miss Toland, observant always, realized that this was so; and several times she came to Fennister with suggestions which, though veiled, indicated shrewd understanding on her part.

This also brought about a friendship between Pat and the girl. The two were frequently together about the house, and as the primary election neared, this was more often the case, because press of business kept Miss Toland at work through many evenings. Later on, this quiet alliance between the three played a vital part in the termination of Old Tim Callahan's dramatic career.

It is often the case that the smallest of cogs disrupts the greatest of machines. Old Tim regarded Fennister merely as an efficient and industrious young man whose most glowing future might encompass partnership in a modest law firm with an income of perhaps ten thousand a year. Miss Toland entered seldom into the thoughts of the man. When he did consider her it was when he required something of her. Once or twice it occurred to him that she was a businesslike little thing, immaculate in appearance and quiet of nature and manner. But to those thoughts he gave but little heed.

Had the man observed more carefully those things closer to him, he might have caught some inkling of these developments on the occasion of a huge mass meeting run for the purpose of forcing home to the voters the desirability of Norman Trago's election. On the evening of this occasion Trago delivered his message direct to the electorate. And because of the standing of the man, society was there in force; beautifully gowned ladies, escorted by prominent, socially elect men, filled the platform and the hall.

Old Tim looked upon this affair as more than just a mass meeting. After a fashion, he determined to make of it a sort of coming-out party for Patricia.

"This event," he told her, "will be the greatest thing ever held in the politics of this city. It's always been my ambition to have you marry into the highest of social groups. From the day you were born, chickie, I've dreamed of that and planned on it. The night of this meeting, society gets its first good look at you."

With some awkwardness, Old Tim caught the girl's hand and drew her to him. He kissed her forehead and laughed with some uncertainty.

"Hector Sparr came to me the other day," he went on by and by. "Has he spoken to you about the matter?"

"No," Pat answered. "I've seen him only briefly here in the house. All of you are so busy ——" She laughed.

"I know," Old Tim cut in understandingly. "I know. Hector is a fine man, Pat. He's giving himself to the people of this city and he'll do great things. As mayor, he'll establish a record that will make him governor." A great earnestness crept into his voice. "And after that," he went on dreamily, "the senate. Even the presidency. Nothing is beyond a man like Hector Sparr."

He paused and looked at the girl intently, as though appraising the effect of his words upon her. She was smiling and interested. Perhaps the old man misunderstood that interest. At some length, he said, "Yes, Hector spoke to me about you. He would like to be your escort to the Trago meeting."

"That would be very nice, I'm sure," Pat answered confusedly. "It's awfully nice of Mr. Sparr. Of course I'll go to the meeting ——"

"What a couple you two make!" Old Tim muttered softly. "Hector Sparr with his six feet, his fine face—the next mayor of this city—escorting into the best circle of society little Patricia Callahan, the prettiest and the sweetest girl in town." He laughed in delight.

"Ears will buzz and tongues will wag when that comes off," he avowed. Then he caught the girl again in his arms and smothered her reply. "All those people will see Hector looking at you like I've seen him looking at you," he went on, "and just as soon as they do they'll know what I know." Suddenly he drew back from her, and with a scrawny finger caught her chin and lifted her head. He looked at her challengingly. "And what you know too," he insisted. "For you know Hector's in love with you."

As he spoke the girl's face went red, and then white, and her eyes widened. Some protest sprang to her lips, but Old Tim, again mistaking the source of her discomfiture, playfully shook her shoulders and laughed at her confusion.

"There's nothing so foolish as lovers," he chuckled. "Nothing in all the world. All you can do is blush and stammer at the mention of Hector's name. And here's Hector, whose speeches thrill thousands, who hurls challenges at his enemies with the ferocity of a lion, trying to screw up enough courage to ask you to go to a meeting with him."

He laughed again, his narrow shoulders shaking and his face seamed with mirth. Here was Old Tim in a new rôle. As usual, he placed his reliance on the subterfuges and the broad innuendoes which had brought to him success in politics.

"Well," he finished at last, "I knew you wouldn't disappoint me, honey. It would break my heart if you

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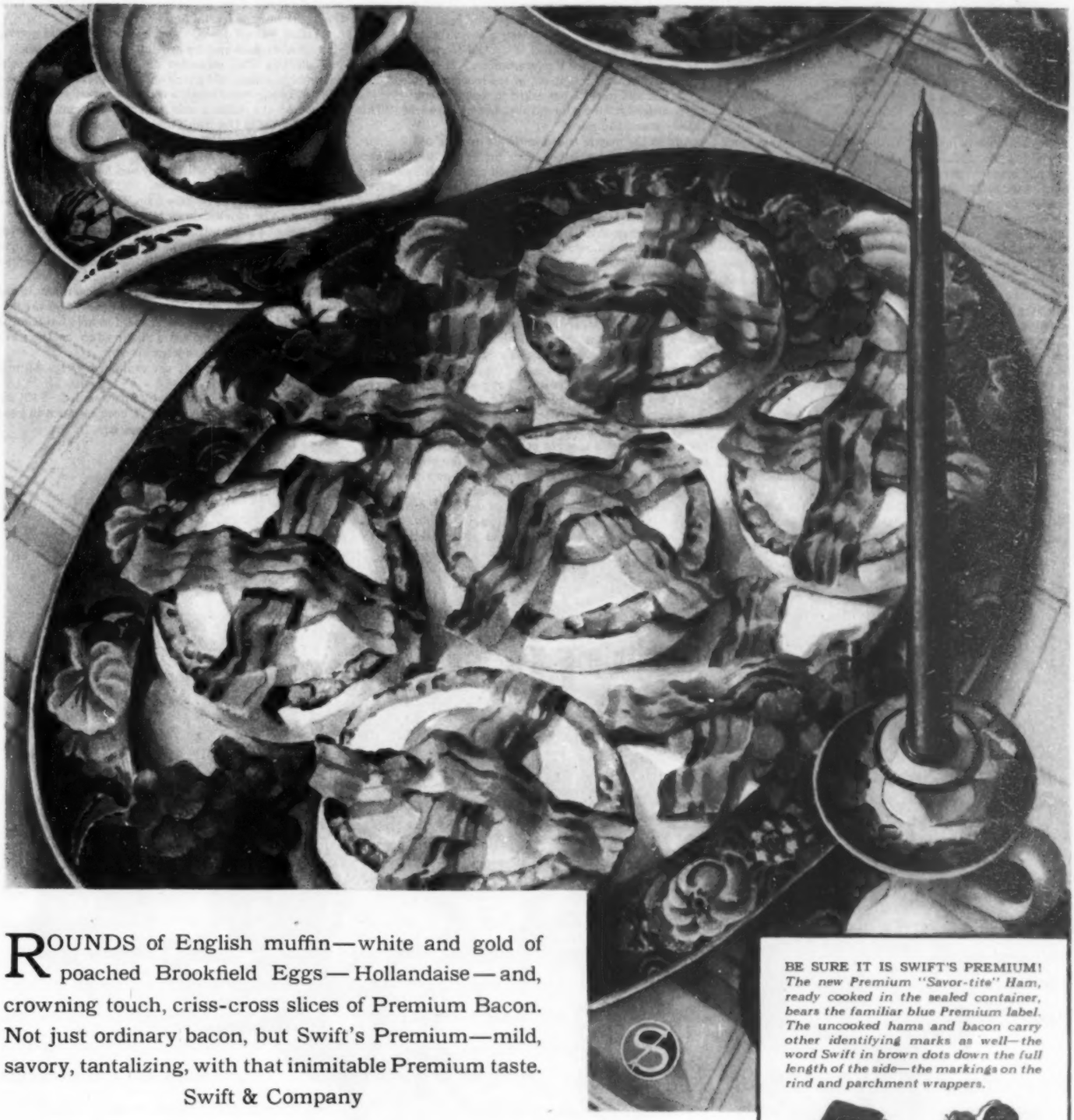
MILD SAVOR... UNMISTAKABLY PREMIUM



ROUNDS of English muffin—white and gold of poached Brookfield Eggs—Hollandaise—and, crowning touch, criss-cross slices of Premium Bacon. Not just ordinary bacon, but Swift's Premium—mild, savory, tantalizing, with that inimitable Premium taste.

Swift & Company

BE SURE IT IS SWIFT'S PREMIUM! *The new Premium "Savor-tite" Ham, ready cooked in the sealed container, bears the familiar blue Premium label. The uncooked hams and bacon carry other identifying marks as well—the word Swift in brown dots down the full length of the side—the markings on the rind and parchment wrappers.*

Swift's Premium

Hams and Bacon

(Continued from Page 28)

married a nobody. Marrying Hector Sparr assures you a happy and a brilliant future, and that's all I care about. You will hear from Hector. I'll help build up his courage by telling him you will go with him to the meeting."

"But, daddy ——" Pat cut in.

Old Tim, however, would have none of her protests. He laid his fingers across her lips. "Now, now," he said, "you run along, chickie. Don't be arguing with your old father. You just plan on going to the meeting and applauding Norman when he spiels his highfaluting nonsense about the ethics of prohibition and the fortifications society must erect against the newborn criminal.

"Norman's sure to do a lot of that, and it will go great with these society hounds. If there's one thing they can't stand, it's the truth. You just stick to Hector and watch the highbrows at the meeting. Every time they applaud, you do the same. Everything will work out fine."

Miss Toland came into the room and interrupted them on some matter of business, and Old Tim welcomed this interruption. The mere fact that he had stilled any protests from his daughter left him comfortably to assure himself that no reason for protests existed. So he turned away and went to the library with Miss Toland. A half hour later he had arranged with Sparr to call Patricia on the telephone and ask her to accompany him to the mass meeting.

So suddenly had the thing come about that Patricia found herself at a loss for any good reason to decline. She accepted the invitation and later, when she met Fennister in the hall, she caught his arm and explained the situation to him.

"Of course you must go," Fennister told her. And he added, "I hate deceiving your father, Pat, but it's really better so. We must wait until the primaries are over before telling him."

"Yes. . . . He really thinks, Walter," Pat stammered, "that Hector Sparr's in love with me."

Fennister laughed softly and caught the girl's hand. "I really think," he answered, "that everyone's in love with you."

"But," Pat insisted, "daddy thinks Mr. Sparr and I will be married."

"Daddy," Fennister answered quite steadily, "has got another think coming."

Then he squeezed Pat's hand and continued, "You go along with Hector Sparr to the meeting. It will be a thrill for you to sit there on the platform and hear Sparr introduce Trago to the audience. He's a great speaker, Sparr. I'd walk miles to hear him. . . . And Norman Trago is one of the greatest men I've ever known. He lends tone to this campaign and lifts it out of the muck and mire."

"Muck and mire?" Pat asked in wonderment.

Fennister bit his lip doubtfully, but he answered, "The Booley muck and mire."

And so the matter ended until the evening of the meeting. This proved a trying hour for all in the Callahan household. Old Tim garbed himself again in the cutaway coat and striped trousers. To this apparel Pat offered some mild protests. She recommended that her father wear a dinner jacket.

Old Tim flew into a rage and querulously decried such habiliments as indicative of a weak-kneed fashion possessed of no political virtue.

"What the devil do you know about politics?" he demanded of the girl. "If it got noised around the Tenth, Eleventh or Seventeenth Ward, or any point on the east side, that I wore a three-button vest in public, every candidate I've got down there would lose. They'd think that Old Tim Callahan had developed a dash of lavender in his old age!"

"But you'll be conspicuous," Pat pointed out.

"Then I'll be conspicuous," Old Tim snapped. And there Patricia sorrowfully let the matter drop.

But in the quiet of his chamber Old Tim gave thought to her words, and this thought precipitated a growing resentment against his own shortcomings and the conventional achievements of others. He showed this resentment to everyone with whom he came in contact.

He refused to dine with Fennister and Patricia and ordered his meal served in the library. When Morton brought it there, Old Tim expressed dissatisfaction with both the food and its service. Although his ale was so cold it had turned flat, he complained to Morton of its warmth. When he found the stem of his pipe plugged up he hurled it down onto the hearthstone.

When it struck there, it broke and the boss actually jumped up and down in his rage and cursed Morton until the butler became fearful for Old Tim's life.

"You'd best sit down," he suggested. "You're getting all worked up here and the evening ahead is a long one."

While Old Tim strangled on more vituperation the butler quite calmly laid hands on his shoulders and pressed him gently backward into the winged tapestry chair. Then he opened the cellaret and removed a cigar. This he literally put into Old Tim's mouth, and while he struck a match for it, he said, "You'd best take it easy. Smoke this and calm down."

Old Tim pouted like a little boy and he tossed his shoulders with the impudence of one.

"Hector Sparr will be here soon," Morton said. "You will want to be quieted down by the time he arrives."

So marked was his attitude, and so paternal the sound of his voice, that it would not have seemed incongruous had he slapped Old Tim's hands and threatened to deprive him of sweets, as he might have a child.

When Hector Sparr arrived, Patricia greeted him in the drawing-room. The man spoke of her beauty and the perfect taste of her gown. He endeavored to hold her hand at some length, and it required a slight effort on the girl's part to remove her fingers from his own.

"Father's in the library," she explained. "I'll tell him that you're here."

"You'll do nothing of the sort," Sparr smiled. "I'll tell him myself. Please sit down. I've been so much in your

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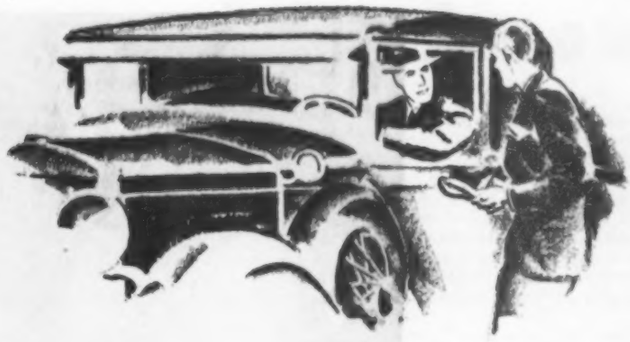
"Well," He Finished at Last, "I Knew You Wouldn't Disappoint Me, Honey. It Would Break My Heart if You Married a Nobody"



When we ask motorists, one fact stands out above all the rest—

"the New Mobiloil lasts longer"

We first proved both on the speedway and in the laboratory, that the New Mobiloil would stand up better and last longer than other oils of similar body.

Then—after this new oil had been used by motorists everywhere and under every driving condition, we dispatched special investigators to ask motorists this one question:

"What is most noticeable about the performance of the New Mobiloil in your engine?"

Almost without exception they replied, *"Mobiloil lasts longer."*

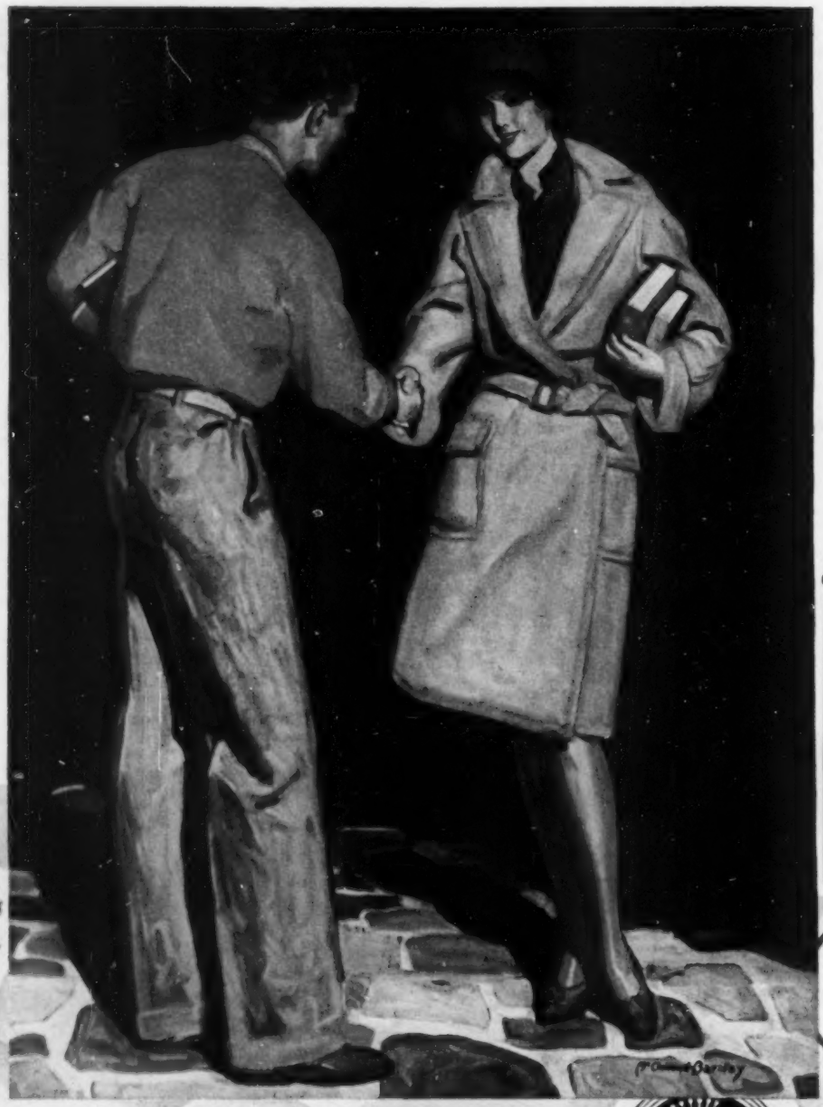
Thus Mobiloil users add the conviction of everyday, run-of-the-road driving experience to our statement, that continued use of the New Mobiloil will keep that *first-year feel* in your engine.

It is an established fact that in comparing oils of similar "body," engineers have proved that the oil which *lasts longest*, also lubricates best.

There is a Mobiloil dealer near you. He offers you a grade of the New Mobiloil especially produced with your engine in mind. His copy of the Mobiloil Chart will tell you exactly which grade you need.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY
Makers of high-quality lubricants for all types of machinery

the New GARGOYLE Mobiloil



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MARQUETTE

CHEVROLET

THE high repute enjoyed by Fisher Body can only be maintained by unmistakably greater value and quality. Over twenty years ago, Fisher deliberately adopted a policy of building surpassing quality and greater value into its bodies. That policy, rigidly adhered to year after year, has inevitably made Fisher Body the standard of body craftsmanship and value in every motor car price field. In point of beauty, comfort, convenience, durability, safety and excellent service, Fisher Bodies make powerful appeal to every discriminating motor car buyer. Naturally, too, they give added value and more pronounced leadership to all General Motors cars, which are the *only* cars offering to the motor car buyer the important advantages of Body by Fisher.

American Business and Business Men—By David Lawrence

TIME was when capital was the prime factor in business progress. With it, miracles could be accomplished and worlds conquered. And now capital defers to management. It is no longer a question of whether funds shall be furnished for a new or old enterprise, but who shall manage, who shall supply the genius of organization, or the so-called know-how. Bankers nowadays penetrate a business structure, appraise its possibilities, and finally conclude that it is a good or bad risk for a long-time loan if its management—its organization—is capable.

Small wonder, therefore, that, as the Government encourages the formation of coöperative organizations to market the products of the farmer, there should be uncertainty as to the caliber of management to be found in those coöperatives. Twelve thousand or more of these organizations have been formed in past years, some good and some bad, and now, with a watchful Government acting as lender, the problem of management becomes the crux of the whole thing—the factor on which the success of the Federal farm policy may ultimately turn.

But where is management to be found? Who wants to manage a coöperative—other people's business? There is no element of proprietorship in it, but a service for others.

The trouble with most coöperatives is that the constituent members have their own business to watch, and they cannot be expected to check the salaried manager or his aides. If any business is dependent on the whole-hearted enthusiasm and spirit of the manager or executive director, it is the coöperative enterprise.

Perhaps the most outstanding example of a coöperative is the group of newspaper owners who banded themselves together more than a quarter of a century ago to cut down the cost of exchanging news. They called themselves The Associated Press. Alongside of it grew up two privately owned news-gathering organizations—The United Press and The International News Service. So the A. P., as it is known in newspaper parlance, never has been without competition. Competitors have never failed to take advantage of weaknesses in the management of the A. P. as a coöperative. And the latter has been fortunate in recent years in developing a general manager of unique capacity. His name is Kent Cooper, and he owes his rapid rise in that organization to an idea for economy.

"I want the chance to save you money," he said one day as he boldly accosted the then general manager, the late Melville E. Stone, who stood for a moment in the doorway of his office, wondering whether to smile or frown at the effrontery of a minor employe. Young Cooper had been a reporter and made up his mind the way to the top of the ladder was not in that direction. He saw that nearly two-thirds of the revenues of the great coöperative were being spent annually for traffic expenses—wires and operators. He promised to bring the cost down. And he did. In a few years he had risen to the top of the traffic department and was promoted finally to the supreme management of the administrative organization, at the age of forty-five.

"If I hadn't thought of that economy idea," he said the other day, "I might never have got ahead; it gave me the opportunity; though, of course, I could not have made the most of that but for the support the president, Frank Noyes, and the board of directors gave me.

"A coöperative can be a business success. It can be managed with the same drive and force that a private business can, so far as executing policies is concerned. Our board of directors meets four times a year and the executive committee more frequently. No management could succeed, however, without a thorough acquaintance by the governing board with the problems of that management."

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

RIDING along on the train one afternoon not long ago, Frederick H. Ecker, president of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, was telling his impressions of mutuality in business.

"I have seen the Metropolitan in the last forty-six years grow from two millions of dollars in assets to three billions," remarked Mr. Ecker.

PHOTO, FROM UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, N. Y. C.

Frederick H. Ecker, President of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

And yet Mr. Ecker does not own any of its stock, for the Metropolitan has no stockholders—its assets are held for its policyholders, as it is a mutual company. Oftentimes the idea of ownership is so ingrained in people obviously unfitted to bear responsibility that they lose sight of the fact that success is possible without participation in ownership. Statistics of failures reveal a steady mortality in the smaller businesses. It is the thought of having something to put by for later years which, perhaps, constitutes the greatest urge for individual ownership.

"I know," commented Mr. Ecker, "the question is asked, 'But what shall I have for old age? I must work for that objective.' This is of course the central problem. It has brought us into a discussion of old-age pensions. It has prompted consideration of what are the obligations of industry and business to those who work day in and out for others—to make business successful for others. I think we are rapidly coming to the conclusion that we must allow for depreciation on the human machine, just as we do for the depreciation of the physical devices that turn out commodities. It would not be a big charge on industry, if adopted in time. For the problem of old age will always be with us. Health and sanitation have cut down infant mortality and lengthened the average duration of life, but the life span, that is, the capacity to live long, has not been increased."

The conversation turned again to the opportunities of the individual—the incentive in an organization like his, which is perhaps a rare example of the company that the management can never own.

"I have never had an ambition," he said, "to be rich. I have gotten much satisfaction out of my work and the opportunity to serve others. I believe that self-satisfaction is the greatest incentive of all."

There isn't much doubt that the same energy and directing force possessed by a man like Mr. Ecker would have brought, in other channels, the rewards of ownership. But would he have been as happy? Many a business man will argue that material gain is not his sole purpose in working day and night, taking the hazards of shifting markets or the responsibilities of borrowed capital. Not always can he prove his point so conclusively as the man who turns down larger financial return to do the thing he likes. For to most people business after all is a game. What more fascinating task than to preside over a company with three billions of dollars of assets, with funds to invest running into several millions a week, and with new forms of insurance to devise and problems of far-flung agency organization to master?

"Life insurance funds," commented Mr. Ecker, "are a sacred trust. Such investments should comprise only those which are adequately secured and at all times protected by the subordinate interest of others in the nature of a secondary lien or of proprietary ownership such as to provide a cushion against loss. The New York State law permits the purchase of mortgages on real estate, bonds and preferred stocks, all of which are investments of this character.

"For the individual, investment of money is like any other calling or profession, lacking which few are qualified to select their own investments."

The commonplace observation is that all business is conducted for profit and that all the people in it think of nothing else. But Mr. Ecker's case is another illustration of the singular rewards that come not from traveling the routes of capital and ownership but from climbing the sturdy rungs of the ladder of management.

* * * * * * * * * * *

MODERN sport puts the emphasis on winning. The dregs of defeat are unpleasant of taste. Yet there is more than a consolation in having reached the semifinals or the finals, to have been the runner-up in a national contest. Politics alone seems to have enveloped its defeat in a self-enforced seclusion, which often means diminished activity, if not complete effacement.

James M. Cox, who ran for President in 1920, was in business before he entered politics, and, having abandoned politics, he now manages a big business. Is he out of it all because he lost? It would serve no good purpose for him now to soliloquize that if the American people could have exercised hindsight instead of foresight, they might have picked him instead of Harding. That campaign of 1920 is not an unpleasant memory—the man who served three times as Governor of Ohio and made the presidential race on a basis of conviction would rather have run and lost than never to have run at all.

Three newspapers in Ohio and one in Florida—something to keep him busy all the year round—constitute the hobby out of which Mr. Cox makes a business. He almost never makes speeches or makes comment on political events. I recently asked him why.

"I do not want to be suspected," he answered, "of continuing political ambitions. I can articulate my feelings—and one who has been in public life must have them—through my newspapers. The newspaper business is pleasurable, composite and diversified; a combination of business and participation in the discussions of the moment. Besides, there is opportunity for service.

"In public life, this is a slow procedure, particularly in legislative capacity. The public executive can translate ideas into results more effectively, but nevertheless there is not the opportunity in either of these relationships that there is in the newspaper field. In community affairs, an enterprise can be carried out often in a week.

"Then, besides, my time is now my own. There is less a feeling of servitude. One can travel and there is an opportunity for reading; the lack of which is one of the most serious faults of the business man's life. The man who takes his nose out of his books is sure to deteriorate.

"Social groups today will discuss baseball, prize fights, bootleggers, and what not, but not often books. The real perspective of history, the real psychology of past world movement, is to be found in biography.

"It is a great boon in life to have been in public service, but what a joy it is to be out of it, provided one is busy with labors that are inspirational."

Here is a man who rose to the pinnacle of political reward in his party and finds no anticlimax in modern business but an opportunity, though less spectacular, to continue in his own way, and in his own sphere to carry on a battle for ideas, which, unlike men, are never vanquished.

Open to the Public---

Visitors always receive a warm welcome at Olds Motor Works. For the entire procedure of Oldsmobile-Viking manufacture, from raw materials to finished product, is open to the public without reservation.

These visitors see how pistons are weighed on delicate scales and matched in balanced sets . . . how connecting rods are drilled throughout their entire length with rifle-barrel accuracy . . . how huge presses form rounded full-crown fenders from flat sheet metal . . . how gleaming chromium plating is applied in an electrolytic bath . . . how Oldsmobiles and Vikings are assembled, part by part, on a moving production line . . . how keen-eyed inspectors, stationed everywhere, make frequent and rigid inspections . . . and, in an adjoining plant, how hardwood and steel are fashioned into sturdy Fisher Bodies. In short, they follow production, step by step, from beginning to end.

Such a tour reveals, as nothing else can, the fine car standards which are maintained throughout Oldsmobile and Viking construction—and the full meaning of the pledge which guides every worker, *"Anything short of my best is not acceptable."*

This accurate, painstaking manufacture is but one of four responsibilities Olds Motor Works recognizes toward every owner. The others are to engineer progressively, to sell honestly, and to service sincerely. Oldsmobile-Viking manufacturing methods are open to the public, because Olds Motor Works feels positive that public knowledge of the high quality it has established in materials, workmanship, and inspection can only add further to public confidence in the products it manufactures.

OLDSMOBILE SIX
VIKING EIGHT

PRODUCTS OF GENERAL MOTORS

CATCHING THE TAX CHEATERS

By Boyden Sparkes

DECORATION BY WYNCIE KING

AS SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY, Mr. Andrew W. Mellon is the worrier in chief of the United States Government. Somewhere behind his brow an appalling sum is etched. Until it is replaced by another at the end of next June, the figures which will shadow all of Mr. Mellon's thoughts are the 1930 budget total, $4,417,369,904.67. This amount represents the probable spending of a year by every agency of the Government. Mr. Mellon worries because his is the duty of getting that money, so that it can be spent.

It really might be a helpful influence in the collection of this money if the sum which constantly besets Mr. Mellon were printed at the top of every form for income-tax returns. In that case, for example, a small group of prosperous actors and actresses of Hollywood might not now be in serious trouble with the Government. These charming and talented people, whose returns were made for them by a supposed expert, were made miserable at the prospect of a trial on charges of making incorrect returns to the Government.

Already the news of the trouble in Hollywood has resulted in the filing of amended returns by taxpayers elsewhere in the country—taxpayers who had been treating personal expenditures as a business expense. Actors, doctors, lawyers and others with special talents who read about the Hollywood indictments are known to have responded to the pressure of conscience, which is often just an awakened fear of consequences.

The Intelligence Unit on the Job

THIS is a phenomenon of great value to the Government. Every time there is an indictment and prosecution for income-tax frauds, something happens which suggests the rain of apples that fall to the ground when a club is hurled at a shining red one. All together, untold millions of dollars have been paid into the Treasury as a result of comparatively few prosecutions. Each punished fraud adds heavy store to the amount that has been paid, without such promptings, by the great majority who are as honest in meeting this obligation as they are in settling their other bills.

The mere discovery by the Government that a taxpayer's return is incorrect does not, of course, result in a charge of fraud. In 1927, for example, the work of the field agents of the income-tax unit of the Internal Revenue Service resulted in the proposal of deficiency taxes in 195,086 cases. It resulted also in the discovery of overassessments in 58,643 returns. In a large majority of these cases settlements were arranged by Internal Revenue agents as easily and as expeditiously as if the difference concerned errors in ordinary commercial transactions. Sometimes the Government's representatives may suspect that the errors that result in deficiencies are not as naïve as the perpetrators would have them believe. Nevertheless, except in cases of downright deception, there is a very genuine intention to be liberal and businesslike, and in business the primary intention is not to prove that the customer is a crook, but to get him to settle his transaction with cash. In spite of this general intention, things occasionally come to light in the routine of the Internal Revenue Service which must be dealt with by a special agency of the Government that came into existence about ten years ago.

Early in 1919 it was discovered that there were some corrupt men working in the Internal Revenue Service, which had been vastly expanded. There had been reports of attempts, on the part of revenue agents in the field, to extort money from taxpayers; in other instances, it was suspected there had been collusion between taxpayers and employes of the Internal Revenue Service. In addition, it was suspected that through fraudulent means many taxpayers were evading the payment of taxes due the Government. For the correction of all this, Daniel C. Roper, who was then Commissioner of Internal Revenue, determined to organize what is now called the Intelligence Unit.

Mr. Roper had previously been First Assistant Postmaster General, and he knew precisely the kind of Intelligence Unit he wanted. He wanted a corps of investigators as capable and as trustworthy as the post-office inspectors. His first step was to arrange for the transfer into his bureau of six of the best of the post-office inspectors. Thereafter no man was admitted to this secretive band who did not conform to the high standard of the postal inspectors. Today this band is a field force scattered over the country. They are designated as special agents and their chief is Elmer L. Irey, who was one of the original six. They went to work with a combination of qualities that may be described only by referring to the patience of a spider in spinning its web, the cunning of a fox in its stealthy progress, and the eagerness of a wire-haired terrier after a rat.

During a five-year period between 1923 and 1928 their investigations resulted in the discharge of a number of employes of the service for minor infractions of rules and the indictment and conviction of 153 others for corrupt acts. It must be remembered that there was a large turnover of employes during this period of the service and that the total of the personnel at all times was about 20,000. The number of employes who were discovered to be in collusion with taxpayers was small in proportion to the total number of removals, most of which were on charges such as excessive use of intoxicants, falsification of expense accounts, insubordination and other violations of rules and regulations. At any rate, the men of the Intelligence Unit were not required to waste any of their time on the great majority of the employes of the service, for these were men and women of excellent character.

The bulk of their time was devoted to investigations of suspected tax returns. Since their organization they have investigated a total of 3119 income-tax cases.

Tax Evaders Classified

ONE result of their work in coöperation with deputy collectors and revenue agents has been the recommendation for assessment of additional tax and penalties aggregating approximately $197,042,449. A further result, which cannot be measured, is the flood of treasure paid because of widespread fears inspired by publication in newspapers of the indictment or arrest of 458 individuals. A total of 177 convictions has been obtained because of their detective work and 110 defendants are now awaiting trial. Fifty-five other individuals who were indicted have succeeded in compromising their accounts with the Government by the payment of heavy penalties in addition to the taxes of which they had sought to defraud the Government. Besides, rich recoveries have been made for the Internal Revenue Service from taxpayers against whose offenses the statute of limitations had run. These investigators, it may be seen, are an efficient corps.

They deal with income-tax evaders who may be classified, roughly, in three groups: Those who do not file any return; those who report only a part of their income; and those who resort to false statements to conceal income. For detecting frauds of this sort, the Government is well armed, as will be shown.

One of its weapons is a provision in the tax law which grants authority to the Commissioner of Internal Revenue to pay up to 10 per cent of all money recovered to any informer whose disclosure leads to such recovery.

We need not be concerned here with the ethics of snitching; the only matter to be considered is the value of informers to the Government in its dealings with tax cheats. Certainly no detective would be inclined to question that value. All detective work is based on information—usually secret information.

The stool-pigeon system is objectionable when the informer buys with his information an improper immunity for his own offenses against the law; if he is paid in coin each transaction is kept within proper bounds. There is an additional value to the Government here in the fact that individuals who are disposed to falsify their income-tax returns are deterred by the fear of betrayal. No honest taxpayer, of course, need have any fear.

In discussing such work there is some danger of placing too much emphasis on what is, after all, a minor phase of income-tax collection. According to an officer of the Government the provision of the law for the payment of rewards for evidence or information is an extremely negligible feature of the Bureau's operations. For example, during 1928 the Government had only sixteen cases of applications for rewards, of which number payment was made in only eleven. This is a small number when contrasted with the millions of tax returns. Nevertheless, a few of the biggest tax-evasion cases were uncovered as a result of this kind of information.

One of the most important of all tax fraud was revealed to the Government in a manner which suggests that Cinderella's godmother is still taking an interest in poor girls. This modern Cinderella was a young woman trying to make a place for herself on the staff of a newspaper. She had no job, but she made a living as a free-lance reporter and she was accustomed to hunt for news in law offices along lower Broadway. One day a lawyer who looked with understanding, sympathetic eyes on her shabby frock tossed across his desk some sheets of paper on which closely written sentences and a table of figures were set down with beautiful penmanship.

"Read that," he said. "Maybe you can find a story in it."

"Where did it come from?"

"Don't bother your head about that. A client of mine wrote out this report for purposes of his own. He is out West now and is no longer interested. If you can find a way to print it, help yourself."

The girl free lance scuttled away with the sheaf of paper. Later, when she had read what was written there, she was amazed and not a little frightened. It was the detailed story of a large corporation's deceitful scheme for evading the tax on the capital gain that resulted from the sale of practically all of its property. Many millions of dollars had been involved. The girl knew that it would be impossible to get any newspaper to print the statements made in those notes unless privilege was given to them by some official action. So she went to call on the United States District Attorney. He, in turn, sent her to see a special agent of the Intelligence Unit.

A Scoop for the Girl Reporter

"BEFORE I show you these papers," she said, "I want your promise that I shall have an exclusive story if any action is taken."

The agent eyed her shrewdly. The girl was trembling with anxiety.

Finally he said, "Well, I think I can promise you a few hours' start on the other reporters. What have you got?"

She handed him the papers.

"Who wrote this?" asked the agent.

"The lawyer who gave them to me," she replied, "would not tell me."

"Who was the lawyer?"

She continued to wheedle, "You won't forget that the story is to be mine when it breaks?"

The agent promised and the girl gave the lawyer's name.

The special agent tried vainly to persuade the lawyer to reveal the identity of the author of the notes. At last, giving up hope of success in that direction, he talked over the affair with one of his associates.

"These notes are in the handwriting of somebody who was on the inside of this corporation—probably a minor executive. Let's go down and have a look at the books. We needn't say just what we are searching for."

This hunt was successful. After a few hours spent in what must have seemed to the accountants of the corporation to be an aimless turning of pages, the special agent found what he was looking for—handwriting that corresponded to the anonymous writing in his pocket.

"Who wrote these entries?" he asked.

"That fellow does not work here any longer. He was an assistant accountant. Quit several years ago. Want his address?"

The writer of the notes was found in New Jersey. He did not long deny authorship.

"Why did you write this?" he was asked.

"I thought I might collect a reward from the Government. Then, after I had gone to all this trouble, someone told me I was mistaken—that the Government would not pay me; so I dropped it."

During the progress of the long-continued investigation of the tax fraud this accountant came frequently to the office of the special agent. He was deeply concerned with the size of the reward he might expect. The Government actually collected $3,000,000.

The first published account of that affair was written by the girl free lance. On the basis of current newspaper space rates it seems likely that she got thirty-five or forty dollars from the newspaper that printed her story. About this time the accountant whose notes had started the investigation began to press for a reward, but his request was refused. He was denied because his information had not been given to the Government voluntarily. What was denied him, however, was given to the newspaper girl. It was by no means as large a reward as the law authorizes, but in her sight it was a fortune. She is probably the only individual in the United States who today responds to the mention of the income tax as Southerners respond to the playing of Dixie—by rising and cheering.

In Bad With the Government

IN HUNTING for fresh leads on frauds the special agents by no means restrict themselves to such clews as are given by informers. The audit of returns sometimes discloses familiar patterns of bookkeeping craftiness to Government accountants. Furthermore, the special agents are careful readers of the newspapers, and as they read they are watching for revelations of something in which you might not suppose them to be so generally interested. They are hunting prosperous bad characters, racketeers, bootleggers, fake stock sellers, grafters and others of the sort. Their theory—and it is a sound one—is that a man who will cheat his fellows is very likely to cheat his Government. This type of hunting has been surprisingly successful in exposing men with large incomes who were paying no income tax at all.

For bootleggers, too, there are extra penalties not always given by the judge who pronounces sentence. There was one in the East who had three vessels bringing liquor cargoes from the Bahamas to Rum Row, off the shore of New Jersey and Long Island. The Government sent this man to Atlanta to cure him of his infatuation with the liquor business.

When he was released from Atlanta he was by no means finished with the Government. The Internal Revenue Bureau was contending that he owed $300,000 in back taxes for unreported income from his operations in Rum Row. By this time the bootlegger was eager to get into some other line of business. Wall Street was tempting him. So with a lawyer he visited the office of a special agent and said he wished to make a compromise offer in settlement of the Government's claim of $300,000. He offered a check for $4000. With tears in his eyes he swore that, except for the clothes on his back and the watch in his pocket, which he then displayed, $4000 was every cent he had in the world.

"Will you make an affidavit?" asked the special agent.

"Positively!" Saying this, the bootlegger dried his eyes and gave a shake to his fountain pen.

The special agent accepted the affidavit but not the check for $4000. After the former bootlegger and the lawyer departed, the special agent proceeded with his investigation. In the course of weeks he discovered that more than $225,000 worth of securities was posted as collateral to margin trading accounts of the ex-bootlegger in various stock-brokerage houses in New York. Each account was concealed in the names of relatives. These accounts were attached by the Government. Then the bootlegger was indicted again—this time for making a false affidavit.

Facing another long term in jail and the likelihood of being permanently denied an opportunity to engage in any kind of business, the man decided to surrender. He wished to bargain, but the representatives of the Internal Revenue Service were not in a mood to bargain.

By this time they had decided that a portion of the $300,000 in back taxes actually was due from a partner of the bootlegger who was delinquent for a further sum. The two were advised to write a check for $175,000 each. They did so. This squared the former bootlegger's account on the question of back taxes. Then he was taken into court.

"Guilty," he said, in response to the usual question of the court clerk.

In mitigation, his lawyer explained about the settlement of the Government's claim by a payment of $175,000. This, he said, was atonement. When the lawyer finished, the judge spoke.

"It is a rich man's crime," he said. "Sixty days in jail."

The sort of frauds exposed by informers are, as a rule, among the most interesting. And old man who paid a combined tax and penalty of $52,000 recently, was betrayed by a member of his family after a quarrel. This man had been depositing in secret bank accounts a part of the gross revenues of his business without allowing the money to show on his books. In other words, he was robbing his own till.

A scheme was brought to the attention of the Internal Revenue Service when a business man started action in the courts to prevent the sale of $2,000,000 worth of securities that had been taken from his safe by employes. He had pretended to give the employes a part interest in his company. The purpose of the deal was to reduce his income tax. He undertook to observe legal forms. The stock certificates were made out in the names of the employes. Then they were required to indorse the certificates and hand them back to the boss, who placed them in the safe. When a dispute arose the employes took this stock from the safe.

"It belongs to us," they said.

"You know it does not," he protested.

"Well, you prove that it does not," they challenged.

Government attorneys are quite confident that the only way in which this man can reëstablish his ownership of the $2,000,000 block of stock is to confess that he was engaged in a conspiracy to defraud the Government of revenues.

Some of the biggest frauds have been uncovered through the regular audit of returns by technical employes in the revenue service.

The men who do this work are no longer so rushed for time as they were in the formative years of the present tax structure. They have accumulated a store of wisdom which has given them something like a sixth sense for detecting fraudulent data in tax returns, and, besides, they are now able to tell when the return for a certain kind of business is out of proportion.

Seemingly, this was the cause of the suspicion that led to the investigation of a store a few years ago. In the check-up that followed, an Internal Revenue Agent noticed that there were no invoices to correspond with certain entries in the store's purchase journal. These entries seemed to account for money paid for merchandise bought from firms in widely scattered places, in Atlanta, Baltimore, Newark, St. Louis, New York and other cities. Because of his suspicion, the revenue agent bound all of the papers relating to this company's return into a single jacket, which was then forwarded to the Intelligence Unit.

The painstaking work which followed is typical of the enterprise which is necessary to prove a fraud of this type. There were twenty-nine suspicious entries in the purchase journal. One seemed to be for $567 worth of hats, another for $318 worth of collars, another for $1,121.16 worth of dry goods, and so on.

Double-Entry Bookkeeping

ONE special agent took charge of this case. He was free to ask help from almost any one of the 19,000 employes of the Internal Revenue Service, but the help of perhaps half a dozen other special agents and revenue agents was all that he required. These men were assigned to call on the various companies from which the department store was supposed to have made its questioned purchase. It did not require many days to prove that there never had been any such transactions. Finally the special agent in charge of this case succeeded in tracing to another city the former bookkeeper of the department store, who had made the false entries. When this man made an affidavit that the president of the store had instructed him to make the entries from a list with which he provided him, the Government's case was complete.

If further proof were needed to establish willful intent to conceal profits, it was furnished by an officer of the company. When he was asked if the members of the firm all had knowledge of the manipulations, he replied:

"Sure! It was divided among us."

The prosecution which followed had the usual wholesome effect of bringing in a flock of amended returns and much money, in addition to the punitive sum collected from those who were caught.

In another case the Government's attention was attracted by a court squabble between a corporation and a former bookkeeper who was suing for $5000 for overtime work. It was revealed that the overtime had been devoted to the creation of an extra set of books designed to support a fraudulent income-tax return. The true books were seized, a large tax was assessed, along with a heavy penalty, and the president of the corporation indicted and convicted.

(Continued on Page 149)

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AT THE AMAZINGLY LOW PRICE OF

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—the LOWEST PRICE at which a Six by Dodge Brothers has ever been sold.

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—SENSATIONAL VALUE in its typical Dodge Brothers quality and dependability.

DODGE BROTHERS

UPHOLDING EVERY TRADITION OF DODGE DEPENDABILITY

ON THE HEIR

By HUGH WILEY

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

FOUR times a widow, and, without a blade of grass showing in her matrimonial past, Lura Mann set her hypnotic love-eye on the Wildcat's sawed-off companion.

Demmy fell back on footwork, and when this failed him: "Lura, you is three hund'ed pussent wrong. De fust hund'ed pussent is, how kin I suppo't enny excess baggage when I has trouble gittin' my own rations? De second hund'ed pussent is, I has savage spells wid a ax ev'y so often, an' when I gits 'em de fust thing I chops in twain is enny woman whut's married to me. In de third place, fifteen diff'runt sets of police folks up an' down dis land is lookin' fo' me, account I has a bad habit of robbin' mail trains wheneveh I feels like it."

"Nemmine, honey. De hand laundry keeps us in rations. Wheneveh you feels like usin' de ax on me I hides de ax, an' wheneveh de police folks shows up I hides you. Git yo' hat on, come along to de preacher an' us ——"

"Lura, widout sayin' nuthin' pussonal, you is jus' plain crazy. How come you pick me when my podner is de nach'ral victim of Venus, is whut I cain't understand. Dere he is, dat Wilecat boy, wid his pappy 'bout to die an' leave him big money f'm a oil well dey found on his land, whilst on de otheh hand his ol' mammy is de sole owner an' proprietor of a big anti-hair-kink an' helpful medicine bizness. She gwine to pass to her heav'nly reward mighty sudden befo' long. On top of all dat, dis country is 'bout to heap him wid well-reaped honor. Las' thing I heerd wuz dat de Guv'ment gwine to nominate him fo' de job of Soopreem Hon'able Stevedo' of de A.E.F. Dat means a unifawm wid solid gold braid on it, an' like as not a sword, an' free rides on all railroad trains an' all steamboats in de United States, free hotel bills an' a bodyguard of one military brass band. Whut you pickin' on me fo' when de Wilecat is in de districk, is mo' dan I kin fathom."

"Whah at is dis Wilecat located?"

"Right now he's a roomer at de Golden West."

"Honey, He's Mo' Dan a Rumor Wid Me. He's Real News"

"Honey, he's mo' dan a rumor wid me. He's real news. How you spose I kin 'stablish co'dial relations wid yo' friend?"

Demmy heaved a sigh of relief three times too big for his narrow chest. "Does you esteem de pogrom, I brings him up heah dis evenin'."

"Do dat, an' I'll bless you to my dyin' day."

"I does. I goes right now an' 'ranges all de lurid details fo' him to come heah afteh supper."

On the way to the Golden West Hotel, after a prayer of gratitude for his escape, Demmy jumped on his conscience with hobnailed boots and battered it to a pulp. "Ev'y man fo' hisself. Dat's my motto. One thing mighty certain, I got to deliver dat Wilecat at dat woman's house, else she gwine to take de warpath. Let him git outen it de bes' way he kin. Whut is a lifelong friend fo' iffen you cain't use him now an' den in a case of life an' death?" Demmy shuddered. "Dog plague dat woman! . . . Po' ol' Wilecat. . . ."

A week later, with five good-sized towns between them and their common enemy, the Wildcat, well out of Old Man Trouble's shooting range, belittled the perils of the past. "Dat Lura Mann ain't nuthin', Demmy," he protested. "'Course I had to agree wid her dat I wuz jus' about to fall heir to dat big fo'tune whut you told about, an' all dem otheh things, but de minnit her love-eye begun to glitter I reached fo' my hat wid all de wisdom of a sarpint an' said, 'Yass'm, I gits back heah in fifteen minnits wid a preachuh.' Since you axes so many questions, dat's how come I wuz victor in de battle. Takes a mighty good gin'ral to know when to retreat. Iffen you says us is in danger down in dis town, you is jus' plain crazy."

"Wilecat, you don't know de A B T of lonely wimminhood. You is still in mighty serious peril, whetheh you knows it or not."

"You means A B C?"

"I means whut I says; A B T."

"Whut de *T* stand fo', Demmy?"

"Tricky. Absent but tricky—dat's whut A B T means. Lura gwine to git you 'less you watches yo' step. I jus' as soon live in a cage wid a hungry tiger as to be in de same state whah dat woman wuz."

"Nemmine, Demmy, don't you begin to worry none till I does. You talk like some good undertakeh wuz shippin' a permanent box bed direck to consumer wid my name on it. Mebby I wuz 'sposed to matrimony 'long as I wuz in de same town wid dat Lura, but us is plenty safe in dis place. Dem vampires don't travel."

"Not less'n dey has to. When de time comes dat dey gits de local huntin' ground all wore out, den dey travels. Mighty good thing dat Lura don't know whah at you is. You got to 'member dat no matteh how brave wuz a gladiator, he wuz nuthin' but nutriment when de lion got loose. Ennytime Lura starts rampagin' round whah you is, you gwine to be mighty easy groc'ries. She have you hog-tied an' workin' fo' wages befo' ——"

"Who dat? Somebody at dat do'."

"Prob'ly nobody but Honeytone. Kick dat mascot goat outen de way an' open de do'."

"Git outen in front of dat do', Lily!"

Opening the door of their rented room, after the Wildcat's protesting mascot had been herded away from a banquet of cabbage leaves, Demmy greeted Honeytone Boone. "How is you, Honeytone? Mighty glad to see you."

"Evenin', Demmy. Evenin', Wilecat. How is you boys?"

"Wondered whetheh you wuz gwine to git heah," the Wildcat answered.

"Always gits whah I starts. Said I'd be heah."

"Mighty glad you come. Me an' Demmy wuz 'bout ready to deprive Lily loose f'm dem cabbage leaves. Us ain't had no rations so fur t'day."

"Discard yo' woe. You gwine to live mighty high mighty soon. Inside of thutty days you gwine to be famous."

"Inside of how many days is us gwine to be fed? Dat's de main subjeck."

"Come along wid me an' I honors you wid a banquit in view of yo' new job."

"Outen my way, Demmy!" The Wildcat made a leap for his hat. "Dat's de fust human langwidge Ise heerd since de retreat f'm Lura las' week."

Demmy smiled through the clouds. "Rations gwine to taste mighty noble to me, too, boy." Turning to Honeytone, "Sho mighty glad you come in when you did. Li'l' while mo' an' me an' de Wilecat aimed to butcher dat mascot goat."

"Don't have to butcher yo' mascot. I said you could depend on me to shepherd you to de fold, an' dat is whut Ise done. My middle name is Never-Fail."

"Lead on, Never-Fail Honeytone Boone," the Wildcat suggested. "Vittles orates louder dan words at a moment like dis."

"Ise leadin'. Think oveh whut you gwine to have whilst us parades to de rest'runt."

"Done got it all thought," the Wildcat announced. "Whut I needs most is somethin' to git my mind offen dem vittles, 'stead of onto 'em. I been thinkin' vittles so strong lately dat like as not dey is a full set of teeth growin' in my brain an' cravin' to gnash."

"I got a antidote fo' poverty dat'll git yo' mind offen vittles when I tells it to you. Sho cure fo' a flabby pocketbook. Is yo' wallet shrunken, 'maciated, weak, run-down, flabby an' c'lapsed? Iffen it is, den try de Honeytone Boone radio remedy an' look pleasant f'm den on. Ain't nuthin' like science. Science is done mo' fo de humane race dan ennything else. Heah you is, feelin' like you ain't hardly fitten to be catfish bait, an' after a few applications of dis radio remedy you gwine to live twice as high-toned as a movie star. By de way, Wilecat, whut items kin you play in de musical instrument line?"

"Cain't play nuthin' but de mouf harp an' de banjo so fur. You mean us is got a job broadgassin'?"

"Dat's whut I means. Whut music things kin you play, Demmy?"

"Used to play de slip-hawn some. Had to give it up on account of a tender lip when de likker got so bad afteh de war. Whut's dis radio thing?"

"Heah's de rest'runt," the Wildcat interrupted. "Nemmind 'bout no radio. My ears gwine to be cluttered up so bad wid vittles dat I cain't heah no radio news."

"Hop to it," the host advised. "Bog down yo' mis'ry wid vittles, an' afteh dat I 'splains how you marches down de road to wealth."

"Doggone it, Honeytone, dey always seems to be mileage 'tween us an' de wealth. How fur does us have to march?"

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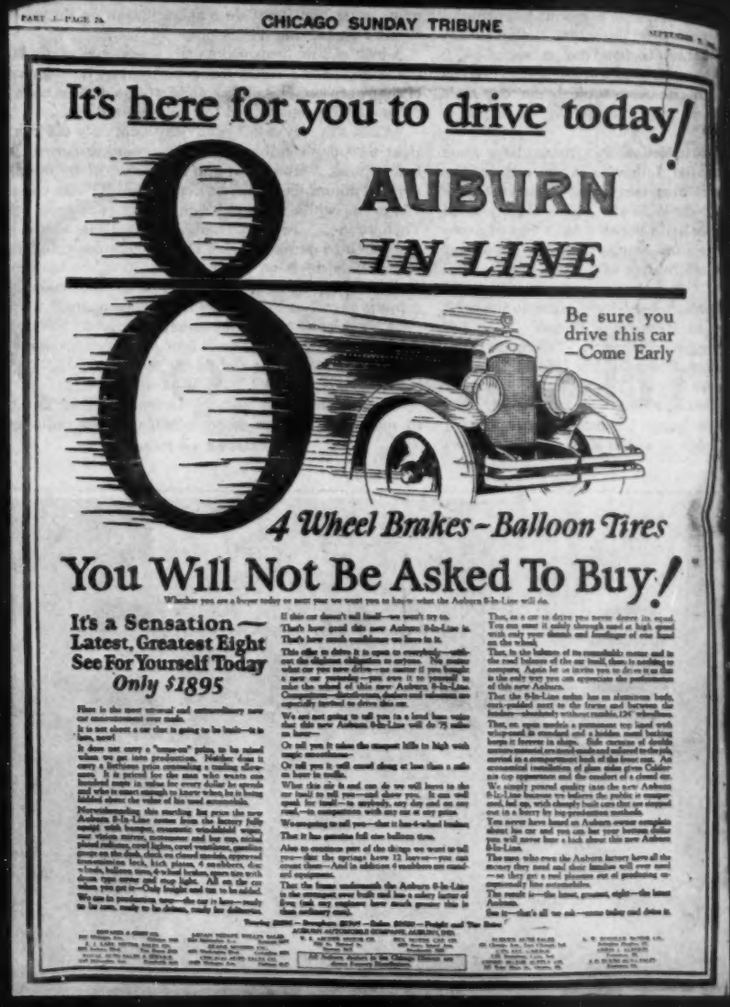
Over 5 Years Ahead In Straight Eight Leadership

AUBURN

This Straight Eight announcement ran in the Chicago Sunday Tribune, September 21st, 1924



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It's a Sensation— Latest, Greatest Eight See For Yourself Today Only $1895

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has had over 5 years' engineering leadership

has had over 5 years of perfecting

has had over 5 years of production economies

has had over 5 years in which to enlarge factories

has had over 5 years of Lycoming Straight Eight Motor building

and has over 40,000 Straight Eight owners

Therefore it is natural that Auburn is able to build today a BETTER *Straight Eight for* LESS

100 Horsepower
125" Wheelbase
$1195

Double armor-plate frames.

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Four-wheel hydraulic internal expanding brakes.

Hydraulic shock absorbers.

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125 Horsepower
130" Wheelbase
$1495

6-85 Sedan $1095; 6-85 Sport Sedan $995; 6-85 Cabriolet $1095; 8-95 Sedan $1295; 8-95 Sport Sedan $1195; 8-95 Phaeton Sedan $1395; 8-95 Cabriolet $1295; 125 Sedan $1595; 125 Sport Sedan $1495; 125 Phaeton Sedan $1695; 125 Cabriolet $1595. Prices f. o. b. Auburn or Connersville, Ind. AUBURN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, AUBURN, INDIANA. *Equipment other than standard, extra.*

Airmail postage has been reduced to 5 cents for the first ounce and 10 cents for each additional ounce. Use Airmail daily for quicker communication. The development of aviation is vital to American progress

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"Ain't fur now. You is mighty close to it."

Demmy batted his eyes. "Nemmine how close us is to it," he interposed. "Who does dis wealth belong to? On'y wealth whut interests me is my pussonal wealth."

"Gwine to be yo' own wealth does you please de white folks. Unclutter dat plate an' hurry 'long wid me. Dat broadgaster at de radio studio gwine to give you a chance."

"Whut else he gwine to give us afteh us takes de chance?"

"Wilecat, how come you neveh kin git yo' mind offen finance? Since you brung de question up, de money us discusted wuz twenty dollahs ev'y night. Us cuts it two ways. You gits ten dollahs an' Demmy gits ten dollahs, an' I gits half of whut you boys take in. Fifty-fifty is de way us 'ranges de money."

The Wildcat frowned. "'Cordin' to dat you gits ten dollahs an' I gits five. Cain't see no fifty-fifty in dat."

"You neveh wuz half as good at figgers as you is wid rations. Clean up dat plate an' let's git goin'. De white man is waitin'."

En route to the studio: "Honeytone, whut you tell dat radio man us an' Demmy could do?"

"Told him you could sing Army songs an' blues an' play music an' dat both of you wuz ajile wid yo' feet."

"Cain't see no use bein' ajile wid yo' feet oveh de radio."

"Had to tell him somethin' when he axed whut could you boys do. All he wants ennyhow is to fill in a five-minnit gap in his pogrum."

"Us fills his gap widout no footwork. Which way is it?"

"Turn to de left. Two blocks mo'. De broadgassin' studio is at de top of dat mammoth buildin' you sees."

At the MTC Studio of the Cosmic Radio Corporation, "Dis doggone place looks like a undertakin' parlor," Demmy commented, shying away from the velvet draperies. "Mighty solemn sort of a place."

"Set down heah whilst I talks to de head man," Honeytone Boone commanded. "Ain't nuthin' solemn 'bout dis place 'ceptin' de looks of it. Ain't nuthin' solemn 'bout radio nowdays. You two boys set heah an' don't talk loud whilst I hunts up Mistuh Smith whut runs de place."

While Honeytone was penetrating the inner mysteries of the studio in search of the manager of MTC, "No matteh whut dat uplifter says, dis place is solemn," the Wildcat insisted. "I never seed a place mo' fittin' fo' a funeral, Demmy, in all my life."

"Funeral or weddin'," Demmy agreed.

"Doggone it, Demmy, whut you bring dat weddin' thing up to de topside of my mind fo'? Honeytone jus' got th'ough tellin' us to be cheerful an' gay when we talks to de head man of dis place, an' heah you festoons de scenery wid crape, speakin' 'bout weddin's."

"Thought you said yo' mind wuz free f'm fear on dat subjeck, Wilecat. You told me jus' a li'l' while back dat you had got oveh yo' fright 'bout whut Lura Mann aimed to do to you in a matrimonial way."

"My fright is come back. I got a feelin' dat Lura is rampagin' 'round like a hound dawg huntin' de trail."

"She ain't gwine to hit yo' trail. You got some fust-class towns 'tween you an' her right dis minnit. De most she kin do is to sue you fo' breach of absence. Whut does she git when she sues? You ain't got nuthin'. All she kin git is half of it. Half of nuthin' don't 'mount to nuthin'."

"Mighty lot of wear an' tear on my brain. Let's walk out of heah right now an' 'cumulate some mo' mileage."

"Us stays heah right now an' sees kin us 'cumulate some money. My stummick needs copious meals, an' dey ain't no free meals no place no mo'. Set steady whah you is an' ——"

Thoughts of flight were abandoned an instant later when Honeytone Boone appeared, following in the wake of the studio manager. "Dis is dem two boys," Honeytone announced. "Demmy an' de Wilecat. Dey's mighty good boys in some respecks, Mistuh Smith. Ain't bowed down wid no talent, but dey is a few things whut dey kin do dat might please de customers fo' five or ten minnits."

"What can you do?" the studio manager asked. "I mean, in the line of entertainment for a radio audience?"

The Wildcat looked at Honeytone Boone. "You tell him, Honeytone," he suggested abruptly. "Come to think of it, I disremembers complete whut kin I do."

"What about the other boy?" The inquisitor looked at Demmy. "What can you do?"

"Wilecat, he plays de banjo," Demmy answered. "I kin play de guitar an' both of us kin sing. Wilecat knows all de Army songs an' a lot of jazz songs an' a lot of dese religious tunes, an' I knows twice as much as he does."

"Sho do," the Wildcat agreed affably, losing part of his fright. "Demmy kin do almost ennything. You fo'got to tell him, Demmy, us kin both agitate saxafoams. I used to be middlin' good wid de slip-hawn in warm weatheh myself. Play a slip-hawn fust-class in dis climate. Ain't been much 'count wid one in cold weatheh since my lip got friz to a bugle de fust winter in Sunny France."

"Come in this room. There's a piano in here," the studio manager directed. "Let's hear some of these songs."

On the way into the piano room, "Sing him Sis Eliza an' de one 'bout de sheriff," Demmy suggested, shooting a hoarse whisper of advice at the Wildcat.

"Cain't sing nuthin' de way my th'oat feels, Demmy. Feels like my neck was full of sand."

"I brung along a neck tonic," Honeytone Boone interposed, producing a bottle half full of a clear white liquid. "Sluice de sand outen yo' th'oat wid dis an' den show de man. Sing him 'bout de b'ar an' Satan on de top limb. Whut I mean, sing it!"

A look of pain deepened on the studio manager's face as the Wildcat and Demmy moaned their way through a stock of shopworn samples. "I thought you said these boys were different," he complained to Honeytone Boone.

"Yass, suh, dey is diff'runt; dey's not on'y diff'runt but right now dey's stubborn." The promoter turned to his two failures. "How come you is struck deef an' dumb at a croocial minnit like dis?" he demanded. "What you mean makin' de white folks so disgusted, de way you acks?" Then, to the white man, "Like as not dey does betteh when dey gits into de real work. Dese two mules cain't hit de collar less'n dey's on de upgrade. Turn 'em loose on de real work, cap'n, an' stan' dere close to 'em lookin' like a deppity sheriff an' dey sings like nightingales."

"I'll try 'em," the studio manager decided. "Watch the clock, you boys. You go on at four-ten. Wait around in the outside room with the rest of the talent."

"Yass, suh, sho will," the Wildcat agreed.

"Us be dere on de minnit," Demmy added; and then, en route to the room wherein half a dozen radio artists

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A Look of Pain Deepened on the Studio Manager's Face as the Wildcat and Demmy Moaned Their Way Through a Stock of Shopworn Samples

EVERY GRAHAM SIX AND EVERY GRAHAM EIGHT IS COMPLETELY EQUIPPED WITH SHATTER-PROOF *PLATE* GLASS

"Could anything on wheels be more nimble than this?"

By Theodore F. MacManus

GRAHAM

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LAST LEAVES

By CORRA HARRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRIETTA McCAIG STARRETT

There are Moments When We are Tempted to Turn Upon Them and Tell Them a Thing or Two About Our Grandiloquent Past

The Age of Meek Old Age

SOME years ago, when mail-order courses first began to be advertised, I contemplated offering a correspondence course in living. My plan was to stress honesty and industry instead of sales psychology, the profits to be derived from investments in a few of the hardier virtues, and to prove that a man could afford to be worthily dumb in this already too vocative world, strong in his awkwardness, and even poor without embarrassment, if he had the proper attributes of courage and integrity.

The idea was not original with me, of course, having been written out plainly in the Scriptures for two thousand years, but not in this abridged and popular manner, which would provide a quick-work method in the uplifting leverage so many of the best people now practice on other people.

Discretion, however, is still the better part of valor—a motto that has often caused me to abandon a noble project in the very nick of time. After a brief survey of our young people, who are usually regarded as most amenable to being wrought upon in the highest way, I perceived that this is a lateral generation, wittily acquisitive and very smart, but with few perpendicularities, and a low scale of values concerning ideals not seen with the naked eye.

Learning From Their Juniors

IT WAS clear to me that many of them had not been improved by the courses they had already taken, whether by correspondence or according to a university curriculum, except possibly in the more abandoned art of dancing, the twitter of sex, and the swifter punctuations they make between their pleasures—that is to say, the briefest kind of dash. If a reckless one among them discovers a new indulgence, they adopt it. If a serious one accomplishes with courage a noble achievement, they also adopt that, and vulgarize his performance by making it a popular sport, with no better object in view, say, than to fly higher, farther and stay up longer than the other fellow. The idea is to be a sport first and as long as possible. What is left of the aspirant, if anything, may become a man afterwards.

The most teachable people in the world today are old people. We have been made meek by the experiences we have had, especially with these young ones. Observe how they have forced us to change our gears in thinking and caused so many of us to avow the things we do not believe and to approve the things we do not approve. This is due to the weakening of our courage and judgment by the infirmities of old age. But right or wrong, we have learned more from them than they have from us, which, at least, establishes the fact that we retain elasticity of our faculties. It is a fact that youth, from age to age, finally escapes the influence of elder men and women; but never before in the history of mankind have so many old people faced about, forsaken their faith, fashions and convictions to trail young people. If the situation thus created was not so ridiculous, it would be pathetic. If these young modernists were not so indifferent to old age, I should risk the prediction that presently their supreme witty stroke at humanitarianism would be the abandonment of homes for the aged and infirm, for prep schools for old people. Something in the idea too. Why should not men and women in their second childhood be instructed along the way they have to go, as other children are? Most of us are very poorly prepared for this inevitable change. But there is not enough future for us to justify the expense of the experiment, even if the moderns were not so completely engrossed in their own affairs. Youth is an illusion and old age is a disease; let both run their course—is probably a philosophic definition of the whole situation and a convenient way of washing the hands of a sticky responsibility.

But when one considers the vast number of old people still alive, it is significant how little stir they make—no agitation. The reason, of course, is that they are on the retired list, securities cashed long ago. Gentle old outlaws of time, sitting with folded hands in the coma of forgotten age. The busy world has always taken it for granted that they are loved and cherished by their nearest kin, or, in case of indigency, by charity. No other element of our population is maintained with so little expense or anxiety. They never agitate or start a reform. They are meek, adjusted to whatever is.

Wanderlust Among the Elders

SUCH, indeed, was their state and condition until recent years. But now, without any concerted purpose on their part, they are in a sort of aimless motion, like old birds caught in a spell of windy weather, blown hither and thither—no object in view, just blown.

Lately, after being in the backwoods of my times for several years, I have been making cross-country journeys in various directions, and I have been amazed at the number of aged men and women who are my fellow travelers. They are not going home or on their way to make a visit. They are just traveling. Some going abroad, some looking for the sunny slopes at one end or the other of this country, to spend the winter. Usually they are unattended, or they travel with hired companions, both men and women frequently in a state of palsied age, who in my earlier days would not have ventured beyond their home thresholds without holding to some familiar hand. There are wavering drifts of them everywhere in California and

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Paramount Pictures

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Paramount Pictures

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Florida. Since 1925, every hotel I have visited from Los Angeles to New York has its complement of old men and women, who make their homes in these places, even if the town is thickly populated with their relatives and friends. Dim old specters, never opinionated or presuming upon that authority age formerly conferred, sitting to one side, hoping to be noticed—very meek, no complaints, not critical.

I suppose that this flight of the aged has taken place so gradually during the preoccupation of the younger generation that their exit and reappearance in these public places was scarcely noticed, then forgotten; but to one still sheltered by her own roof and warmed by her own fire and ordering her own days according to her habits and plans, the sight of these ancient orphans started strange speculations. Are old people more adventurous than formerly? I could not think it, seeing how little they ventured, looking more like family portraits dropped in the corners of hotel lobbies, to be called for later, but never called for. I have wondered if the amiable indifference of strangers is less depressing to their loneliness than the indifference and preoccupation of their own people. Possibly they have more liberty and quiet diversion of the eye than they would have had, managed and coddled and corrected at home. However that may be, they all looked poverty-stricken in the face, a mendicant appeal as you go by. Drop a smile or a bow instead of a quarter, and they brighten as other beggars do who receive alms.

When Nature Takes a Hand

NOTHING can be done to reclaim these dizzy wanderers slipping down the path of their years. They have lost their bearings, caught in the gale of these times, and would never be contented in any kind of home now. I only mention them as a development of the unsettled conditions about us that has escaped comment. The great majority of very old men and women are still in the care of their relations and friends. The attentions we receive are strictly private. It would be indecent to agitate about what to do with us. Nothing can be done. Nobody preaches a sermon just to us. We have no political influence. We are not criminals and cannot, therefore, hold public attention. We may not be neglected, but we are really negligible except for love's kind sake. And it is a dull business, all told, very wearing upon the nerves under the happiest conditions.

In dealing with us, I do not think enough attention is given to the fact that old age is a form of poverty that overtakes us whatever our apparent circumstances in life are; for the simple reason that we no longer need more than poor people have. Nature reduces us to a bread-and-milk diet, even if the rest of the family can still afford to dine on terrapin with champagne and other costly foods. However stylish we are accustomed to feel, the grand dinner gowns we used to wear no longer become us and are not comfortable. We require warmer coverings for our ancient shoulder blades. Our draperies must be longer, even if younger women publish their knees, because our knees are liable to ache in the open. We are obliged to keep to the classical lines and the tone of time other old pieces have. We can no longer be beautiful and bright, but we must be comfortable. We lack the interest and strength to enjoy an evening party. We are children again, and must retire early, as other children are put to bed. It is the same with the very old man. He may be a millionaire and still believe he is good company, but he cannot last long in company. He may wear his dress suit, as usual, in the evening, but he looks like an aged deposit in it, as if his years had pulled him askew, so that he no longer fills or fits the thing. He needs a bib and will not have one. In any case, he is sure to fall asleep presently and publish his failing faculties to the younger brighter company. He also is a child again and needs no more than a child does.

But these young ones who never knew us in our prime and glory cannot know how queer and diminishing it feels to be spoofed and coddled off to bed. There are moments when we are tempted to turn upon them and tell them a thing or two about our grandiloquent past. But in time we learn to hold our peace, be put to bed.

Or He Married the Wrong Girl Fifty Years Ago

She Will Give Herself the Airs of Bright Memories Which Enhance Her

I may be partial on account of being one myself, but I have always thought women know better than men do how to cash in on their past when the time comes. However wretchedly they have failed or wrongfully lived, at the end they assume the last dignity and vanities belonging to age—silent about all the worst they have known or have been. They invariably tell the best things of themselves. Even if one was a fallen woman—in the days when such a woman was an awful doctrine of evil—she tears all these dark leaves of memory out like a fine lady, remembers them against herself no more forever, and makes an admirable showing of her past. Virtue and chastity of mind have returned to her—which is rarely the garnishment of a gay old dog in his last numbers. He wears his scandals like a decoration, and hopes you will suspect him of them. I have often wondered which of the two is the more worthy, and have decided that the woman is. But even if she has been ineffably good all her life, and is now no more than the poor little gray-haired relic of a tyrannical husband and recreant children, she manages to winnow out of her sorrows a few pleasant things to tell. She will give herself the airs of bright memories which enhance her.

The evidence of some kind of slapstick bravery in a poor little Ichabod man is different. He rarely loses his flair or begins to whimper until he comes down to the ash heap of defeat in his old age. He keeps going through all his achieving years from one failure to another—a pinch of great dust fatally adulterated. But in the end he will not take the blame. He is a bright star revolving in the dust because his mother gave him a brandied peach and so awakened a thirst that destroyed him. Or he married the wrong girl fifty years ago. And he hopes you will be good enough to understand that on his account it is not his fault he failed. That kind of man always preys upon women and always blames them for his misfortune. He is the hardest man in the world to forgive the weaknesses of his old age. I doubt if it is anyone's duty to do it. But never yet have I heard any kind of old woman admit she was a failure. On the contrary, she becomes by a brilliant gift of censorship the heroine of her years and gives everybody the right to respect and love her. She is a better financier of any kind of past than a man is.

A Problem of Patience

BUT this is no more than the language and literature of old age. There is still the problem of patience to meet in our last days. The only enterprise left is to do the best we can to be a cheerful burden to others. It is useless to contend that our desires and demands are more sensible than those frequently conceded to young people. They are, but young people are to be humored these days, regardless of their hallucinations, and we are reduced to the tyranny of being merely loved and cherished. The idea is to take the will for the deed and to praise the tender usurpers of our rights and liberties. For we should know by our own experiences that the burdens of love, however willingly borne, are the hardest to bear. It was not the labors or the misfortunes we passed through in our younger years, or the sacrifices we so cheerfully made; it was the load—the

(Continued on Page 49)

Don't use your radio set as a proving ground for inferior tubes

THE maker of your radio set uses RCA Radiotrons in his factory tests—and expects you to use them in your set . . . Inferior tubes mean inferior performance—loss of selectivity and sensitivity—harsh noises—poor reproduction—and frequent renewals...Get the best out of your radio set by using the tubes acknowledged as the standard of the radio industry

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E. F. McDONALD, JR., *President,* Zenith Radio Corporation, *says:* "We determine the performance of all of our receiving sets by using RCA Radiotrons. That is because they materially enhance the reception of our instruments. We urge our dealers to recommend them for initial equipment and for replacement."

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FIL AMPS. 2.5
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RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA
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A.C. HEATED
HEATER VOLTS 2.5
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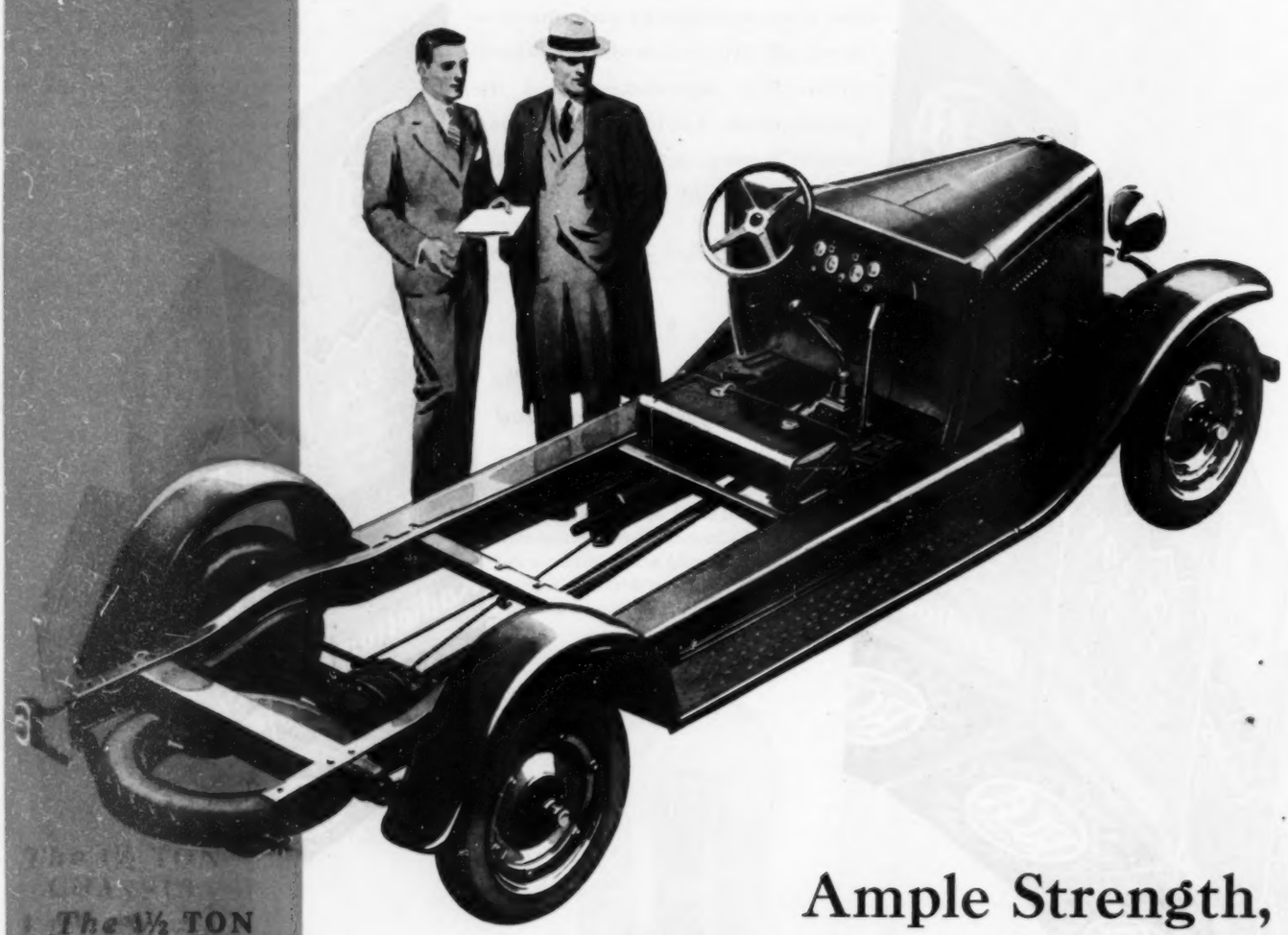

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The SEDAN DELIVERY . $595
The LIGHT DELIVERY CHASSIS $365
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See these new trucks at your Chevrolet dealer's—today. Check their many extra-value features. Get a trial load demonstration.

You'll find that from every standpoint—power, speed, strength, capacity, economy—here is the logical truck to own . . . the greatest commercial car value on the market today!

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

The Sedan Delivery, adapted from passenger car design, is widely used by specialty shops, department stores, salesmen, etc.

Above is shown the 1½ Ton Chassis and Cab, equipped with stake body—a popular combination wherever strength, capacity and easy loading are required.

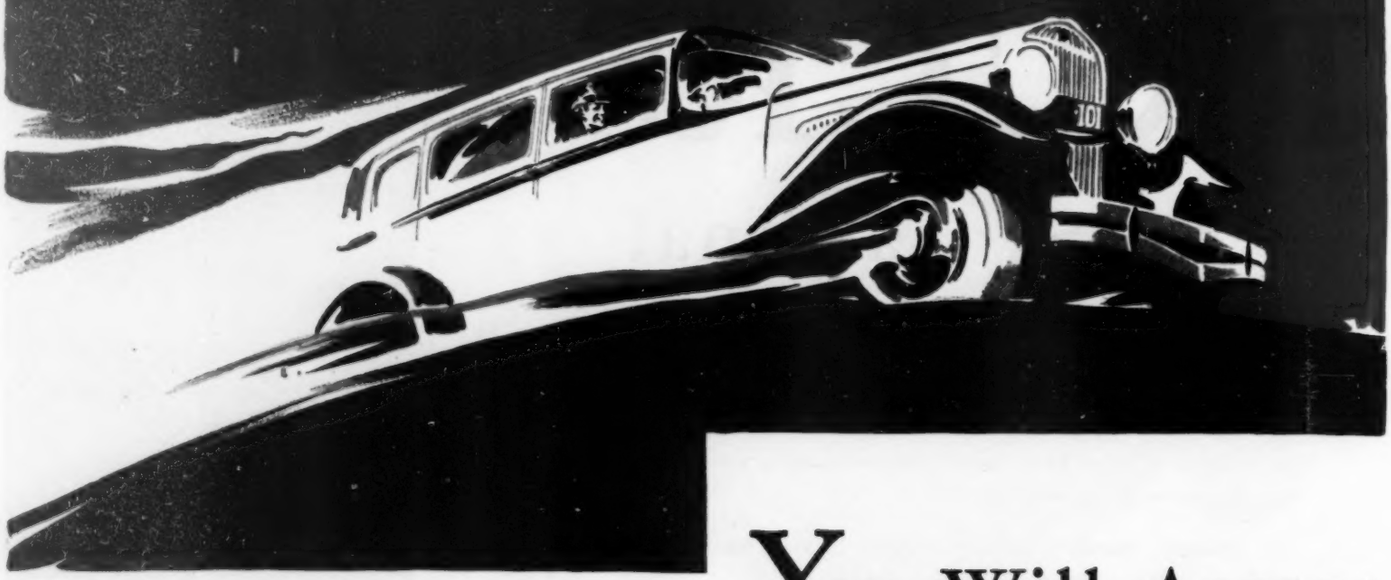
Department stores, cleaning and dyeing establishments, butchers, etc., are constant users of Chevrolet Trucks. Shown above is a widely popular panel body.

The Chevrolet 1½ Ton Chassis is widely used by contractors, road builders, gravel pit owners, etc. Shown above is a power dump combination.

The Light Delivery Chassis is available with a wide variety of smart panel bodies—suitable for almost any delivery need.

This canopy express body, mounted on the Chevrolet 1½ Ton Chassis, is ideal for hardware merchants, express companies, produce dealers, etc.

The NEW ESSEX Challenger



You Will Accept This Challenge

. . It Affects Your Pocket-book . . . .

You will accept this challenge because all concede this the greatest Essex ever built. You hear it everywhere. You hear good judges pronounce its great value. Nowhere else is there such beauty—such performance—such completeness at anything like its price.

It is newer than the newest. In appearance it is impressively distinctive. A different car whether viewed from front, side or rear. A different car in detail inside and out.

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Throughout the chassis has been made stronger and better in every way. By rolling the lower frame flange—an entirely new design—30% is added to rigidity and strength. New is the axle construction to overcome braking stresses and tendencies to shimmy. New also is the synchro-silenced rear axle.

It is an easier riding car and an easier car to drive. It gives you a relaxed ride.

The challenge is to all. It seeks comparison on every count. And it holds distinct advantage when price is considered. For it sells at a price all can afford.

FEATURES THAT CHALLENGE

Larger Bodies; Greater power; —Faster Speed—Added economy. Wide Choice of Colors to Suit Your Own Taste. New Art Body Designs. Four Two-way Shock Absorbers. Radiator Shutters, Electrolock, Starter on Dash, Electric Fuel and Oil Gauge.

HUDSON MOTOR CAR CO., DETROIT, MICH.

(Continued from Page 44)

heavy, heavy load love imposed upon us of anxieties, fears, griefs and anguished hopes that weighed us down and covered our faces with secret tears so many times, even if the prayers we prayed finally were answered and those whom we loved triumphed. Now we have the advantage. We may be burdens, but we can no longer bear them. We take our sorrows with meekness, because the nerve of grief has ached out. We cannot weep. Nature forbids it. Our tear ducts are no longer active. This means something—that we have passed the emotional period into that zone of quietness where good children sleep and tread the measure of happy dreams.

One of the mistakes we make when we have grown old and have nothing objective to do or think about is to dwell too constantly upon our pains and infirmities. This is bad form, and very tiresome to those who must bear with us, no matter how sympathetic they appear to be. I have often been impressed by the fears old people have of death, the curious niggardliness with which they cling to life when really living has become a useless hardship, as if, when it was down to cases, especially their own case, they had no upbuilding faith in immortal life. Personally, death has always been inconceivable to me. When the experience overtakes me I shall be astonished. The idea of it annoys me only because I have a vocative distaste for dying with a good sentence sticking up very much alive in my mind I may lack the strength to record, or that there may not be stars, showers and grass in paradise.

But if you have grown very old and must sit on the side of your bed and recite your prayers barefaced before the Lord, because you cannot rise gracefully from your knees, if at all; and if you have some kind of broken compensation, like a hiatus in your pulse and a pain in your heart, it is wiser to drop the subject and not keep a health ledger of your terrifying symptoms—thus avoid the defeat of spiritual depression and the cowardice of death until death arrives. I, who have no better than what may be called a secondhand heart, inherited from too many hilarious forefathers, do make a long stretch occasionally in the sunlight of happy days with all my pennants flying, before it turns out that the motor in my breast has speeded up faster than that of a runner in a marathon race. Even then I am only aware of a flattening out of my energies, as an old-time skipper on the high seas suddenly discovers the wind has gone out of his sails. I am not dismayed into taking a sedative or a stimulant. I know how to raise the wind while I rest—by taking to the port of all missing men, which to me is the Scriptures, though it might be the philosophy of Marcus Aurelius for a nobler negative soul. But I am careful about where I land, rarely in the New Testament, among the pacifying promises of salvation.

When the Pace Slackens

The reason may be that I do not yet need these softening gospels to ease me, being in no great fear of changing my scenes. I put in to some of those harsher shores that have lain for ages in the Old Testament. There the currents of human life reach further back in time and flow with a gallant swiftness. Always a big wind blowing in Genesis, hot weather in the Holy Land. Since I am inactive, action is what I want. I turn to a battle scene across the burning sands, warriors mounted upon fleet-footed horses, putting their own enemies of the Lord to flight while the very sun stands still! There is drama for you—and give me drama to the last. However fallacious the account may be, I can read the truth of my own spirit in it, and believe every word of it, lying flat on my back while nature slackens the speed of my own motor.

There are other methods, these days, of sidestepping our infirmities by calling them errors, mixed with a valorous theory about faith making any kind of food safe and digestible. But I was never one to confound food values and physical pains with the health of my soul. It is offensive to my spiritual entity. We must be discreet about what we eat; and though pain may be an error, a dead-and-gone grandfather may have imposed it upon you by his wayward conduct. But you cannot deny having the pain without telling a lie, which is not moral—much less Christian. So I go ahead, commit my errors, suffer my pains like an honest woman, and blow myself as far from them as possible by taking a whiff around in one of the livelier chapters of Habakkuk. But I never sneak as far back as the sorcery of hypnotism—not even with a simple headache. The strain on my veracity, credulity and failing will power would be too expensive. Presently I am up and going under my own power, as usual; though maybe at an ever-slackening pace. But with no appreciable damage done to my moral sense—which is an important thing to keep, even when you are old and no longer have so great a need of morals.

Taking Life Too Seriously

In my own case, it seems to me that some of the failings I have as an old person are due to the wrong interpretations we had of what life is when I was younger, and soul-stretching was more the vogue than it is now. Looking back over the hardships and vicissitudes of that period, it seems to me that I did reasonably well, but I distinctly recall that I never enjoyed the gayety of a good conscience. I was not sure of standing properly in the spirit, on account of taking heed lest I should fall into some kind of iniquity of conduct.

Not many lives have we—
One, only one.
How earnest should that life be!
Hour after hour filled with blessed toil,
Day after day bringing in new spoil

—was the way we felt about it, and in no better verse than that! Now, since I have the old-age leisure to think, I have a wiser sense of what life is meant to be. If "one, only one," why be so frantically earnest about it? My notion is that life was not meant as a penance, possibly even for a joyful vacation from the speechless quietness of the dust from which we came and to which we shall return on our way to another life not financed with any dust at all. I am not complaining; I can stand it if the other saints can, but I do think it was like the good God to give us a change and a chance to be natural as well as spiritual, and to see another world that we might practice making over now and then by way of developing some judgment and wisdom of our own. I believe it was intended that we should take our virtues and duties lightly, as we now take our much more expensive and exhausting pleasures and vices.

Too much earnestness in living was one of the mistakes we made. It was the fallacy we acquired from the wrong interpretations of righteousness by the religious teachers we had. The result is some kind of pharisaical seriousness not natural to us, but vastly egotistical and impoverishing. And in part it also accounts for the reaction we have in modern youth, more intelligent, less disciplined than we were, running amuck now, because they know we were wrong about making such a groaning anguish of dutiful living. This is their defense—wrong again, of course; but we provided them with it.

The gay valor of the earlier heroes in the romantic period seems to me a delightful illustration of the way people gently bred in the spirit should practice their virtues and pieties. Now, toward the end I regret that agony and witless seriousness with which I acquired and preserved mine. It has made them a sort of lofty affectation, not true to me, but only to my higher nature, when I might have been quite as good and more natural without making such a fuss about it. It is only lately, in my saner years, that I have had the honesty and the sense to realize that I do not do good for Christ's sake or from a desolate sacrificial sense of duty, but because I enjoy it normally, as children enjoy innocence actively and merrily, as youth enjoys adventure and risks life to achieve it. I was forever trying to crown myself with another good deed, not knowing that it was no more than the next bright blossom of my very human nature—which is a good thing until we make it bad.

I believe in the divinity of Jesus Christ, but I do not believe He did good or was holy from a sense of duty, but because He loved all these things and they came natural to Him. It was not His sufferings or crucifixion, which many others have also experienced, that made Him the way, the truth and the light of the world, but because by His life He proved that righteousness, mercy and courage are the birthright of men, and that it comes natural to be, as we say, the sons of God, instead of being a theologically defined miracle.

Young people think they alone have the future before them, when, as a matter of fact, what they have before them is old age. "Now" is the only time of day they know. They borrow by faith the riches and fame they hope for and may never win. Thus they believe they predict their own future, but the years come between and do what age does to a man, whether or not he has obtained the desire of his heart. If he has, he no longer needs these things. But the old who have passed through these illusions and found that nothing is gained that can be kept, do actually stand at last before the gates of the Great Future that has nothing to do with time or substance or any reality we have ever known. Such a man may look a long way toward the one great speculation of mankind—eternal life—and feel the trembling of his wings.

Therefore, the best endowment for old age is faith in immortality. We face a tremendous emergency. We have no time to argue the question or to fumble the ball rationalists call science. Our minds have gone before and prepared a place for us. But he who has made no such journey by faith is very poor, even though he may be rich or famous, and can bequeath a million to charity or leave behind him a great book which may immortalize his name.

The Luxuries of Faith

This brings me to the point of mentioning one of the greatest hardships old people must face—the wave of unbelief that is now sweeping over us. To have faith makes us ridiculous in a world like this. We have become their sounding brass and tinkling cymbals. This has been more of a loss than an embarrassment to me; the greater since it comes late in life, when I am no longer able to adjust myself to mere facts and cynicism. The luxuries of faith I have enjoyed in the open, the companionships I have had with so many others of the same faith have passed away and left me an obscure figure, with ties broken that bound me to them. They have cashed in, surrendered their faith for this mess of pottage they call rationalism, and gone their way. It was the idealism with which I regarded them that was so necessary to me. Now I no longer have it. Some of them have become distinguished men who proved by fossils, by a sort of limited squalid mathematics of the stars, by theories more fantastic than any faith, based upon things buried in the earth, folded away in the bright leaves of the stars—that there is no God! They are like those who take pains to read a great book in order that they may deny that anybody wrote it—which would be more miraculous than any of the miracles they deny. But no one is so egotistical and irrational as a rationalist. Personally, I prefer the asinine piety of puffed-up saints, as little as I admire them. They do abuse the good manners of faith, but their purpose is not to destroy it. These smart thinkers know better, but they pretend to make no distinction between the name of a thing and the thing itself.

Thus they deny the existence of spirit, though they admit the spirit in everything else, from alcohol to energy, and even matter—speaking figuratively, of course. Then why not speak figuratively of spirit in men? Nobody understands what it is, but we know it is. They take advantage of the theological dogma preachers made of the Witness of the Spirit, when they know that words are symbols we use according to the awkwardness of our minds and tongues approximately to indicate the meaning we desire to convey. Yet they suddenly become literalists about the Witness of the Spirit, when they know that what was really meant by that phrase was Truth—the everlasting something in a man which bears witness to things so true they cannot be translated into words, even if he is a liar when he is convincing the whole world of his veracity. By their fulminations they are confirming the doubts of a generation not grounded in a knowledge of the Scriptures or even of the moral law. And they are making it particularly hard for some of the rest of us who are very old and tired and homeless if we have nowhere to go when we are gone. Literally, I admit there is no such experience; still, by faith I have walked with God many a time. But now, with the shadows of my evening falling about me, the noisy strident mind of this world seems to come between me and such a faith. I miss God through no fault of my own, but because I am too tired to overcome the sneering power of these meanly clever people who are only smarter, not better or more spiritual than I am. Sometimes I am in a sweat of fear lest I shall not be able to hold out, but may become merely sensible and damned at last.

My Candle of Memories

I suppose this is the case with many old people as they approach the Great Divide where age ends and the future begins. We feel the world, alien to us in hopes and plans, closing in upon our dust while we yet live. What was clear in our youth grows dark, we are confused in the spirit and lose our way, as other children do, in a strange place. Something like that happens, indescribably terrible to our feebleness. We are lost here because we cannot think in the terms of their times. Therefore, I say it is wiser to hold fast to what our own faith made us. Let them who have come after learn their lesson; we have already learned ours and should not be dismayed. On these occasions I do not get up and read the Bible to steady me against the tide—so many people, wise and foolish, have handled this Book since it was written that some of it is smeared with their minds and doctrines to the point, now, of being illegible. I have to be strong in the spirit really to enjoy reading and winnowing the Scriptures to fit my case. Besides, by the time a man or woman has reached the slant of his years, he should have earned his own scriptures.

So, when the murk of modern minds seems to be closing in about me—usually at the end of a long day, when the other darkness approaches and I am witch-ridden by my rational faculties, which have the tendency, then, to follow the truth that leads downward—I tell myself that it is no more than a dark illusion as compared with the bright illusion of the other kind of ascending truth that formerly strengthened me. And I lie still and light a little candle of memories and experiences never worked over by the theologians or interpreted by the rationalists. It steadies me to remember that while I have seen the world topple about me in wars, civilization swept away, poverty, and all manner of disasters, nothing has changed the ways of the earth and the seasons. What has really happened is no more than a change of opinions in the vagrant minds of men. Everything else going on as usual, according to the Will that created the heavens and the earth. And from that—which is always my starting point from one angle or another—I go ahead and recall my own miracles, one by one, quite as remarkable as any recorded in the Scriptures—different, of course, since I was

(Continued on Page 51)

Eveready Raytheon Screen Grid Tube, ER224. The weight of the four large elements in this type of tube makes the exclusive Eveready Raytheon 4-pillar construction vitally important.

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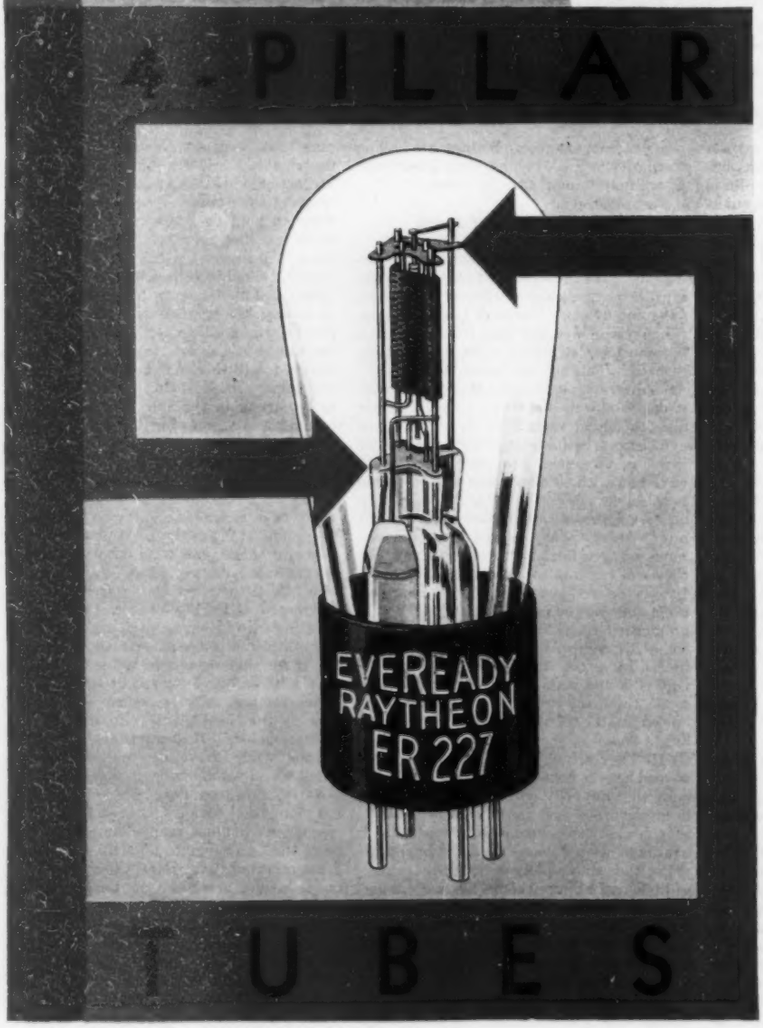

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EVEREADY RAYTHEON

(Trade-marks)

(Continued from Page 49)

never a blind Barnabas to receive my sight, or a leper to be cleansed like Naaman; but miracles, nevertheless, that belong to me. And I perceive that either there are no miracles or everything is miraculous. The law of the slow-moving destinies of men that bursts like a bomb on the front page of a newspaper has been in preparation for days or ages. What seemed to happen to me, sudden and terrible, was really in the unfolding order of my fate according to law. Good things at last, because I had some kind of faith to hold fiercely to the very tails of my misfortunes, and did not dare to fear or let go, lest the wind of that disaster should blow me down to destruction. Many men and women know what desperate courage is required not to dare to fear or to lose one's hold in disaster.

I do not know why it is so, but my experience is that it is fatal to retreat in the face of disaster. It is some kind of bluff that fades into a phantom if one holds out with trembling but invincible courage. And it is not to be had except by faith. I do not know how the rationalists get by these rough places. My suspicion is that they avoid them, because there has been an astonishing slump in the courage and stamina of men these last years. They have the courage of lions in an argument, but I do not see many of them standing the gaff of a long siege in honor, hardship and endurance. I have had much experience with budding young rationalists these last years—boys out of schools and colleges, upon whom their fathers have spent more than they could afford, only to find that the splendid young athlete is short-winded when it comes to steady work of any kind. He knows too much about liberty and the franker joys of living. Whenever one of these depressed fathers wants to bequeath me such a son to straighten out, I take him if I can, but warn the parent that it is a desperate case. Nothing short of the surgical operation of hard work will save the lad, and usually he lacks the physical and moral endurance to survive it. I buckle him down and start out, only to find that he has so much more sense than I have, and so many personal private rights of his own, that those associated with him cannot enjoy their legitimate rights, and it is impossible to mend him. And I send him home as one of those chronic invalids in courage and endurance who have walked off with all the athletic honors their colleges conferred. All of them take refuge behind whatever brand of rationalism they have been taught, and nothing can rout them out.

The Luxury of Wise Men

This is the reason why, in my weaker moments, when I begin to get bright and think in the terms of these modernists, I fear, not for my soul, because by this time I must have done about all that can be done for that, but for my self-respect, which is very dear to old people; lest I should lose the qualities of an able-winged spirit that has carried me thus far with honor and profit, regardless of what any modernist can prove to the contrary. I can think of no more diminishing disaster than to come down in my last days to the spiritual poverty of a lopped-winged rationalist.

But at that, all depends on one's definition of faith. I was never one to make a virtue of going about holding to the little finger of God like a toddling child. This is where the puerile, sentimental Christian falls down, in my opinion. If you have brains, powers and moral sense, that is sufficient equipment to meet all the emergencies of life without passing the buck by asking the Lord to keep on upholding your feebleness. You have no right to be feeble. You are not merely an animal, you are an animal divinely endowed; and if you know what is good for you in the sight of your Heavenly Father, you had better act up to your inheritance. I never have, but I have certainly maneuvered in that direction with sufficient energy to have derived the blessing of a very arrogant conscience in these matters, and considerable satisfaction, except for those dolorous moments when my spiritual pride is obscured by some cunningly wrought argument fulminated by a rationalist.

This is the reason why I am so opposed to these people, not only because they are retarding the growth and mightiness of men but because they bother me. They are so convincingly learned in the things I know it is wrong to know, and they are unworthily shrewd at confounding me with their contentions. I invariably get the best of them by not saying anything, because there is nothing to say.

Peace in the Little Gray House

They speak in the terms of one illusion, and I believe in the terms of another and know by experience that I am right. It is worse in my case than in that of the creed-stitched Christian, because I have long been able to believe in God without the least affectation of piety—piety seems to me a doubtful term as applied to a human being. It is egotistical and, at best, partially fallacious. If I use the word at all for a personal reference, it is usually in a humorous sense. This leaves me nothing professional to stand upon when assailed by a rationalist, and accounts in a great measure for my silence in dealing with them. Silence, my husband used to say, is the luxury of wise men and the necessity of fools. I became a wise man—and wonder privately why so many fools with brilliant minds never do recognize their necessity.

But when I am alone and have lighted the little candle of my faith, this cowardice falls from me, and I know again, presently, in whom I have believed.

However it may be with other old people, I formed the habit in early life of making haste to be ready for the kingdom of heaven; always loading up for that journey, and always worrying about my preparations, dreading death as we dread the arrival of a visitor with a full day's work ahead. And I get off on that line by the light of my candle. And I do not know how it happens, but by this time my memories have beaten a trail to the door of a little gray house that used to stand by the side of the road in a certain place far back in my circuit-rider days. A woman lived in this house—a member of our church. She was a person of almost abysmal respectability. She had worked and worried a lifetime trying to be perfectly good, and was only fair at that. She dreaded death because she never could believe she was prepared. At last she fell ill and was about to die. One night it was my turn to sit up with her. I went in and sat down beside the bed upon which she lay like a frost, white and still. She knew me, but in a different way; as if for the first time she met someone in a quiet place. Peace in that house so long harassed by her diligence and anxieties. For once, she was not concerned about whether it was in order. She did not ask whether John, her wayward son, had come in. She had been delivered from John. She had come to herself, was the impression I received. She had risen and was passing out, as if nothing else mattered now—neither love, nor fear, nor death. I wondered if she knew what was happening to her. Presently, not looking at me or addressing me, she said: "Such relief—to be letting go everything; no heaviness—light as air—and all these years I have been afraid of death—like being afraid of escape!"

PHOTO BY ORRIN E. STANLEY

In Beacon Hill Park, Victoria, B. C.

Whatever we feel or fear or think, the end will be something like this. We shall become very conscious when those about us think we dream. We shall be divided from all others, ourselves at last, and begin to live. This is not reasonable to think, only because our rational faculties are limited and do not carry us as far as we must go. But I have seen too many old people pass away not to know that they do not die. They escape. The young are not so fortunate, wrapped still in the illusion of this life; not seasoned in the spirit, not knowing enough to believe everything, they are dismayed. No doubt there is a kindergarten for such saints. But the old, whether saints or not, know life everlasting when they feel it coming on. No question or dogmas now about whether my Redeemer liveth, but to know for sure that I shall live again. It just naturally comes down to this one question.

The Age for Tolerance

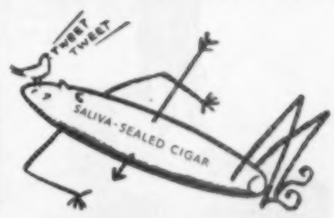
Then I review all my substances of things hoped for and my evidence of things not seen and not provable; and that woman lying upon her bed, who was so perfectly conscious in the spirit at last, and the old, outbreaking sinner who rose with such majesty of wings that one almost saw him pass and fear not—such things I remember, cast the theologians and rationalists aside, believe in the God of my immortal life with the same confidence I have had in these mortal years, because, according to my instincts and experience, God and eternal life stand accredited.

This is the way for us to wait. We cannot be prepared. Add your favorite creed and dogmas if they comfort you, but faith in that Law which we call God is the great knowledge upon which we may securely rest. For my part, I have come to be a bit squeamish about creeds, lest they should contract my liberty to believe as much as possible, whether orthodox or not. I am about that as these modernists are about their precious liberties. I do not want to be obliged to think out the salvation of eternal life in the terms of a mere church denomination, but I like to step out and be free to believe more and less than all of them put together. I know this is not practical for the masses and classes, but it's humane. I am not intolerant of other people's creeds.

The main thing for us to do as we grow old is not to be resentful but to regard the curious quirks of the mortal mind in the various denominations of our brethren with sufficient wit to be tolerant. And at our age it seems to me advisable to avoid the more rabid rationalists, not hate them but to avoid them as one does a disturbance. We have come to our reverent hours and cannot afford to be distracted by even polite blasphemers.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Mrs. Harris. The fourth will appear in an early issue.

This boqey man curled up his toes long ago



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ON THE HEIR

(Continued from Page 40)

awaited their calls to the microphones, "Gimme anotheh look at dat bottle, Honeytone," the diminutive brunet demanded. "I feels de sand comin' back in my th'oat."

In the apartment adjoining the microphone room three of the electrical crew knelt around a race track whereon a pair of dice galloped under the wire at the moment of the Wildcat's entrance. "Hot dam, dey's somethin' homelike in dis funeral parlor after all!" the Wildcat exclaimed, smiling for the first time since the day's ordeal had begun. "Edge oveh dere, Honeytone. Lemme watch dem boys work. Why fo' is dey whisperin' to de dice all de time? Dice cain't heah no whispers."

"Shush. Keep yo' voice down, Wilecat. De microphone is workin' in de room next do' to you. How you like ten millium people to heah you talkin' 'bout subjecks such as gamblin' wid dice an' things like dat?"

"Like it fust-class if de dice wuz actin' pleasant. Honeytone, advance me a dollah on my wages whut us gwine to git. I craves action an' right dis minnit I feels noble. Gimme a dollah whilst I butts in an' builds up."

"White folks won't let you in de game."

One of the white folks, a forty-dollar loser, scowled at this: "Anybody can get in the game that has money."

"Gimme dat dollah, Honeytone!" the Wildcat insisted. "Heah whut dat man said? Gimme dat dollah whilst I fo'gits Ise a radio actor."

Grudgingly Honeytone produced a silver dollar and handed it to the Wildcat. "Dat's all I puts out," he said. "Win or lose wid dat an' don't ask me fo' no mo' mercy. You come heah fo' de sake of yo' art, an' not fo' gamblin'."

Combining both vocations, when he got the dice, "Shoots a dollah," the Wildcat announced. "Fade me, somebody, an' repent whilst I reaps."

The loser at the Wildcat's right faded him.

"Radio ramblin' dice, broadcast yo' bad news. Lullaby bones, yo' bedtime story is seven! Hop an' halt on a skylight nach'ral. Whuf! An' I reads fo'-three! Shoots de two dollahs. Fade an' fall back. Showeh down yo' money. De cash cubes is gittin' hot."

The man at the Wildcat's right peeled a gambler's curse from a two-inch roll of currency. "Roll 'em, boy. Let 'em ride for a stumble."

"I rides 'em fo' de high hurdle. Neveh stumbles none wid me in de saddle. Horse dice, on yo' way! Kangaroo cubes, make yo' jump—wham! An' de top side says six-ace! Hot dam, dey's gittin' warmed up. Shoots de fo' dollahs. Showeh down, cap'n, you loses nuthin' but yo' money. Neveh kin tell till de gallopers stop whut de numbers gwine to be whut lays on top. Like as not I stumbles on de nex' ride. Fade me an' ——"

"You betteh ack mighty quick, Wilecat. Hands of de clock says six minnits afteh fo'. You on'y got fo' minnits befo' yo' art begins."

"Fo' minnits is plenty time to ——"

The four minutes was cut to pieces by the entrance of the studio manager. "You boys get ready," he said to Demmy.

Over his shoulder the Wildcat answered, "Us is ready right afteh dis nex' pass, cap'n," and to the man to his right, "You gwine to fade de fo' dollahs, or is it orphan money?"

"Roll 'em, fool, you're faded."

"Dice, live quick! Sow yo' seeds of kindness. Money marbles, bank yo' cash! Whuf! An' I reads—six an' a dooce. Gittin' late an' my point is eight. Six-dooce, cut loose! Dice, ride an' reveal! An' I reads —— Doggone it, six-ace stares me in de face! Take yo' money." The Wildcat turned to Demmy: "You go an' sing yo' songs all by yo'self. I don't feel none like singin' nuthin'."

Honeytone Boone leaped at the retreater: "You got to sing! Start in wid dat Sis Eliza an' wind up wid de sheriff. You got to keep goin' five minnits, else when you leaves heah yo' nex' terminal gwine to be close to a tombstone wid yo' right name on it! Whut's a li'l' ol' fo' dollahs? 'Less you sings you loses five times dat much. Git in dere an' sing cheerful, else yo' nex' music gwine to be a harp solo."

Estimating the true situation and being short of impromptu talent, the MTC manager made a quick change in his plans. "After Nellie gets through rig the mikes in C Studio two feet from the floor," he ordered, addressing one of the electrical men. Then, to the Wildcat: "You won't have to sing. All you have to do is to go ahead with that crap game. Keep the chatter going. Shoot craps in a loud tone of voice with this other boy and keep it going. Can you do that?"

"Cap'n, yass, suh! Sho kin." The Wildcat heaved a sigh of relief. "Mighty easy, talk to de dice. Seems like I aint' got no voice fo' singin' somehow right now."

"Go in that room there and get set. You've only got a minute. Take the bones with you. Here's some ammunition to shoot with. Hand it back when the battle is ended—five, ten, twenty, twenty-five, thirty-five, forty dollars. Split it up between you and go to it when you get the green-light signal."

"Yass, suh. Come along heah, Demmy. Bring dat banjo wid you. I feels mighty gay somehow right now. Mighty apt to bust into song enny minnit."

"Open up de crap game wid dat crap-shooter's song, Wilecat. You spoke somethin' of it a while back. You 'member how it goes?"

"Sho I 'members it."

"Sing it fust off, den git in de game wid de bones. Grab dat guitar, Honeytone, an' chord along wid me an' dis fool." Demmy was suddenly master of ceremonies.

When the green light flashed, working easily, following a brief introduction to his unseen audience, the sawed-off brunet fired a handful of banjo music at his accomplice and nodded his head. "Git along, Wilecat," he ordered in a whisper heard throughout the eleven Western states. "Agitate yo' tonsils."

Forthwith, in sixteen lines of verse, the Wildcat gave to the listening world the complete mathematical technic of crap shooting:

"You neveh kin tell till de gallopers stop
Whut de numbehs reads dat lays on top.
Comin' out a topside seven or 'leven
Is Wilecat talk fo' a pay-day heaven.
Seven's a winner when it shows up fust,
But afteh yo' point a seven means bust.
Comin' out fust wid a dooce, twelve or trey
Is jes' like th'owin' yo' money away,
'Cept you keeps de dice an' starts once mo'
By layin' yo' money on de gamblin' flo'.
Suppose you releases a fo', six, eight—
You tries yo' best to duplicate.
De same hol's true fo' a five, nine, ten,
But a seven's bound to git you now an' den.
As I said befo', does a seven come fust,
Befo' you makes yo' point, it means you's bust."

When this had been accomplished, heading straight into the stretch, the Wildcat juggled the dice.

"Wild man, let's go. Shoots a dollah. Ise a fo'-leaf Wildcat an' Ise on my prowl! Li'l' gallopers, speak to me. Showeh down, brotheh, whilst I six-aces fo' my home on high. Li'l' green leaves, come back whah you growed. Cubab babies, wham! Jail-breakers, speak to me. Seven, saw de bars. Ramble, you rattlin' risks—an' eleven f'm de Lawd!

"I lets it lay. Shoots de two dollahs. Fade me, fool, an' taste de quinine. Bones means bonus. Dis pair of dice means paradise. Fade me whilst I th'ows hard times.

(Continued on Page 54)

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Shop first in your classified telephone directory

BELL SYSTEM

(Continued from Page 52)

Persimmon money, de frost is got you. Money meat, shed yo' gravy. Iodine dice, you is marked duty. Six an' a five, an' you is skinned alive—wham! An' I reads ace an' a fo'. Ace an' a fo', open de do'. Li'l' five, stay alive. Laz'rus, come fo' an' bring de ace. Bound to perdooce de trey an' de dooce! An' dey reads three-two! Dat's all fo' you!

"I lets it lay. Fade me, fool, an' git light. Git light whilst I stays right. Shoots de fo' dollahs. Hand me dem dice. Ise dey pappy. Fade me whilst I fumbles dese leapin' leopards. Wham! An' de nine says Nero. Gallopers, roll yo' verdict. Ride 'em rough. Nero, meet yo' hero. I pine fo' nine—wham! An' a five an' a fo' rests on de flo'!

"Shoots de eight dollahs. Fade an' fall back! You loses nuthin' but yo' money, brotheh. Cain't tell when I stumbles on Snake Eyes. Shootin' de eight dollahs. Craves a six an' a solitaire. Let freedom ring! Wham! P'rade rest, dice—as you wuz. Come back to de nest. Duck dice, hatch yo' luck eggs. Li'l' rib roasts, git yo' gravy. Jelly dice, tremble me a six-ace. Sow an' reap. Major baby, come back to yo' gin'ral. Orphan cubes, lissen to yo' stepfatheh. Funeral cubes, you is slow but sho. Craves me a five-dooce. De jitney fo' de twins. Tell me how to six-ace—half a jury an' de ol' judge. Lady Luck, send me 'leven f'm heaven! Whan! An' I reads a six an' a fo'. Ten-o-see on de flo'. Earn while you learn. Git back to earnin'. Dixie dice, drip yo' dew. Green hay, de harvest gwine to reap you. Baby bones, nutrify! Ice dice, melt into money rain. Cyclone seed, git big! Wham! An' I reads a fo' an' a dooce. Dynamite dice, bust de bank. Rifle dice, hit yo' ten. Wham! Ise got a musk smell—an' I reads a five an' a fo'. Try one mo'. Li'l' doves of peace, land wid yo' beaks full of greens. Gallopers, pay my rent! Good mawnin' says me to six-five! Six-five, stay alive, but whut delayed you? Knife dice, mow dat lettuce. Ajile bones, dance me dat pickpocket jazz. P'odigal pair, come home wid dat fatted ten. Hear de bloodhounds! Pay day, whah at is you? C. O. D.—come on dice. Field han's, rally round an' ride dis one—wham! An' I reads a fo' an' a fo'. Dice, I needs lots mo'. Eagle bones, see kin you fly. Resurrection dice, come fo' an' bring a six wid you. Spark in de powder—bam! An' both bar'ls reads five-three. Dat eight is late. Telegraft tumblers, click fo' de coin. Turkey dice, gobble dem greens! Ol' Bonaparte—wham! An' dey says six-fo'!

"Cheer up, Demmy, you loses nuthin' but yo' money. Shoots de sixteen. Fade me, fool, I cain't live fo'eveh. Showeh down whilst de cubes cut up. Hammer de gold spike. Dice, harvest yo' Crismuss tree. Pay-day ponies, speak my name! Wham! Stay lame on seven! An' seven dey reads!

"Heah's two dollahs, Demmy. Git yo'self a see-gar. Shoots de rest of de thutty dollahs on de flo'. Shoots thutty dollahs. Fade me whilst I refo'ms. Bugle dice, blow de pay call. Harvest cubes, pick yo' cotton! Shotgun dice, spout yo' lead—wham! Doggone it, how come Snake Eyes into dis happy throng?"

Edging in with his first phrase, "Ain't yo' money, Wilecat," Demmy said. "I cain't keep de two dollahs fo' see-gar money. Money b'longs to de man."

At the ringside the man indulged in a frantic gesture. "Keep going!" he commanded in a low whisper.

Forthwith the Wildcat started his second non-stop supplication to Lady Luck.

Midway of this a messenger from the telephone-switchboard room handed the manager of MTC a note. "First returns for dice game. Twelve fans phoned during the last minute! Circuits loaded right now."

Glancing a second time at the message, "How long can he keep going at that?" the radio man whispered to Honeytone Boone.

"Ise seed him go fo'eveh when de luck wuz right."

"Keep him at it till the red light flashes. Folks seem to like it."

When the red light flashed finally, "Hand back dat money, Wilecat," Honeytone Boone commanded. "Dat's all you got to do. Give de money back to de man."

"Doggone it! Seems like I wuz dreamin'. I made nine passes dere in one place."

"See kin you do it sometime when you is shootin' fo' keeps. C'mon in heah to de office whilst I gives de boss man back his money."

After a twenty-minute wait the boss man appeared. "You ready to sign a contract for these two boys?" the MTC manager asked. "Folks seem to like 'em." The radio man handed Honeytone Boone a handful of telegrams.

"How much money is dey in de contrack?" Honeytone asked.

"I told you twenty dollars a day, but I'll make it an even two hundred a week for the first month, fifteen minutes every afternoon."

"Suits me O.K. See whut de boys has to say 'bout it. Dese telegrams come in already f'm de folks whut heerd dat crap shootin'?"

"Most of them are local wires—telephoned. The long-range stuff will begin in a few minutes. Read 'em to the boys. I'll be back in here after the next feature. You three men talk it over and decide if you want to sign the contract or not. Two hundred a week—four weeks' contract to begin with."

When the radio man had left the trio alone, "Sho us craves to sign de contrack," the Wildcat affirmed at his earliest opportunity. "Whut does dem yaller telegrams f'm de folks say in yo' hand, Honeytone?"

"Fust one is f'm Aberdeen, Washin'ton. Man says, 'HOT DOG DE BABY NEEDS SHOES.'"

"He must be a mighty old man. Ain't heerd dat in no crap game fo' twenty yeahs. Whut de next man say?"

Honeytone's interpretation of the second telegram was interrupted by another handful of fan messages brought in from the telephone room. "Some more folks liked that crap game," the messenger announced, handing Honeytone Boone the later wires.

"Doggone it, two hund'ed a week seems mighty small money," Honeytone reflected. "Mebby us could ——"

"Read whut dem telegrams says," Demmy interrupted, craving his laurels. "See does enny of 'em say about me ennyplace."

"You done mighty li'l' talkin'. All you done wuz lose in dat game."

"See does he say ennything 'bout de boy whut played de banjo."

Honeytone Boone shuffled the sheaf of wires rapidly. "Cain't see nuthin' 'bout no banjo no place. Banjo ain't whut got 'em. Whut you boys think 'bout two hund'ed a week? At fifty-fifty dat's a hund'ed fo' me an' a hund'ed fo' you."

"Suits me all right," the Wildcat affirmed. "Seems mighty good pay fo' mighty easy work. I'll work fo'eveh fo' two hund'ed a week."

"Me too," Demmy agreed. "Wish dat man come in heah so us could sign dat contrack wid him an' git it done wid. Dis is de bes' fish Ise caught in many a day. You spose dis gwine to be a 'sclusive contrack, Honeytone?"

"Mebbe not. Neveh thought 'bout dat."

"Time you wuz thinkin'," Demmy reminded him. "How many radio companies is dey out heah? Fifteen minutes a day ain't nuthin' fo' one of 'em. Us could go 'round to 'bout six places an' make some real money."

"Sho us could," the Wildcat agreed, frowning at Honeytone Boone. "How come, Honeytone, you neveh figgered dat out whilst you wuz figgerin'?"

"Nemmine 'bout dat, Wilecat. Heah is a telegram f'm a man in San Luis Obispo whut says, 'READ 'EM AND WEEP.'"

"Seems like Ise heerd dat some place befo' durin' de las' twenty years," the Wildcat returned. "Go ahaid an' read de rest of

(Continued on Page 56)

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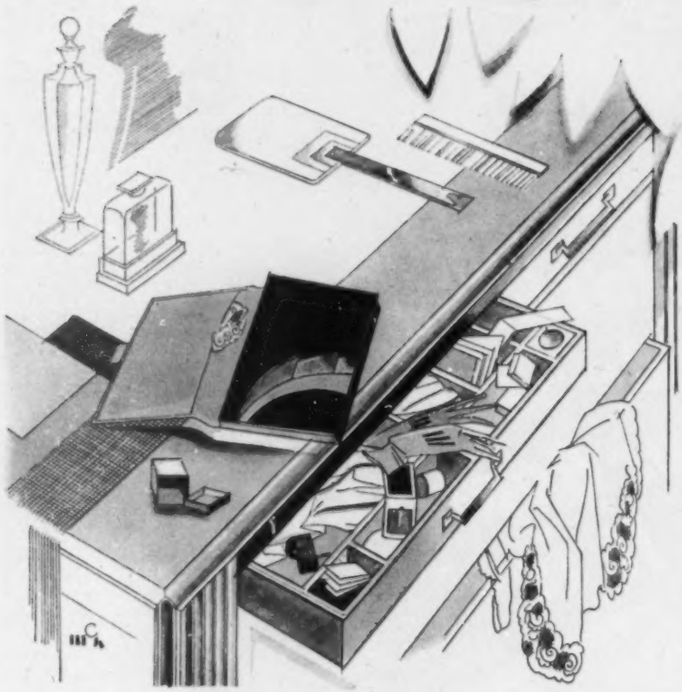

FORCIBLE entry, or burglary, is but one avenue of loss by thievery. More frequent, by far, is stealing by those who get into your premises otherwise than by breaking in.

These are rules to prevent home thefts—which often mean the loss of objects hardly replaceable:

Don't admit into your home any stranger claiming to be an electric, gas, or telephone employee, a salesman, or other legitimate caller, without proper identification.

Don't employ people without investigating them fully. A mere written reference may be faked or forged.

Don't talk about money or valuables kept in the house.

Exercise caution in the care of keys to prevent possibilities for duplication. When people leave your employ, have keys in their possession returned.

Don't allow mail, newspapers or milk bottles to accumulate when absent from home for any number of days. Ask a neighbor to take in such things for you, as they betray your absence.

Even with the exercise of greatest care, insurance is an economic necessity. The agent of this Company in your city will be pleased to study your insurance problems and assist you in arranging needed insurance.

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and affiliated North America Companies write practically every form of insurance except life

(Continued from Page 54)

dem telegrams. Wish dat man hurry up an' come back heah so us could sign de contrack. I feels mighty foot-loose right at dis minnit. Aim to git dat contrack signed an' go back to de roomin' house an' buy Lily fo' dollahs' wuth of nutritious rations an' den go out an' spend dem fust wages. I needs me some shoes an' a fust-class pair of bull-blood socks wid feet in 'em an' a striped shirt wid a necktie, an' a so't of a pearl-gray hat wid ——"

"Heah's a wire f'm a woman whut knows you real intimate, Wilecat," Honeytone Boone interrupted. He handed the raiment-craver a telegram.

The Wildcat handed it back. "Go ahaid an' read it, Honeytone. You knows I cain't read. Whut it say? Who it f'm?"

"De telegram is f'm Lura Mann. It say, 'SO DERE YOU IS HONEY I BE WID YOU AT SEVEN OCLOCK IN TIME FOR A WEDDIN BANQUIT.'"

The Wildcat's jaw sagged. "You mean dat's f'm Lura Mann! Dat woman find out whah at I is ag'in?"

"Looks dat way. Looks like she's comin' to help you wid yo' future life. . . . Whah you gwine?"

The Wildcat was halfway toward the door leading to the freedom of the outer world.

"Cain't say whah Ise gwine, but when de boss man comes tell him I is went. Come a-runnin', Demmy! Good-by, Lady Luck! Mighty sorry 'bout dat radio contrack, Honeytone. Tell de boss man Ise took sudden wid lockjaw. Come along heah, Demmy; us got to git some mo' towns 'twixt me an' dat ragin' vampire befo' de clock strikes a nach'ral seven, else it gwine to strike snake eyes fo' me!"

RIMED REVIEWS

By Arthur Guiterman

The Detective Story

THE multimillionaire is found
Completely dead in Griggsby Manor
Without a decent clew around
Except a gun, a knife, a spanner.

The stupid, plodding local force
Arrest some wild young blade or other,
But he is innocent, of course;
You know because he loves his mother.

The Sergeant fails to do a thing;
The criminologists are baffled;
Has no one brains enough to bring
The vile assassin to the scaffold?

But soft! Who comes upon the scene,
Fastidious and circumspective?
'Tis no one less than Verdant Greene,
The famous Amateur Defective!

His intellect, his gimlet eye,
His force and craft refuse denials;
He totes along a full supply
Of microscopes, retorts and vials.

He watches, linking chain to chain,
And sees with vision clearer, subtler,
The Manor's other inmates slain—
The aunt, the niece, the cook, the butler.

When only one escapes the ban,
The inoffensive poor relation,
Our hero cries, "Behold the man!
I've found him through Elimination!"

Ah, why do gunmen shoot to kill
And crooks parade their guilty glories
When all this analytic skill
Is shown in great detective stories!

The Western Novel

NOW, he's a cattle baron's child
While she's an humble rancher's daughter.
A quarrel keeps their parents riled—
A feud about some right to water.

And though he rides like Bronco Pete
And shoots with laudable precision,
She flouts him every time they meet
With bitter scorn and bleak derision.

He makes believe he doesn't care,
And with a club, like old Orion,
Protects her from a grizzly bear,
A raging bull, a mountain lion.

Of course she treats him even worse;
Whereat our Bayard of the ranches
Defends her—with a smothered curse—
By scalping several bad Comanches.

He foils, with both guns popping free,
Abductors bent on lady-looting;
But does she soften up? Not she,
For all his fine and fancy shooting!

In cold contempt, for which one grieves,
She charges him with stealing cattle;
That makes him trace the truly thieves;
And now ensues a fearful battle.

He falls; she fights upon his part,
And conquers, valiantly behaving.
And so he wins her gentle heart
Because it's she that's done the saving.

'Tis sweet to visit now and then
A West of prairies wide-expanding,
Where men are mostly supermen
And women past all understanding!

The Novel of English Country Life

THE lawns are broad, the elms are tall,
The nightingales their grace notes utter,
The peacock walks the ivied wall
And no one toils for bread and butter.

For here we have the dear old Duke,
The Vicar, Mrs. Hugh Tregennis,
Miss Ardeth Wynne, Sir Ralph Dubuque
And tea and toast and talk and tennis.

While morning, evening, night and noon
The tray is passed by Grimes, the butler,
Miss Wynne's remarks are opportune,
Sir Ralph's replies are somewhat subtler.

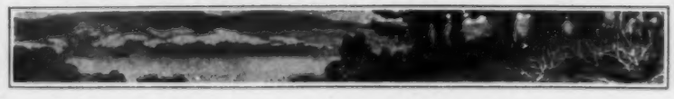
They drive or ride to join the meet,
They hunt, they flirt and gossip brightly,
And if they're sometimes indiscreet,
At least they're indiscreet politely.

Think not that hearts as great as theirs
Escape affliction absolutely!
Proud minds immune from sordid cares
Are bound to feel the more acutely.

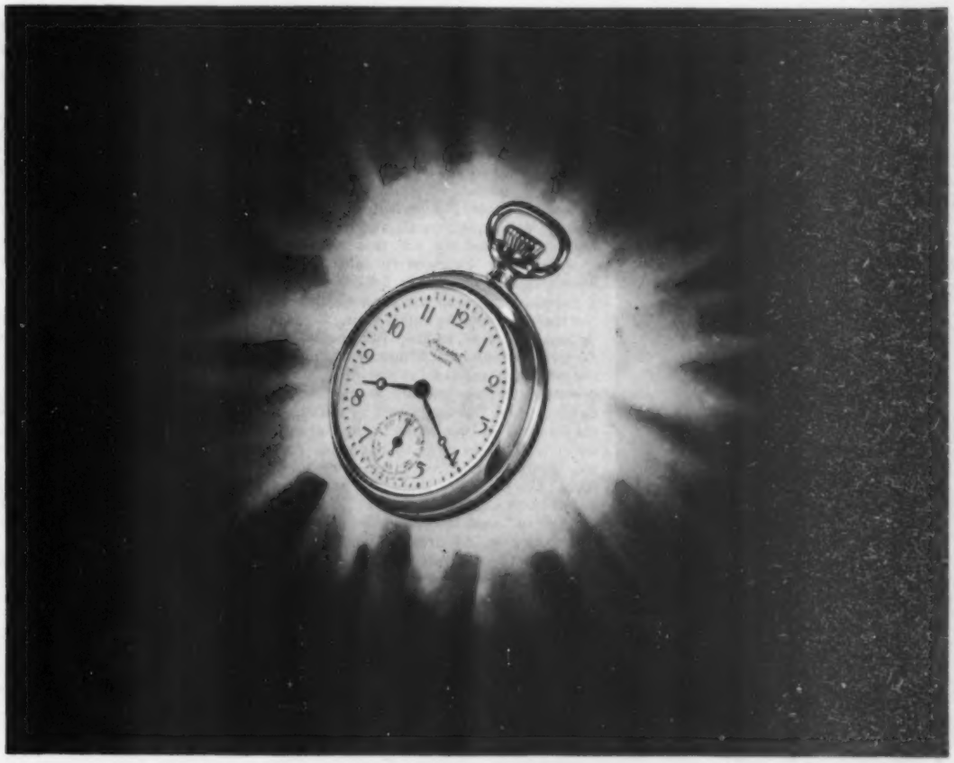
But starlight comes and daylight goes,
And nothing really seems to matter;
Through golden scenes the story flows
In silver rivulets of chatter.

Then someone softly fades away,
Or two fine souls are bent on blending,
But everything is quite au fait
And there's no crude or noisy ending.

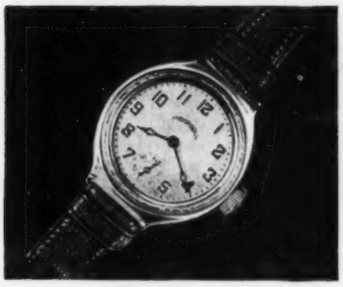
The tale exerts a pleasing spell
That calms the heart's more urgent poundings,
While one feels privileged to dwell
In such correct, refined surroundings.



The GREAT WATCH VALUE



The INGERSOLL YANKEE $1.50



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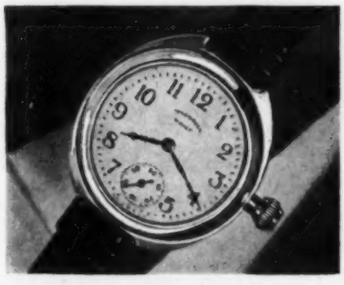
The newest Ingersoll — stylishly small with chromium finish case that will not tarnish or stain the wrist. A watch destined to be as famous as the Ingersoll Yankee. For men and women — boys and girls . . . . . *Radiolite $5.50*



WRIST . . . $3.50

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VALUE! Value which we believe has never been equalled in any other merchandise. Value that proves itself every moment of the day — every day in the year! That's the value you get from the Yankee!

The Yankee is not only a great low-priced watch — it is a great watch. All over the world, wherever progress demands a dependable measure of time, the Ingersoll Yankee is valued far above the mere dollar and a half which buys it.

Ingersoll Yankees have measured the time of day on the upper reaches of the Congo — in the frozen fastnesses of the Yukon — on the reeling decks of storm-tossed liners — in the fields and factories of America — over the far-flung plains of Australia — on the pampas of Argentina.

In fact, there is hardly a walk in life where this sturdy, dependable timepiece has not made its indelible mark. And the secret of it all is the famous Ingersoll *value.*

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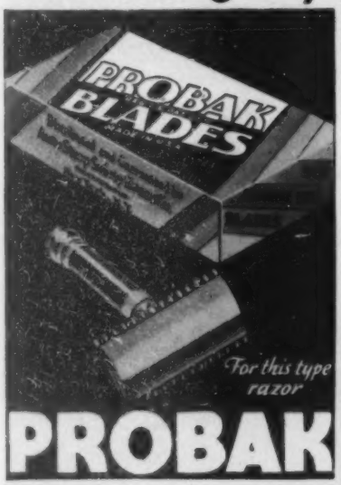

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Buy Probak on a money-back guarantee of complete satisfaction. If after using two blades you don't agree they are the finest double-edge blades built, return the package and your dealer will refund your purchase price

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PROBAK BLADES

THE CAR WITHOUT A COUNTRY

(Continued from Page 13)

were, and of an attempt to visit every one of the hundred and fourteen offices in the Customs Building, only to find they had nothing to do with the affair, and that he should begin his investigations in the Ministry of Finance, in the Palace of the Louvre.

"Gee!" almost wept Mr. Molyneux. "There are twenty-seven entrances to the Louvre, and I tried 'em all, and then didn't find it. I asked the cop that wears the 'Speak English' badge, and he said he didn't know himself, but would ask, so he asks a guard—you know, one of those birds in the tin hats—and he didn't know, because he was only there to keep Bolsheviks out. So then we found the Ministry of Finance the next day; and the day after that, which one of the forty-seven bureaus was the one to go to; and then they told us that since the seizure had been made in the Bayonne district, we ought to go to Bayonne. Simple. Only six hundred miles away. And hadn't the chief guy there told us that he didn't know anything about it?"

"And so," said Mecca, wiping his mouth and taking a last drink of coffee, "you didn't get the slightest ray of light on the matter all these two weeks?"

"No, not one!"

"Yes, you did, Moly—one. Tell him about the president of the automobile club."

"He wasn't the president!" growled Moly. "He was just somebody there. I belong, you know, and I went to ask if they didn't protect their members. And this guy grins. That's all he did—grin. He said he didn't know anything about it, but he imagined that the car had been seized for duty, and that if I'd pay the duty, they'd give me back my papers!"

"How much is the duty?" asked Mr. Turner.

"He looked it up," replied Molyneux. "It was twenty-five hundred smackers."

"The case," said Mecca, "is simple. The French want twenty-five hundred dollars, and my advice to you is to pay it."

"Pay it?" cried Molyneux, so that the patrons of the restaurant rose to look at him. "Why, it's more than the car is worth! Why, I couldn't sell it in Paris for that much! I'll lick the whole French nation single-handed first!"

"You can't do it," said Mecca. "Lots of people have tried it, and not single-handed, either, since the days of Julius Cæsar right down to Wilhelm II. They all failed. You can't do it. The French are too many for you."

"Do you mean to say an American citizen ——"

"Sure! Forget it! It means nothin' over here except a place to carve in and excavate dollars."

"Well, they won't excavate from me!" said Molyneux through his set teeth. "If the duty on that car was twenty-five centimes, and all I had to do to pay it was to walk across this room, I wouldn't do it! I'm going to fight 'em! Maybe I'll succeed where the Kaiser failed!"

"Listen," interrupted Turner: "Mecca, I heard you were the wise boy around the boulevards. Anyone can say 'Pay it.' Mr. Molyneux doesn't want to pay; he wants to fight! Now what's your advice? Shall we get a lawyer?"

"That's right!" urged Mrs. Molyneux. "We're going to struggle before we give in. What shall we do, Mr. Fanning?"

"My advice," said Mecca slowly, "I've already given. You'll be money in if you pay the duty. But if you want to fight this thing, and you want me to help you, I'll do it. But for a price. I have no means except a small pension, and I make my living in this—er—kind of way."

"All right. You're hired. Now what do we do next?"

"We'll go to the embassy."

"The embassy?" scoffed Turner. "They won't do anything for you there! Why, they can't be annoyed with Americans!"

"Um-m," replied Mecca. "They can't be annoyed with old ladies looking for apartments, or guys trying to get a speeding ticket squared, or someone trying to get out of paying a lot of breakage for mirrors and stuff up on Montmartre, but if a man goes to them and says the French have lifted a hundred thousand francs' worth of automobile off him, the embassy will at least find out who did it, and why. And they won't chase around from door to door either. And furthermore, and beyond, I know a guy over there."

"I suggested going to the embassy the first thing. Do you remember, dear?" purred Mrs. Molyneux.

"Uh-huh!" grunted her husband, pretending to be deep in the bill that had just been brought. His wife had suggested an appeal to the embassy, and her husband had cursed her to silence, which was the reason she now reminded him of it, as he well knew.

"My retainer fee," said Mecca softly, as Molyneux brought out his purse, "will be fifty francs."

Molyneux looked at him; then silently passed over five ten-franc notes. Of these, Mecca put two in his pocket and passed the other three back.

"My share of the bill is thirty francs. I have this same luncheon here often, and know what it costs."

"Why, I was going to pay for your lunch!" gasped Molyneux.

"Not today," smiled Mecca. "Business is business."

Molyneux, open-mouthed, took back his thirty francs; then, as they all left the restaurant, he and Turner went to search for a taxi, leaving Mrs. Molyneux and Mecca alone.

"You funny man!" rippled Mrs. Molyneux. "Why didn't you let my husband buy you a lunch and ask a retainer fee too?"

"Well, he may need all his money later on."

"Oh, don't worry about that. We've still got all the pesetas we were going to spend in Spain."

"Well, anyway," said Mecca, "the difference is that between bumming a lunch and paying for it out of income. Here comes the taxi. We have our self-respect to keep, you know, even if we do live in Paris."

They were received at the embassy with respect, and listened to attentively.

"And now," said the man to whom they told their story, "just what would you like us to do?"

"Find out why my car was seized, and what I have to do to get it back again."

"Very well. I'll write them a letter and I'll let you know what they say. Have you a telephone where I can reach you during the day?"

Mr. Molyneux searched for a piece of paper on which to write his number, while the others passed out and to the elevator, excepting the man to whom they had told their story.

"Where did you get hold of Fanning?" said this one softly.

"Why, my friend there, Turner, recommended him. What's the matter? Isn't he all right?"

"Oh, yes, he's honest. But if you have any loose fillings in your teeth, you'd better have them tightened."

"Eh? What do you mean by that?"

"Nothing. You'll hear from me in a couple of days," smiled the man from the embassy.

"Not sooner? Gee, time flies. I'm sailing home the end of the month."

"I'll do what I can, but this is France, you know, and things don't move as fast here as they do in God's country."

That night, however, as the Molyneuxs were about to leave their hotel, Mecca Fanning's silhouette appeared in the doorway. He entered, hung his stick on the doorman's desk, and, removing a tattered glove, shook hands with Mrs. Molyneux and her husband.

"It's been fixed up," said he. "We're going to have an interview with the chief of the automobile section of the Direction Général des Douanes—customs, that means—tomorrow morning. I went back, after you had gone, and induced that lad to see what he could do by telephone. So we'll all meet at the embassy tomorrow at ten."

"Are you going along?" asked Molyneux rather doubtfully.

He was beginning to wonder about this man Fanning. They all said he was honest, but ——

"Oh, yes, I've been retained as counsel, haven't I? And then, another thing, someone has got to do the talking."

"But the man from the embassy ——"

"He won't do it," said Mecca quickly. "Ah, no. Those lads will arrange the interview, but you have to do your own scrapping. They're guests in this country, the same as we are. They'll sit by and see that you get fair play, but that's all."

This, as Mr. Molyneux found out the next morning, was the ghastly truth. The party, consisting of Mr. Turner, Mr. Molyneux, Mecca, and the man from the embassy, were ushered, after a short wait, into a fairly luxurious office that looked out upon the Gardens of the Tuileries.

The man from the embassy introduced himself, presented the others in turn, and then sat down.

The Frenchman behind the desk shook hands all around with great cordiality, motioned toward chairs; then, sitting down himself, folded his hands upon his prosperous stomach and smiled upon all.

"Go ahead," said the man from the embassy, "and tell him what your troubles are. He's the *chef de bureau*."

"Speak English?" asked Mr. Molyneux, clearing his throat.

The *chef de bureau* smiled and shook his head.

"Turner, you tell him."

Turner objected with vigor. "I don't speak any French," he protested, "beyond counting to twenty and ordering a simple meal."

"Won't you translate for us?" Molyneux asked the man from the embassy, but the latter shook his head.

"I don't speak French well enough," he smiled. "Fanning's the man. He speaks it better than they do."

"Er," said Molyneux, turning to Mecca—"can you do this for us? This fat guy here is grinning wider and wider! This is part of the game, I suppose—not to understand English. Well, you go ahead. Shoot him the works! Tell him I'm sick and disgusted of the whole affair, and if he doesn't straighten it out, I'm going to make trouble for him. Boy, the sorriest day for France since Waterloo was the day they grabbed my car! Tell him that!"

"The gentleman," began Mecca slowly, "has asked me to speak for him. His car was seized at Behobie two or three weeks ago, and he is unable to find out why, or what he must do to get it back again."

"What kind of a car was it?" asked the *chef de bureau* smilingly.

"It was a Frontenac."

"Ah! What a beautiful car—the Frontenac! Ah, you Americans, what beautiful cars you make—much finer than our cars. And where did he buy this car? Did he bring it from America?"

"No, he brought it from Belgium."

"Oh! The duty, of course, being only 13 per cent in Belgium, as opposed to 45 here."

"About that," said Mecca, "I don't know. He bought the car in Belgium for reasons of his own, and was passing through France to go to Spain; entering, of course, with a *carnet de passage*, and intending to go out by the same means. Only they wouldn't let him. I think there must be some mistake, because he hadn't been in

(Continued on Page 60)

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(Continued from Page 58)

France long enough for them to know he was here."

The *chef de bureau* laid his head on one side like a bird and smiled so broadly that he almost laughed.

"But yes!" he said. "But yes! Oh, very much yes. I invented that system myself. . . . Such a beautiful glittering red roadster! Why, I don't believe there are two cars like it in the world! You think he could come among all these tiny French cars and we not know it? Why, I could tell you every place he bought gasoline since he entered France!"

"Pardon, sir *chef de bureau*, but why all the interest in Mr. Molyneux's car?"

"Because it had been imported illegally."

"Forgive me if I seem dumb," said Mecca, leaning forward in his interest, "but what makes you think that?"

"Mr. Molyneux is French."

"He says you're French," said Mecca, turning to Mr. Molyneux.

"Well, I'm not! My ancestors have lived in America since 1700. Look at this!" And Molyneux drew his passport and waved it as though it were a sword.

"The gentleman has an American passport," said Mecca.

"Well, he pays a French income tax."

"No, he doesn't!"

"Well," said the *chef de bureau* slowly, "if the car was not seized for either of these reasons, I cannot tell you why it was seized. But if it was seized, it means that it was imported illegally."

"But why, sir *chef de bureau*—why?"

"That," said the *chef de bureau*, "the investigation will show when it is finished."

"Oh, you're still investigating! Could you tell me when the investigation will be finished?"

"No," replied the *chef de bureau*, pursing his lips. "Not for three or four months anyway."

"But listen! Mr. Molyneux is going back to America in a week or so!"

"And leave that beautiful car? How sad!"

"Listen," interrupted Molyneux. "All this jabber-jabber-jabber doesn't mean a thing to me! You tell him I'm going to hire all the lawyers in Paris, that I'm going to fight this thing to the last ditch, that I've got ten thousand dollars that I've saved up in twenty years of hard work and that I'll spend every cent of it! I'm a newspaperman! I'll get the papers after him! I'll run him out of his job! I'll spread this thing in every sheet in the world!"

"Meanwhile, of course, we have the car always," replied the *chef de bureau* after Mecca had translated; his smile again becoming so wide that it was almost a laugh. Then he arose, as a sign that the interview was over; for Mr. Molyneux had been on his feet for some time, waving his arms and struggling with his feelings, so that he mildly resembled a windmill with apoplexy.

"He says," translated Mecca, "that the affair is going to be investigated. But don't worry. Meanwhile he's got the car, and he's going to keep it!"

"Listen," said Mr. Molyneux. "The cheering thing about this whole affair is that I bought five hundred dollars' worth of pesetas before I went to Spain, and gave them to my wife to keep. We've still got that left, anyhow. Now, among the many pieces of paper they gave us was this silver piece, called, I am told, a duro, and worth about sixty cents of our money."

He laid a huge five-peseta piece on the desk. "Tell this gentleman that if he will step downstairs I'll fight him for this piece of money, and he can pick any three frogs to help him, including the cop that speaks English and the guard with the tin hat!"

"Come out," said Mecca. "Spanish money's no good in Paris anyway."

"Now what?" demanded Mr. Molyneux, when they all stood on the sidewalk again.

"You know, I think that was a little raw," said the man from the embassy. "I think something can be done here."

"Did you understand what he said? I thought you didn't speak French?"

"Well, I understand it better than I speak it. It's possible that our smiling friend, the *chef*, forgot that he was sounding off before a diplomatic representative."

"A-ha!" cried Molyneux joyfully. "So you think you can get my car back?"

"About that," said the man from the embassy, "I have my gravest doubts. Now keep me in touch with the situation, and if you think at some future time that I can be of help, be sure to call on me."

With that he took his departure.

"Gee," said Molyneux blankly, "he says it's raw and he says it's hopeless. Golly, is it possible that they can grab a man's car like any common thief and get away with it?"

"No!" said Mecca. "It can't be done! There's justice in the world, and the Government at Washington still lives. We'll get your car back for you!"

"Now listen, Mr. Fanning," said Molyneux suspiciously, "I've had affairs with legal people before. 'Sure,' they say, 'carry on!' And in as much as the longer the case, the more jack they get, win or lose, why, 'carry on' as long as the traffic will stand it. I retained you to help, but we didn't say how long or for how much. Let's get this straight. You mentioned a price. What are your terms?"

"I was asked to come into this to help you, not to make money out of you," said Mecca coldly. "I have plenty to do; don't kid yourself! In fact, I have an appointment that I'm late to now. My terms are these: Five per cent of the value of the car when recovered. Nothing if we don't get it. I'll be off. There'll be something new on this in a day or so, and I'll get in touch with you then."

"Well, that's fair enough," said Mr. Molyneux to Turner when Mecca had gone. "And he must have a pretty good hunch that I'll get my car back, or he wouldn't hire out on those terms."

"Huh!" said Turner. "You may not get your car, but Mecca will get his fee. Don't worry about that!"

"I guess you don't know me very well, after all," scoffed Mr. Molyneux.

"Maybe not," smiled the other, "but, boy, I know Mecca."

Thereafter there was a three-day pause, then, suddenly, one morning, as Mecca Fanning was having his coffee and *croissant* at a modest *zinc* near his dwelling, he was told that he was wanted on the telephone. Mr. Fanning had no telephone of his own, but gave as his office number the phone numbers of various bars where he was known, never giving the same number to two different people. Thus, being called to the phone in any particular bar, or receiving the message that someone had called him in the course of the day, he knew instantly who the person was that wanted him, and he could then go to the phone or have any appropriate reason given why he could not.

In this case he went, for the man to whom he had given the *zinc's* number was Mr. Molyneux.

"Hello!" said a cheerful voice at the other end. "Molyneux. How-why-yuh! Say! Good news! The frogs are going to give me back my car! . . . Yeh! The embassy called up and told me. All I need to do is to go down and get it! . . . Yeh! Great, huh? Well, listen. I promised to take my wife to Versailles today. We got seats on the bus and everything. She won't let me back out. Say, could you go down now and get that car for me and bring it up to the hotel garage, huh? It's down the Rue Entrepot, the car is. . . . Yuh. Tell 'em I sent you. . . . Yuh. Well, come have dinner with us tonight. See you at eight o'clock!"

Mecca hung up the receiver and returned to his coffee in a thoughtful mood.

"That car is worth about twenty-five hundred bucks," he muttered. "Five per cent is about three thousand francs." He paused and fingered his lip, while his coffee grew cold. "It ain't so!" he remarked aloud. "There's something foul here yet. Let's go and see what it is."

That night, meeting the Molyneux family that had returned, as the storybooks say, tired but happy, Fanning refused to talk until after food had been taken.

"Now then," said Molyneux finally, "get it off your chest. My car is in the garage, of course."

"It is," said Mecca, "but not the one you think."

"Heh? Where is it?"

"Well, I took it to a cheap one. It'll be there a long time, and there's no use paying a dollar a night on it. Now listen! I'm coming to that. You know what happened? The Belgian Automobile Club paid the duty on the car."

"The Belgians paid the duty—why, what the ——" Molyneux looked at his wife and swallowed. "Why did they do that?" he finished lamely. "The Belgians! What do they horn in on this for?"

"You brought the car in on a Belgian *carnet de passage*. So when the French grabbed the car they demanded the duty of the Belgians. They were the birds that gave the bond for your car, not you. And they are the ones had to pay the duty on it."

"I think this is terrible," remarked Mrs. Molyneux. "They're just jealous of my nice red car, that's all."

"You said the car was in a garage?" demanded Molyneux. "Well, I got the car. The Belgians can pound sand!"

"Wait a minute," said Mecca. "These frogs are not as dumb as they look. You remember you had a book of tickets that you gave up every time you crossed a frontier, and they tore one cut and gave it back to you? Well, that's the *carnet de passage*. You can't take the car into any country in Europe without it, unless you pay the duty. Now, you see, as soon as the Belgians paid the duty, the frogs gave them your *carnet de passage*, and if you want it you'll have to pay back the Belgians their twenty-five hundred dollars."

"I don't want to take the car into any country in Europe. I'm done with Europe! I'll take it home with me!"

"You'll have to pay duty on it," said Mecca.

"Pay duty on an American car?"

"That's the law," replied Mecca. "You didn't export it, so you gotta pay the duty on it. It's 45 per cent too. Listen, now. Don't make any swing at me! I didn't make the law! That's the law. There's a lot of funny ones in America, and that's one of 'em."

"Well, I'll keep it in France then," said Molyneux doggedly.

"You can't, because it's got Belgian number plates on it, and you haven't got any Belgian registration papers any more."

"Well, God bless us all, I'll take it back to Belgium then!"

"The Belgians won't let you. The duty's been paid on it in France, and it's no longer a Belgian car."

"Well, why can't I register it in France?"

"Because you haven't got the receipt for the duty. The French gave the receipt to the Belgians, and the Belgians won't give it to you unless you reimburse them for the duty."

"Gr-r-r-r!" roared Molyneux. "What are you trying to tell me here? That car is a Frontenac, made in America, and it's not American because I bought it in Belgium, and it's not Belgian because the duty on it has been paid in France, and it's not French because it's got a Belgian number plate. I've already paid one duty on it in Belgium, and some dumb-bell has paid the duty on it in France, and I can't take it anywhere else without paying more duty on it, even if I take it back to America, where it came from! What nationality is the car anyway?"

"Moly," protested his wife, "don't shout so! Be quiet, now. Right after eating too! You'll have indigestion!"

"Well," said Mecca slowly, "I guess it's kind of a car without a country."

A waiter here appeared, drawn by Molyneux's loud tones.

"Would you like anything, sir?" inquired the waiter.

Molyneux rolled up a bloodshot eye at him.

"Giddada here!" he bellowed.

"Well," said Mecca, "you'll forgive me if I go along." He looked about him and observed that all the other diners were taking a lively interest in Mr. Molyneux's actions, some with amusement and some with disgust. "This is going to grow to a brawl before long, and I'm known here. Well, see you one of these days. The embassy's been notified, and they said they'd take some steps. Well, I'll take a few myself. . . . Good night, Mrs. Molyneux."

Mecca went that night directly to a café on the other side of Paris, in that sinister district on the outer boulevards known as Combat—not from the fact that any battle ever took place there, but because it used to be, and still is, a place where cockfights, rat killings and other amusements of a like nature flourish. Here, after an hour's wait, Mecca found the man he was after, and the two went into conference.

"Whatever the *type* gets out of this car," said Mecca, "will be gravy, because right now he's out the car and he owes the Belgian Auto Club sixty-three thousand French francs."

"What's the car worth?" asked the Frenchman.

"It's difficult to say," replied Mecca. "There are three countries involved, in each one of which the car has two values, one its value for computing customs charges, and the other its sale value secondhand. The difference in price depends on the difference in tariff on automobiles and the difference in percentage of luxury tax. The car sells for about a hundred and forty thousand francs in Paris. *Écoute!* The duty alone on it is sixty-three thousand!"

"The car is worth, new, you say," said the other, making circles with his glass on the table top, "about a hundred and forty thousand francs. Well, I can't get more than seventy for it. Even sixty. You will want half. And there'll be the *flic* to square."

"Half? I want all. I'll give you 5 per cent of what you get for the car."

"All? *T'es fou, toi?* Steal a car and then get only a percentage? A *pourboire?*"

"I'm only getting 5 per cent, myself," said Mecca. "The French, as I explained, have the car. I've put a lot of work into this thing, and I can't afford to lose my 5 per cent. You get 5 per cent of the gross, I get 5 of what's left, the owner gets the rest. He's going home to America right off, and the only way he can get any money is to fix this car up with some fake number plates—which you can do—and a fake registration certificate, then sell it to another tourist. My friend reports it as stolen, to cover himself. This isn't a business deal. I'm only trying to help out a friend."

Mecca's companion made no reply, but smiled, and putting up a dirty finger, pulled down his lower eyelid in a mute gesture that said, "See any green in my eye?"

Mecca waved his hand as though brushing away a fly. "Gogo," said he coldly, "you will do this as a favor to me. I've never asked you one before. And because of the affair at Lilas last winter, I know you feel some indebtedness to me."

Their eyes met for a moment.

"Well," said the other slowly, "good. But you will square the *flica?*"

"I'll square the *flics*." And they shook hands on it.

Meanwhile, on the Avenue Montaigne, where all was soft lights, and ripples of feminine laughter, and deep carpets, and obsequious silent servants, an elderly, stout man, wearing a ribbon across his stiff-bosomed shirt, touched another, a slim young man, upon the sleeve as they passed together through a dimly lighted hall.

"All evening," said the stout man, "I have been admiring your charming compatriot. Would you have the kindness to present me?"

"Oh, say, I've been looking for you!" exclaimed the slim man, turning about. "Listen. Let's just step this way a second."

(Continued on Page 64)

MINUTES MEAN MONEY!

to the men who board "The Broadway"

"WHAT time have you?" we asked them. It seemed a silly question. There was the big smiling clock in the station to which they could refer. And yet as the parade of prosperous, well-groomed, successful men passed through the gate, one after the other obligingly pulled out his watch.

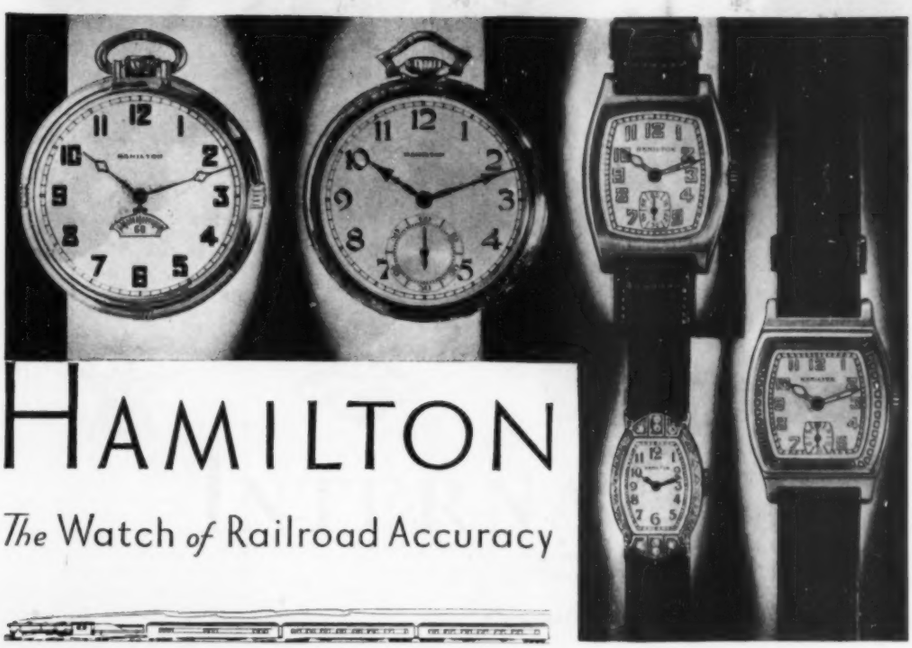
54 out of 59 had either the exact time or were within a scant thirty seconds of exact time.

Obviously they were successful men—business chiefs. Men whose time is valuable—whose minutes mean money. Whose watches *must* be accurate.

We don't mean to imply that carrying an accurate watch will bring a man success. But it is significant that successful men *are* accuracy-minded . . . and that a surprising number carry Hamiltons.

For years Hamilton has *meant* Accuracy—Railroad Accuracy. The Broadway, the Century and many other famous limiteds are timed—and have been timed for years—by Hamiltons.

The watches shown here are but a few of many your jeweler displays. Let us send a copy of "The Timekeeper," the interesting booklet showing a line of beautiful Hamilton models, and telling something of the meticulous care with which they are made. Hamilton Watch Co., American manufacturers of high-grade watches, 850 Columbia Ave., Lancaster, Penna., U. S. A.



HAMILTON

The Watch *of* Railroad Accuracy

Left to right: The "FARRAGUT"... With a modish new seconds meter dial—in 14k filled white or yellow gold, $55. The "BRUNSWICK"... In 14k green or white gold, engraved, with dial shown, $105 to $160. The "LANGLEY"... A distinguished new men's model. In 14k solid yellow or white gold, 17 jewels, $90. The "RALEIGH"... In 14k filled gold, yellow, green or white, plain, $55; engraved (as shown) $57. *Lower left.* The "PORTIA"... In 14k white gold with platinum top, set with eight diamonds, $225.

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Other Hamiltons for men and women from $48 to $685

The *two*

The Producing Units of International Shoe Co.

44 Specialty Shoe Factories ~
each making just one particular type and grade of shoe, together producing 50,000,000 pairs a year.

14 Tanneries ~
each specializing in one particular type of leather, producing 25,000 sides and skins a day.

1 Rubber Heel and Sole Plant ~
producing 135,000 pairs of heels and 35,000 pairs of soles a day.

1 Cotton Mill ~
producing 7,000,000 yards of lining fabric a year.

59 Auxiliary Plants ~
producing welting, dyes, chemicals, shoe boxes, shipping cartons, trunks, gloves, etc., to the value of more than $30,000,000 a year if purchased from outside sources.

biggest shoe problems in the world

YOU HEAR IT on all sides: "Johnny goes through his shoes in a month"... "Peggy's not much better, and besides she's getting mighty particular about how hers look." It's an old, old story that parents know so well.

The International Shoe Company knows these youngsters, too. It recognizes in them the greatest proving ground for shoes in existence. But it hasn't stopped there. It has met these children on their own ground. It has given them sturdy, solid leather shoes for wear. It has given them scientific design for proper growth and support. It has given them good shoes and charming styles to meet the critical eyes of youth.

The result is a remarkable tribute. Parents have turned to International for one-fourth of all the children's shoes worn in America—obviously because they are convinced that they are getting the best values they can buy.

To make sure of it, every one of the score and more factories which make International children's shoes concentrates on just one type. From the designer's board to the last stitch, hands especially trained for their tasks build these shoes with an understanding of the growing feet that will wear them and with sympathy for the service they must render.

Supporting this exceptional workmanship are seventy-five different plants, making everything from leather to shoe boxes and maintaining a control of quality in materials that is one of the most remarkable in all industry. Moreover, by making these materials itself, within its own plants, instead of buying them, International saves millions of dollars a year. That's why the price of its shoes is so much less than you would ordinarily expect to pay for such quality.

Millions have learned through experience that it pays them to patronize stores that are identified by one of the marks of quality shown below. Wherever you are, you can enjoy the benefits of these unusual values, for one of these stores is near you.

Pay it a visit. You will be glad you did.

INTERNATIONAL SHOES comprise more than 1,000 styles of footwear for men, women, children and infants. They are sold by more than 70,000 leading merchants, distributed throughout every state in the Union. Regardless of the brand you select, the style you prefer or the price you pay, International Shoes represent the greatest shoe value you can buy.

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FRIEDMAN-SHELBY — ST. LOUIS

MORSE & ROGERS — NEW YORK

HUTCHINSON-WINCH — BOSTON

VITALITY SHOE CO. — ST. LOUIS

INTERNATIONAL SHOE COMPANY

General Offices . . . St. Louis, U. S. A.

«Now I know this SAUERKRAUT WON'T DRIP»

NOTHING like good old sauerkraut. But how provoking to buy it wrapped in paper or in some flimsy container that lets the juice stain your clothes. That's why the best dealers everywhere protect their customers by using Sealrights—the sturdy food containers that just can't leak and that preserve every drop of the delicious sauerkraut juice. ¶Sealrights are made with the patented double bottom for double safety. So always buy sauerkraut, slaw, chow-chow, salads, pickles, olives, oysters, and other moist or juicy foods from dealers who sell in Sealrights. Their use of these better containers is evidence of their desire to serve you best.

DEALERS: *Sealrights, plain or printed, made in sizes from ¼ pint to 1 gallon. Look for "Sealright" on the top or bottom. Sealright Co., Inc., Dept. SA-2, Fulton, N.Y. Canadian Sealright Co., Ltd., Peterborough, Ont.*

SEALRIGHT
LEAK-PROOF
FOOD CONTAINERS

(Continued from Page 60)

They withdrew to a curtained recess, and here the slim young man hurriedly told the stout one the outlines of the affair with Molyneux's car. The slim man pointed out that it was raw, that it had no basis in law, that the United States ambassador being deceased and his successor not yet appointed, he, the slim man, would be the goat in case anything broke—as it was certain to—back home. That he, the slim man, had done many favors in the past, and could do more in the future, and that he would consider it a particular mark of friendship if the affair was straightened out.

"But the Belgians have paid the duty!" protested the fat man. "We wash our hands of it now."

"The Belgians have paid the duty, yes, but the car was illegally seized in the first place. You birds made some mistake. Never mind what. You've got to pay us fifty-two million dollars the first of next month, and twenty-five hundred would help, I know, but you can't collect it off the motorists that way."

The fat man chuckled heartily and nudged his companion. "I'll look into it," he said.

"You'll look into it, my eye!" replied the slim man. "You'll give the Belgians back their money and my countryman back his car, and I'll introduce you to my countrywoman. And if they ask my advice on any extension of payment on the fifty-two million, it will be favorable. Now. *Ça va?*"

"My dear friend," said the fat man, "I can refuse you nothing. It shall be as you say. And now lead me to this lady."

About a table the next day were gathered Mr. Turner, Mr. and Mrs. Molyneux, the man from the embassy, and Mr. Fanning.

"I've had the most pleasant time in Paris," said Mrs. Molyneux, "just wandering around myself and sketching, and taking little rides on the Seine, and just having the best time! Nowhere to go! No appointments to meet, nothing to worry me!"

"And so," said the man from the embassy, resuming the conversation, "they're going to give the Belgians back their money, and the Belgians will give back the papers, and you can take your car anywhere you want to."

"How long will that take?" inquired Molyneux suspiciously.

"Well, it will take some time, of course. But if you're in a hurry, why don't you go up to Bruxelles and get the papers back yourself? The French have already written them, so you won't have any trouble getting them. It'll only take you a day or so."

"You know what I've done this morning?" said Mr. Molyneux bitterly. "I've gone to the steamship office and got a sailing home! Tomorrow night the great big boat goes toot-toot in Cherbourg, and when it does I'm going to be on it. I'm through with Europe! I'm through with you guys too! We've sweat and fumed and run ourselves ragged all over Paris for a month now, and what's the result? We've got nothing done except to transfer the seat of operations from Paris to Bruxelles, where I have the same monkey business to begin all over again. I'm going home! I've still got the money I was going to squander in Spain, and when I get home I can buy another car with it."

"But listen!" they all protested. "You shouldn't leave a valuable car like that just loose. You shouldn't do that!"

"Why don't you," suggested Mr. Turner—"why don't you let Fanning here sell the car when he gets the papers, take his commission out of it, and send the balance to you, and this gentleman from the embassy and I will oversee the transaction?"

Molyneux looked up. His face was drawn and his eye wild and bloodshot. He had raged about Paris all this time in search of someone that would engage in mortal combat with him. He had not slept at night, but had torn his sheets to tatters and broken out some valuable bridge work by biting madly on the bedpost.

"All right," said he suddenly; "that's fine. Do that! We'll do just that!"

This was the more amazing, since his expression said, as plainly as words, "I think you're all a bunch of thieves."

"Now," said Molyneux aloud, "I'm going to play golf all the afternoon and forget my troubles."

"Oh, that will be fine," said his wife. "And that will leave me the afternoon free to do a little shopping."

"Shop away!" sneered her husband. "You'll never be in Paris again."

No one observed that Mecca regarded her attentively.

The morning of the Molyneuxs' departure, Mecca Fanning entered the garage in company with his friend of the Café du Combat.

"This is the car," said Mecca, pointing to the glittering roadster. "He's given me authority to sell it, so we won't need to steal it. Now, what do you think of her?"

He unhooked the fasteners and opened the motor hood.

"What!"

Junk. A heap of shattered, broken metal and twisted, flattened tubes. Someone had taken a sledge hammer to the cylinder block.

"That something new in American motors?" queried Mecca's companion.

"Hey!" shouted Mecca to a man who was washing cars.

The latter approached, his wooden shoes clattering.

"Who did this?" demanded Mecca.

The car washer was round-shouldered and had a wall eye.

"Ah," said he, turning first his wall eye and then his good eye on Mecca. "It was the owner—the American."

"The American? Well, why didn't you stop him?"

"The Americans," said the wall-eyed man, "are all mad. Why should I stop him? It was his car, not mine!"

"Well, that ends that," said Mecca's companion, rolling a cigarette.

Evidently it did. The two left the garage and went their separate ways, Mecca to descend the avenue toward the Seine. He whistled a merry tune and swung his cane jauntily. When he arrived at the Place de l'Alma, he sat down before a café and rapped on the window for the waiter. He looked out across the place, where toy taxicabs chased one another around the circle, to the Eiffel Tower and the trees of the Champ de Mars in the distance.

He laughed merrily. Then he took from his pocket three checks, one bearing the business head of a certain Martin, Robes; another, Odette, Hats; and the third that of a shoe store near the Opéra where one can buy a simple pair of bedroom slippers for a thousand francs. Each one bore in the left-hand corner the notation, "*Escompte*"—which means "commission." Mecca laughed again.

"I'd like to see his face when he finds out," he chuckled.

Meanwhile Mr. and Mrs. Molyneux were in their compartment on the boat train, passing through the northern suburbs of Paris on their way to Cherbourg. Mr. Molyneux was quite his old self again. He looked out the window, patted his wife's hand and chuckled happily from time to time.

"I'd like to have seen his face when he lifted that hood!" he said, and went into a perfect gale of laughter. "He'd probably planned to take his girl out in it that very afternoon! No expatriate bum or no frog official will ever ride in that car. That was the safety valve! Gee, I'd have gone bugs if I couldn't have cracked up something!" He laughed again.

Every blow of the hammer had been, not on the motor but on the *douanier* who had seized the car, and on the whole system against which he had been battering his head for the past month.

"I'm square with 'em now!" he cried, and rubbed his hands with delight.

"What are you so happy about, Moly?" asked his wife, coming closer to him on the seat and patting his hand in return.

"Well, among other things, that I got out of this country with my shirt."

"And you don't mind about the car any more?"

"Naw! It's a hazard of foreign travel, like losing your trunks or getting fleas. We got out of it lucky! And we've still got all the pesetas we would have thrown away in Spain."

His eye, wandering happily about, suddenly alighted on a number of bundles in the baggage rack that he had not noticed before. Dimly he remembered a uniformed man putting them there just before the train left.

"Hey," he exclaimed, "who belongs to all those bundles? They aren't ours!"

"Yes, they are," whispered his wife, snuggling still closer to him. "They're mine. They're my shopping. You remember, I went shopping? Mr. Fanning said he knew some people that owned stores in Paris, and he took me there. I got things so cheap, you've no idea!"

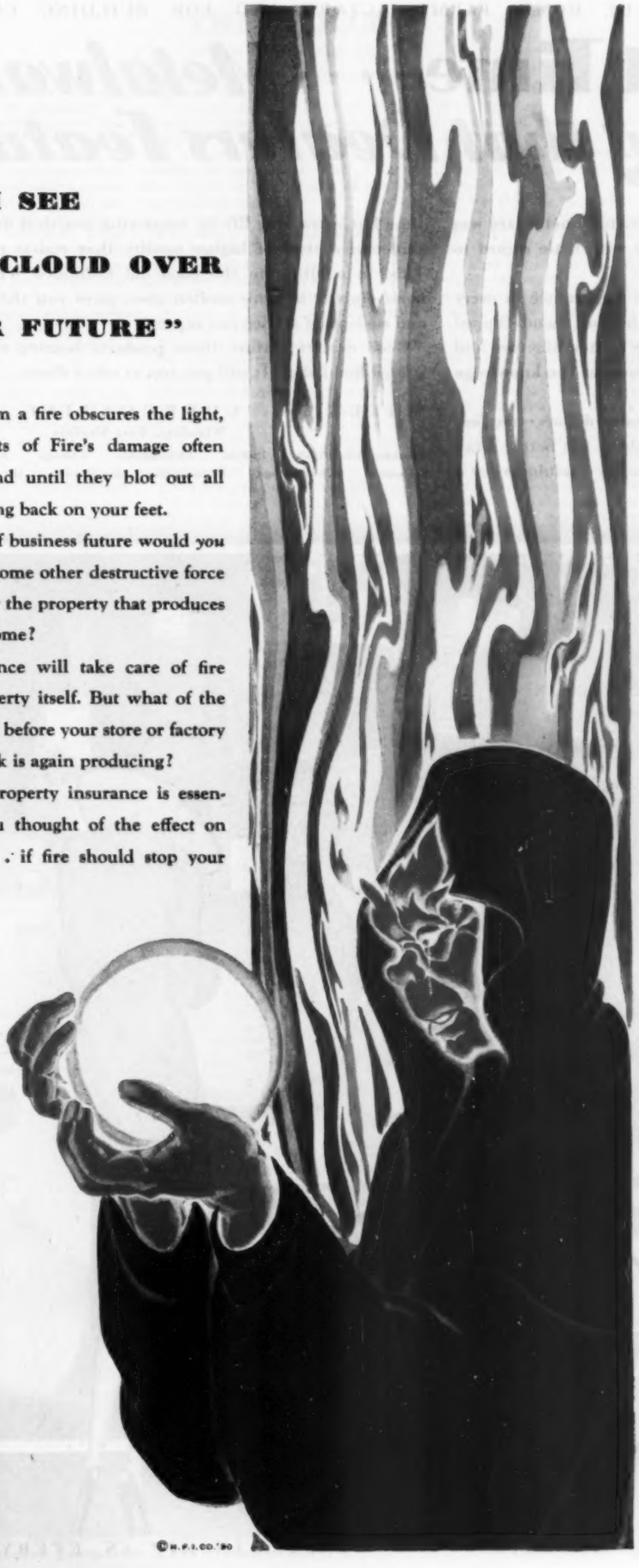
"But you told me you only had a few hundred francs left!" protested her husband. "How could you buy all those things with a few hundred francs?"

"Well," said she, squeezing his arm, "Mr. Fanning arranged that. He was so nice! You see, he knew these people and he got them to take the Spanish pesetas."

DRAWN BY DIZZY

Cop:—"So You Pushed Your Husband Out of the Window, Eh? Just Suppose Someone Had Been Passing!"

"I SEE A DARK CLOUD OVER YOUR FUTURE"



As the smoke from a fire obscures the light, so the after-effects of Fire's damage often spread and expand until they blot out all hope of your getting back on your feet.

What sort of business future would you have if fire . . . or some other destructive force . . . should destroy the property that produces your business income?

Fire insurance will take care of fire losses to the property itself. But what of the costly idle months before your store or factory or apartment block is again producing?

Adequate property insurance is essential, but have you thought of the effect on your business . . . if fire should stop your income for six or eight months? It is income that makes your profits, pays your employees, meets your fixed expenses.

There's a dark cloud over the future of any business that stands to lose its profits, its orders on hand, its ability to keep its working forces together . . . because of Fire.

It's good business to look this question squarely in the face. The Hartford Agent* near you can give you some figures and facts that will startle you. Maybe it's disconcerting—but isn't *this* the time to be disconcerted—when you can *do* something about it? *Individualized insurance*, as applied by the Hartford Agent, fits every special need of your special case. It meets intelligently and accurately the various stunning losses that Fire can deal your business.

It's good business, too, to deal with an experienced insurance man in this important matter—a man backed by a sound, strong and well-managed stock insurance company.

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WRITE PRACTICALLY EVERY FORM OF INSURANCE EXCEPT LIFE

*If you do not know his name look under "Hartford" in your telephone book. If he isn't listed write the Hartford Fire Insurance Company, Hartford, Connecticut.

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Not so today. Standing out in a position of importance in every store where quality merchandise is sold, Wheeling Hand-Dipped Metalware has won a reward for its superiority in manufacture and usefulness. Homekeepers now ask for it by name in the knowledge of better value which a few pennies will buy.

Side by side with other things costing many dollars you find Wheeling Pails, Tubs and other home essentials in the better retail stores. The maker has built into them not merely usefulness for a time but extra long life by employing practical design, painstaking skill and a steel of higher quality that resists rust, COP-R-LOY. This, in addition to the good old fashioned Wheeling process of *hand-dipping in pure molten zinc*, gives you the permanent leak- and rust-proof service you expect.

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Thirty-nine years' experience has emphasized the superiority of the Wheeling process of dipping each article separately by hand in pure molten zinc. While modern production methods offer a quicker and cheaper way to perform this operation, the slower but more thorough hand-dipping process is retained because it gives a heavier, longer-wearing zinc-coating inside and out.
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$1.00 EACH
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CORRUGATING COMPANY

EXCLUSIVELY WHEELING RAW MATERIALS AND CRAFTSMANSHIP IN EVERY PRODUCT

836

THE DOOR

(Continued from Page 21)

two attacks, one of them certain; the other, on your butler, at least possible. We have either a maniac loose in the community, or we have a motive so carefully concealed that so far we have not found it. I think there is a motive. Of the two women killed, one was apparently negligible, without background. The other had no background save a certain family, to which she had been loyal and from which she had certainly received a considerable measure of confidence. These two women became friends; the secret of one became the secret of the other. Therefore, granting there was some detrimental knowledge, when one died the other must die. That's simple. But the family in question has done nothing to help the law. It has even withheld certain matters from the police."

"I deny that, absolutely."

"Do you? Is that entirely wise, Miss Bell? If this case comes to trial and you are put under oath on the witness stand ——"

"How can it come to trial? You have made no arrest."

But he ignored that.

"I want to urge you to tell what you know, Miss Bell, as a public duty. You owe that to the community. If there is a man of this description loose—a wholesale murderer, shrewd, without conscience or scruple, defeating justice to serve his own ends—then your obligation lies plain before you."

"I know nothing. If you think you are describing Jim Blake, I do not. He is as innocent as you are."

He bent forward.

"Then why did you burn the carpet from his car? You need not answer that. We know that you did. We are not guessing."

"If you are going to try to convict a man on purely circumstantial evidence ——"

"What is circumstantial evidence? It is the evidence on which we rely every day of our lives. Your door bell rings; you have not seen anybody at the door, but you know that somebody is there, ringing that bell. That's circumstantial evidence." He leaned back and spoke more quietly. "This cane," he said—"the one with the hidden blade—how wide was that blade?"

"It was very narrow; perhaps a half inch at the widest part. It tapered."

"And it had a double cutting edge?"

"I don't remember."

"You haven't seen it since you gave it to Jim Blake?"

"Not since."

"And when did you give it to him?"

"I've already told you that. Last March. He had admired it."

"Did he ask for it?"

"Hardly that. He said if I ever wanted to get rid of it, he would take it."

"He dropped in to see you rather often?"

"Not so often. Once a month or so."

"And where did you sit when he called?"

"In my library, usually."

On my way out I saw Mr. Henderson, of Waite and Henderson, and bowed to him. It seemed to me that he looked worried and upset, but I laid this to the death of Florence and its continuing mystery, and thought no more of it.

That was on Saturday, May the fourteenth, and that night Inspector Harrison came in. He looked tired and rather untidy, and when he took off his overcoat a flash light fell to the floor.

For some reason he brought it into the library with him, and sat snapping it on and off as he talked. Perhaps he was out of his customary ammunition. He began rather apologetically.

"I've got the habit of dropping in here," he said. "I suppose it's because I like to talk and you're willing to listen."

"I dare say," I observed, "although I had hoped it was due to my personal charm."

That embarrassed him. He smiled rather dubiously, gave me a quick glance, and then proceeded quite calmly to focus the flash light on my feet.

"You see," he said. "I've been studying those molds I took. It's my belief that they were made with a woman's shoe. Not that sort; a big woman's shoe. Flat-heeled and sensible, and considerably worn. A woman who walked on the outsides of her feet; maybe bandy-legged."

"I assure you, inspector ——"

"No need of it," he said politely. "But before I go I'd like to look over the closets here. Somebody appears to have pretty free access to this house, and it's just possible we'll locate that pair of shoes."

He made no immediate move, however. He surveyed himself rather ruefully.

"I've been tramping about," he explained. "It's a curious thing, but things can be seen at night that can't be seen in daytime. Take blood on furniture. In the daylight it looks like varnish, but in a good electric light it often shows up. Then take marks in the ground. Look at what your car headlights do! I've slowed down for a rut no deeper than my finger."

"And now you have found something?"

"Well, I have," he said. "It's bad news for you, Miss Bell. It's like this: I went to the museum and looked at one of those sword sticks they have there. They look like other sticks, but there's one difference. The ferrule is open at the bottom. When you put it down on the ground, it makes a circle, not a hole. I took it out and tried it. You get the idea, don't you? A ring is what it makes. In the one in the museum the blade is loose, so it makes a ring with a dot in the center. That's the tip of the knife. In yours the blade is hung better. There's only the ring."

I could hardly speak.

"And you've found such rings?"

"A dozen of them. Maybe two dozen. I've got them marked and covered, and tomorrow we'll lift them. I thought I'd better tell you."

"Then Jim ——"

"He was there, all right. There are a half dozen of the things in the bridle path between the sewer and the foot of the hill; and there are others on the side of the hill. What's more, I think I have found what stunned Sarah Gittings before she died."

It appears, then, that the examination of poor Sarah's body had shown more than we had known. The wound at the back of her head had been made with a blunt instrument, as we had been told; but the nature of that instrument was unknown. However, inspection had shown in her hair and in the wound itself numerous small fragments of bark from a tree.

"Of course the body had been dragged, and that would account for some of it. But there was bark deeply buried in the tissues. And there was another thing—the blow had been struck from above. The lower side of the wound was torn. Either she had been struck by a very tall man, or she was sitting down. I had to argue like this: We'll leave out the tall man for the minute, and say she was sitting down. Now where does a woman like that sit if she's out in the open? She's a neat woman, very orderly, and she isn't young. She doesn't sit on the ground. She finds a tree stump or a fallen tree or a stone, and she sits on that."

But he had been some time in coming to that, and Florence's death had interfered. There had been rain, too, and sunlight. Sunlight, it appeared, faded blood. That night, however, he had started out, and he had found what he was looking for. Near a fallen tree at the top of the hill, and perhaps forty feet from where the dogs had been tied, he had turned his flash light on the broken branch of a tree, about four feet long, and both heavy and solid. When he turned it over, on the side protected from rain and weather he had found stains and one or two hairs.

He had wrapped it up carefully and sent it back to headquarters.

I felt sick.

"And you found the marks of the sword stick there too?"

"Well, no. But that's not surprising. A man doesn't walk up to commit a murder swinging a stick. He crept up behind her. I doubt if she knew anything until it was all over."

I was thinking desperately.

"This sword stick in the museum—would the blade of such a stick have made the other wounds?"

"They would," he said promptly. "But we have to be careful there, Miss Bell. All stab wounds look alike. You can't tell whether a blade has had two cutting edges or one. You see, every knife has two cutting edges at the point. Take this knife here." He drew a substantial one from his pocket. "It cuts both ways for half an inch. . . . No. Taken by itself, the fact that Jim Blake carried that stick that night doesn't prove that he used it, or that it's the weapon that was used. It's the rest of the case ——"

He had said what he came to say. There had been no new developments in the death of Florence Gunther. The bullet had been fired at close range, and from the left. The point of entry was a neat hole, but on the other side there had been some destruction. He was inclined to believe, with Dick, that she had been shot while in a car, and in front of or near my property.

"Even a head wound bleeds some," he explained, "and that sort of wound is generally pretty—well, pretty messy. Of course that may be wrong. She may have been stunned first like Sarah Gittings, and killed in the country somewhere."

He got up to go, and as he stood there with the light shining down on his bald head, I saw that, like the rest of us, he looked tired and depressed.

"There are times," he said, "when I don't like this job of mine. And this is one of them. Take you. Take little Miss Judy. She's got troubles enough just now, and the chances are that in a day or two we're going to add to them."

"You're going to arrest Jim Blake?"

"I'm going to do just that, Miss Bell. I don't mind telling you that we think we've got the motive. Maybe you know about it, maybe you don't. But we've got the motive now, and we know he was on that hillside that night. Only, I'd like to find that sword stick first."

He was on his way to the door when I stopped him.

"How did you know I had burned that carpet, inspector?"

"Well, somebody had burned it, and it looked as though you might be the guilty party."

"But how did you know?"

He gave me a whimsical glance.

"Did you ever examine one of those things, Miss Bell? Well, I'll tell you something maybe you don't know. That carpet had snaps or buttons on it to fasten it to the floor; and those snaps are metal. They don't burn. A smart man, now, going carefully through certain ash cans, can find them without any trouble."

He turned, his hand on the door knob.

"But I'll say this to you, Miss Bell, in confidence: I'd like to know why you burned that carpet. I'd been over that car myself with a magnifying glass the day after Florence Gunther was killed. If you found anything in it you're smarter than I am."

I could only stare at him in silent stupefaction.

"Never mind, then," he said. "You think it over. There's no hurry." And with that he left.

It was only after he had gone that I remembered the shoes he had meant to examine.

I had two days in which to think that over, although thinking did me no good whatever. I had burned the carpet and thus

(Continued on Page 70)

A CHECK-UP ON THE LITTLE WOMAN

•

Be a little Sherlock Holmes around your hearthstone. See how things get that way—and why!

For instance, tooth paste. What kind does the fair provider place beside the shaving mug?

Women, you know, buy 84 per cent of all the tooth paste sold! In all probability, your wife decides the kind you use.

But if you and she do not yet know the virtues of Ipana, show her these 3 simple statements:

1 Ipana does more than clean the teeth. It tones and stimulates the gums.

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To my Fair Provider

As the Chancellor of my Exchequer and General Purchasing Agent for my Household, please get, on my behalf, one tube of

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Signed._____

DEVIL MAY CARE

RAMON NOVARRO plays a fearless adventurer in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's production of this stirring story of the colorful time of Napoleon. MARION HARRIS and DOROTHY JORDAN head a splendid supporting cast. You mustn't miss it!

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ALL THE STARS ARE COMING OUT IN COLOR

It's a breath-taking new experience to see a Technicolor picture. For a moment you are startled . . . amazed . . . as when the curtain rises on a setting of bewildering beauty—so unexpectedly lovely is the picture on the screen. Then—as you settle back in your chair in delighted acceptance of this new-day miracle—the remarkable illusion of witnessing reality captivates you. This is not only a moving, but a living picture! These are not shadow-actors, but flesh-and-blood men and women, as glamorously vital and colorful as the day they stood before Technicolor's magic camera. Here is beauty untrammeled . . . humanly appealing . . . losing no single facet of its power to thrill you. And here are Filmland's greatest actors and actresses, painting for you a magnificent new version of their art. All the stars are coming out in color! Watch for them!

★ Technicolor

★

UNDER A TEXAS MOON

Texas, in the days of 1880, is the scene of this delightful romance of a Don Juan from Mexico. Warner Bros. first outdoor Vitaphone and Technicolor production. FRANK FAY, ARMIDA and MYRNA LOY are in the cast. See this picture!

SOME OF THE TECHNICOLOR PRODUCTIONS

BRIDE OF THE REGIMENT, with Vivienne Segal (First National); BRIGHT LIGHTS, with Dorothy Mackaill (First National); CHASING RAINBOWS, with Bessie Love and Charles King (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer); DIXIANA, with Bebe Daniels (Radio); HELL'S ANGELS, with Ben Lyon and Jean Marlow (Caddo Productions); HOLD EVERYTHING, with Winnie Lightner and Joe E. Brown (Warner Bros.); HOLLYWOOD REVUE OF 1930 (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer); MAMBA, with Eleanor Boardman, Ralph Forbes and Jean Hersholt (Tiffany); MAMMY, starring Al Jolson (Warner Bros.); NO, NO, NANETTE, with Bernice Claire and Alexander Gray (First National); PARAMOUNT ON PARADE, all-star revue (Paramount); POINTED HEELS, with William Powell and Helen Kane (Paramount); PUTTIN' ON THE RITZ, with Harry Richman (United Artists); RADIO RAMBLERS, with Bert Wheeler, Robert Woolsey and Dorothy Lee (Radio); SALLY, starring Marilyn Miller (First National); SHOW OF SHOWS, with 77 stars (Warner Bros.); SONG OF THE WEST, with John Boles and Vivienne Segal (Warner Bros.); THE VAGABOND KING, starring Dennis King, with Jeanette MacDonald (Paramount); THE ROGUE SONG, with Lawrence Tibbett and Catherine Dale Owen (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer).

SHOW GIRL IN HOLLYWOOD

So successful was ALICE WHITE in "Show Girl" that now First National presents this charming star in a comedy with music that enables the motion picture to poke fun at itself. And you'll see JACK MULHALL in support. It's great stuff!

is natural color

(Continued from Page 67)

put a weapon against Jim in the hands of the district attorney, and no statement by the inspector that he had found nothing suspicious on or about it would alter that. They would believe, as he believed, that I had found something incriminating there which they had overlooked.

But mingled with this was a sense of relief. If they had not found the oil stains on the day after Florence's murder, it was because they were not there.

Those two days, however, were all I could bear. I saw nobody, heard nothing. It was as though there had been no murder of our poor Sarah, or of Florence; as though there had been no mysterious unknown, able to enter my house at will on some equally mysterious errand. But by the third day—Tuesday—I began to relax. Nobody had been arrested. Life was once more a quiet round of breakfast tray, luncheon and dinner. I even prepared to go over my notes on my father's biography, as a matter of morale; that poor endeavor we all make in trouble to provide some sort of protective mechanism for the mind.

So I got out the material—Mary's neatly typed pages, my own illegible jottings, and those ruled notebooks in which Mary had taken down my dictation. Their queer symbols meant nothing to me; they were as unfathomable as the girl herself. And it occurred to me, sitting there, that these books, written in her hand, were all that remained to any of us of Mary Martin. She had come, played her strange part and departed. A queer girl, with her poses, her defiant beauty, and her faculty of being around where there was trouble, or of carrying it with her. Who could say which?

I turned over the pages, but although here and there I found notes in long hand—"Send to Laura for daguerreotypes," I recall, was one of them, and another: "Have Joseph find out about terrapin for dinner party"—there was nothing of any value until I reached what appeared to be the latest book.

Not on a page, but inside the cover in ink, she had written: "New number, East 16."

Now I happen to have a peculiar faculty—one born of necessity, for I frequently forget my glasses. I have a flair for remembering telephone numbers. And this number ran familiarly in my mind.

It did not come at once. I sat back and closed my eyes, and at last it came. I saw Dick Carter sitting at my desk, with Judy beside him, and he was calling East 16. Then I knew. Dick had called East 16 the night he was arranging for Judy and myself to visit Lily Sanderson.

New number, East 16. That meant that there had been another number—an old one—and that Mary had known it. But it seemed to me that it meant much more; that Mary had known someone in that house; possibly Florence Gunther herself. What that would explain I did not trouble to contemplate. It seemed to me that I must see Lily Sanderson again, see if she had met Mary about the house or with Florence, and that then we must find Mary herself—find her and make her talk.

When I called East 16, however, Miss Sanderson was at work. And then, that afternoon, as though she had caught my mental message, Lily Sanderson herself came to see me.

It was fortunate that Joseph was taking his afternoon out, or he might not have admitted her. He had his own methods of discriminating between people making social calls and people who came for purposes of their own. Indeed, I have seen him; the swift glance at car or taxicab, the rapid appraisal, gloves, shoes, garments. And then the quick decision:

"Madam is not at home."

Or a widening of the door, a bow; taking the cards, rather in the grand manner, and through it all a suggestion—merely a suggestion—of welcome.

But as it is Clara's rule to admit all comers, Lily Sanderson gained access without trouble, and I found her in the drawing-room, rather stiff and formal.

"I hope you don't mind my coming," she said. "I just had a feeling I had to see you."

"I am glad you came. Would you like a cup of tea?"

"If it isn't too much trouble. I came from the store, and I've had a hard day. I didn't take time to go home and change."

She watched with interest while I rang for Clara and ordered tea, and the long drawing-room seemed to fascinate her.

"Such a lovely place," she said. "I was looking at your bushes as I came in. And this room! That's a lovely cabinet over there."

"It is lovely," I agreed. "It is very old."

And as I sat there looking at this big blue-eyed woman with her faint limp, her almost childlike assumption of sophistication, her queer clothes, I felt that I liked her—liked her and trusted her.

She did not come immediately to the reason for her visit, and I did not urge her. It was after the tea had come and Clara had gone that she finally brought up the subject.

"I don't know whether it's valuable or not," she said. "But as a friend of Florence's you ought to know. She was seen getting into a car the night she was killed. Two people saw her."

"What kind of a car?"

"A large one—a limousine."

"Did they notice the color?"

"They don't agree about that. They're the Italians who keep the fruit stand at the corner. I don't know their names. We call him Tony. They knew Florence well; she often bought apples there. Tony says it was black, but Mrs. Tony says it was blue."

The story was as follows: On the night of Florence Gunther's murder both the Italians at the fruit stand saw her coming along the street. She shook her head, to say she wanted nothing, and then waited for a street car. Both of them saw her distinctly. She seemed restless, walking a few steps each way, then back again.

Before a car arrived, however, an automobile drew up before her—a closed car with a man at the wheel. Owing to the fact that the street light was directly overhead, neither of the Italians saw him clearly, except that he wore a soft hat.

There was some conversation. The man and woman at the fruit stand were interested. They had known her for a long time and she was always alone. She seemed to demur at something, the man appeared to insist. Finally he opened the door and she got in beside him.

But—and here was the curious part—the woman at the fruit stand maintained that this same car had been standing halfway down the block in the shadow for some time. That she had seen it there, and that the man driving it had been working at something about it, front and rear.

"She thought he was rubbing dirt over the license plates," Miss Sanderson said. "And they had been held up a month or so before, so she watched him. She says now that he got into the car the moment he saw Florence. Then he drove up rather fast, and threw on the brakes in front of her, as though he had just seen her. But Mrs. Tony was interested in the license plates, and she went out and looked at the rear one. He had blacked it. She couldn't read it at all."

But that visit of Lily Sanderson's was disappointing in one way at least. I asked her point-blank if she knew a young woman named Mary Martin, and it produced no effect whatever.

"Mary Martin?" she said thoughtfully. "No, I can't say that I do."

"I think she knew Florence Gunther. If not, she certainly knew someone at the house."

"I can ask, if you like," she said. "I've only been there since last fall, and most of the rest are new too. You know how it is—everything's fine at first. Then you're caught doing a bit of washing or having a gentleman friend more than one night a week, and there's trouble. And that reminds me. I've got something to tell you about the man who called on Florence Gunther. Clarissa saw him."

"Clarissa?"

"The colored woman at the house. And a surly creature she is, at that. I gave her a dress the other day, and she talked. He was a thin man, rather tall; she thinks about fifty. Well dressed, she says. He had a cane with him and he wore a new sport suit. Out our way that means something!"

XVII

IT WAS that evening—Tuesday, the seventeenth—at dinner, that I received one of Katherine's characteristic terse telegrams:

ARRIVING TONIGHT ELEVEN O'CLOCK TRAIN.

The telegram was not only unexpected but ominous. That Katherine, sunk in grief as she was, should leave her house and come to me at that time seemed almost incredible. I could think of only two things—either that Jim had told her of the danger in which he stood, or that something had aroused her suspicions as to Howard's death.

In any event, her coming was certainly significant, and I am not ashamed to say that I took a small glass of sherry before I left for the station. Nor did the sight of Katherine in her widow's weeds, with that white cold face of hers set like a mask, improve matters. She offered me her cheek, and as I offered mine at the same moment, what resulted was rather like the nose rubbing of the Africans, or whoever it is.

Not then, nor later, when I showed her her room, and the Frenchwoman, Elise, began to lay out her toilet things, did she offer any explanation of her visit. Judy, she said, was all right and would come with Jim the next morning. She herself had come on business. And then very politely she put me out and left me to lie awake most of the night, wondering.

It was not until ten the next morning that I got my explanation, and then it was clear enough, and worrying enough, in all conscience. At ten o'clock the doorbell rang, and it was Jim, accompanied by Judy and, to my intense surprise, Alex Davin.

Judy looked odd and uncomfortable, but she was irrepressible, as always.

"It's not a convention," she said. "It's merely a delegation."

She went upstairs to Katherine and the two men waited in the library; Jim moving about restlessly, Alex Davin glancing over some notes in his hand. In five minutes or so the bell rang again, and Joseph announced Mr. Waite.

I was practically beyond speech by that time. I listened dumbly while Mr. Waite made his apologies; he had just got off the train; he had been taking the sun cure in Arizona for his arthritis and was much better, thanks. Then his eyes fell on the black band on Jim's sleeve, and he said something polite about Howard's death.

But it all seemed unreal to me, and when Joseph ushered in Doctor Simonds, I was not surprised to see Alex Davin rise and clear his throat, as though he were about to address a meeting.

"I believe that completes us," he said, as though he had announced that there was a quorum present. "And now, if Joseph will notify Mrs. Somers ——"

Bewildered as I was, I had to admire Katherine as she came in, in her long black gown and with her fine head high in the air. There was a superb dignity about her, a refusal to make any concessions to the expected, so unlike my own fluttering as to make me self-conscious.

She shook hands with no one, smiled at no one. She simply sat down and looked at Alex Davin.

"Very well," she said. "I believe we are all ready."

And then Alex Davin did indeed make a speech. He referred to his late dear friend, Howard Somers, and to the grieving woman who sat there, finding herself in a position which it was difficult for her to accept.

"In all their conversations together, this husband and this wife, she was led to believe that the bulk of his fortune would come to her. Now she is confronted with a new will—a will she cannot explain and does not accept." I saw Mr. Waite frown slightly. "A will in which a wastrel son receives one-half of this large estate. It is to discuss, not the validity of this will"—he glanced at Mr. Waite—"but the circumstances under which it was drawn, that she has asked you to meet her here today."

He sat down, and Mr. Waite took off his glasses and polished them with his handkerchief.

"Am I to speak?" he inquired. "I presume, since the integrity of the document is not in question, that it is really up to the doctor."

Urbane as he was, I saw that he was irritated. Under Alex's fine words he must have seen, as I did, that it was the will itself which was under fire.

"I actually know nothing," the doctor said. "Walter Somers told me, during his father's illness here last summer, that he was thinking of changing his will. He asked my opinion of his father's mental condition, and I said I wished mine was as good. Later on he asked me to give him a note to that effect, and I did so."

He sat back, smoothing a small Vandyke beard with a hand deeply stained from cigarettes. Katherine eyed him and spoke for the first time.

"You had given him no drugs, doctor?"

"Drugs?" he said rather testily. "I gave him drugs, of course. That's my profession. But I gave him nothing that could by any stretch of the imagination affect his mind."

Mr. Waite's story was given circumstantially and directly.

On the twelfth of the previous August he had received a telephone call from Walter Somers, asking him to see his father that afternoon at the Imperial Hotel and to draw up a will for him. As he knew that Mr. Somers had been very ill and was still a sick man, he took the precaution of calling up the doctor here, who was attending him, and inquiring as to his mental condition. Doctor Simonds said that he knew Mr. Somers was contemplating a new will, and that he was entirely competent to make one. The result was that he had drawn up the draft late that afternoon, and took back the finished document at something after four o'clock the next day. It was signed in duplicate.

Katherine listened with slowly rising color.

"Do you mean to say that you would draw up a will as vital as that—as revolutionary—without question? What about undue influence being brought to bear? A man may appear to be normal, but after a severe illness, when he is weak and broken ——"

"There was certainly no influence evident at the time. The manager of the hotel took me up, and Walter Somers met me at the door and took me in. Then he went out and I did not see him again, either that day or the next."

"Was Sarah Gittings present?"

"She left the room. She was there when I first went in, and she came in on the second day to witness the signatures. And I may add this: There was some discussion of the terms of the will. Mr. Somers himself knew that it was what you have called revolutionary, but he said that Walter had reached years of discretion, and that he felt that there was plenty for all."

"That is not the question," said Katherine sharply. "The money's nothing. What does money matter? What does matter is that at the end he should have repudiated me. What brought that about, Mr. Waite? What happened here last summer to change his entire attitude toward me? Why did he put that will in his box, indorsed in his own hand, 'to be given to my son Walter in the event of my death'? That is very serious, Mr. Waite. Had he ceased to trust me? And that fund of fifty thousand dollars to be administered by Walter at his discretion! What did he say about that? What secret was he covering?"

"He said that Walter understood."

(Continued on Page 74)

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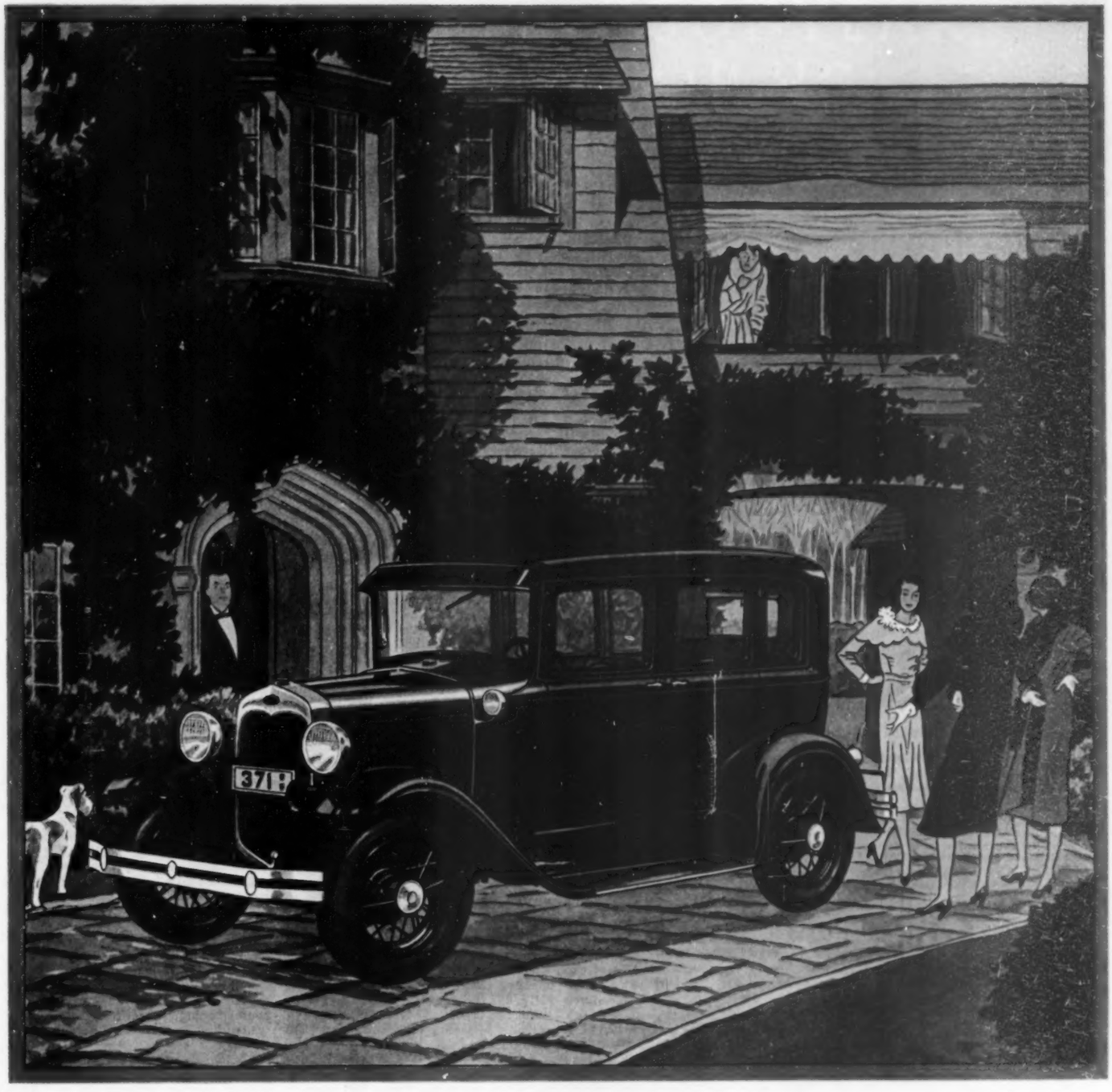

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(Continued from Page 70)

"And that is all he said?"

"That is all."

She leaned back in her chair, apparently exhausted, and there was a short silence, broken at last by Alex Davin:

"Have you the duplicate of the will with you, Mr. Waite?"

And then some of Mr. Waite's air of offended dignity left him. He stirred in his chair.

"I was coming to that. As a matter of fact, a very strange thing has happened to that copy, Mr. Davin. It has disappeared from our files. Mr. Henderson has been searching for several days; ever since Mr. Somers' death, in fact. He has a theory as to its disappearance, but as it is not a pleasant one ——"

I happened to glance at Jim, and his mouth was twitching crazily.

"I think we must hear it nevertheless."

"It's like this: On the day of Sarah Gittings' murder—that afternoon, in fact—a clerk in our office opened the safe at Florence Gunther's request, and left her there to secure certain documents.

"Later on she returned these papers and he closed and locked the safe. She was a trusted employe, and everything apparently was all right.

"When Mr. Somers died, however, in my absence, Mr. Henderson, who knew about the will, went to the safe for the duplicate and found that it was gone. No suspicion attached itself to Florence Gunther, who had herself gone with me on both days to the hotel and who had later witnessed the will. But during the intervening time she had been murdered, and naturally everything pertaining to her had become a matter of great interest.

"Four days ago Mr. Henderson telegraphed me that the will was missing, and to come back. When he met me at the train this morning, he told me that one of our clerks, a man named Lowrie, had remembered that on the afternoon of the day Sarah Gittings was killed he had seen Florence Gunther on the street; that he saw her meet a heavy-set woman whom he believes now, from the published photographs, to have been Sarah Gittings, and there on the street pass to her a long envelope of the legal type.

"If that is true, it is at least possible that the duplicate of the will was in that envelope."

Jim spoke for the first time, trying to control his mouth:

"Why would she have done that?"

Mr. Waite considered.

"She was a reliable woman," he said. "If she did that at all—and I am only telling you the office talk—she meant to show that will to Miss Gittings and then to put it back in the safe. But things happened and —— Mr. Henderson has been to the police, and it was not found among her effects—the effects of either of the two women."

"But why have shown it to Sarah?" Jim insisted. "She knew about it. She'd witnessed it."

"She had no idea of the contents."

"Florence Gunther knew the terms, I suppose?"

"Naturally. She had typed it. I have had very little time to think, but it strikes me that these two women met, and that the will came up for discussion. One of our strictest rules is that such matters are kept absolutely secret so far as our office force is concerned—and Florence Gunther was no talker. Besides, in this case there had been particular instructions that the existence of this document remain confidential, so I cannot understand ——"

"Who gave you those instructions?" Katherine interrupted.

"Mr. Somers himself."

"Now, about this fund—this fifty thousand dollars." Alex Davin said. "He merely said that Walter Somers would understand?"

"That is all. Naturally, I wondered, but it was not my affair. He was not a man to explain why he was doing certain things. I rather thought that the family understood."

Katherine looked at him. "Understood? With the entire proceeding to be secret and confidential!"

"I didn't think of it in that light. It might, of course, refer to charity."

"Charity! And given to Walter Somers to disburse! I'm not an idiot, Mr. Waite, and I give you credit for more intelligence than that."

"Perhaps, if you talk to Walter ——"

"What good would that do? He's as secretive as his father, and not so honest. I know what you think, Mr. Waite; I know what you thought when you were drawing that will. You thought Howard Somers had been leading a secret life, and that this provision was to provide for somebody. Well, I do not believe that, and I'll fight that clause and this will in court if it ruins me."

That was all. Katherine rose, and the men scrambled to their feet. She gave to each of them a steady look, said, "Thank you; you have been very good to come," and then turned and went out. I did not see her again until dinner.

During the afternoon, however, I heard Judy telephoning to Wallie, and he came at six o'clock. From six until almost seven he was closeted with Katherine in her room, and the very fact that their voices were never raised seemed to me an indication of the tenseness of that meeting. There was no compromise in either of them. Only suspicion and jealousy on Katherine's part, and a fury of hatred and revenge in Wallie. I know now that a little gentleness, some remorse for that tragic youth of his, and he would have weakened. But poor Katherine was as she was; she made no play for sympathy. She sat perfectly still and interrogated him.

"You refuse to say what this secret fund was for? Or for whom?"

"Absolutely."

"You know what you are doing, of course. You are allowing your father's memory to be besmirched. For I warn you I shall take this will into court."

"Then it will be you who are doing the soiling," he said, and stood turning the ring around his finger.

Just before seven he went down the stairs and out the front door. I was sitting in the library, but he did not turn his head.

In the meantime other things were happening of which we had no knowledge at the time. We knew, of course, that Mr. Henderson had been to the district attorney, and that the police had learned that the two murdered women had been the witnesses to the second will.

But we knew nothing of the activities of the night watchman in New York—Charles Parrott. He was shrewd enough, this Parrott, but even a stupid man might have been suspicious. Here was Howard receiving a secret visitor at two in the morning—a man who ducked in past him, with his cap drawn down over his head, a large ulster overcoat and a muffler about the lower part of his face—and in the morning Howard was dead.

That apparently roused no suspicion in itself. But two things followed it: One was that fatal attempt of Mary Martin's to bribe him to say nothing of the night visitor. That had failed, and so she had vanished. Then there was that early-morning search of mine. He was still on duty, and the sight of a woman of my age wandering in that courtyard in the rain and carefully inspecting the ground must have been unusual, to say the least.

And then came that fatal move by Dick Carter, the day of the funeral.

"Which one is it?" Parrot had asked.

"Dark coat and striped trousers," said Dick.

"Well, he's the same build. I didn't see much of his face."

He read the papers, and he knew Sarah Gittings; knew about her murder, too, and Florence's—the shoe murders.

He went to Evans, the valet, a day or so later.

"Did you see Mr. Somers when he died? I mean, before he'd been moved?"

"I did," said Evans with dignity.

"How about his feet? Did he have anything on them?"

"I believe he was in his stockings," said Evans, and through the simple and fortuitous circumstance that poor Howard had dropped his slippers before he picked up his highball, Parrott went to the police!

The rest is shrouded in mystery. Sometime toward the end of that week a lieutenant from the homicide squad in New York took a train and saw Inspector Harrison and the district attorney.

On Monday an order was obtained to disinter Howard's body, and a secret examination made. Nothing was given out; even Katherine did not know. But it was discovered that Howard Somers had died, not of an acute heart attack but of cyanide of potassium, "probably administered in whisky."

Cyanide of potassium! And Howard had had a cold, and could not detect its peculiar and unmistakable odor; and Mary Martin had opened the windows, so that no one else might notice it. Opened the windows and broken the glass.

They kept their secret well, did the authorities. After all, murder had not been proved; men with hopelessly broken health had killed themselves before this. And our own local authorities were not minded to let go of Jim anyhow. They had Jim, and now they had the motive.

Mr. Waite saw the district attorney that afternoon, Tuesday the seventeenth. I think myself that he was frightened. And small wonder. Of the four who had met in that room at the Imperial Hotel, only he himself was left.

He must have been worried; he must have wondered how long he had left for those little vacations to cure his arthritis, for the pleasant routine of his office, for his golf and bridge, for the little dinners with good wines and his friends about him.

So it is not extraordinary that he went to the district attorney that morning after he left us, and asked for police protection. Or that in doing so he virtually signed Jim Blake's death warrant. The district attorney listening absorbedly and Mr. Waite telling that story.

"And what do you make out of it, Waite? There was still a valid copy of the will among Somers' papers."

"Wills have been destroyed before this."

"You think the Gittings woman got the copy to show Blake, and then he killed her?"

"He may have, hoping to get hold of the original later."

"And later on, the Gunther girl got troublesome and had to be put out of the way?"

"Something like that perhaps. I don't know. It's terribly sordid. Only I don't want to be the next to go!"

"You're all right. As for being sordid, almost all motives for crimes are sordid—cupidity, sex jealousy. Sordid, all of them, but actuating motives just the same. Well, you don't need a policeman; we'll get this bird now, thank God. The press has been yelling for weeks, and I've had a few letters myself."

That was on Tuesday afternoon, May the seventeenth.

That night the district attorney sent for Jim to question him for the second time, and in Jim's absence they searched his house, issuing a search warrant on a trumped-up charge against Amos for bootlegging.

For the sake of form, two Federal officers ostensibly conducted the search, but Inspector Harrison actually did so. Amos opened the door and protested violently that he knew nothing of any liquor. But they pushed past him and went upstairs, taking him along. In Jim's room they found the golf suit and the shoes which Amos admitted Jim had worn the night of Sarah's death, and later they smuggled them out. Also they discovered that Jim

(Continued on Page 76)

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had recently burned some letters, and Inspector Harrison spent some time on his knees examining the fireplace. But they still had that pretense of bootlegged liquor to carry out, and they had not found the sword stick. So they went over the house. Amos was calmer by that time. It was only when they got to the door of the cellar that he showed excitement.

"Nothing down there but the furnace, sir," he said to the inspector.

That made them suspicious, so they went down and turned on the lights. At first glance it was unsatisfactory; a cement floor, a whitewashed brick wall. They went over that wall carefully for loose bricks, but there were none. They were quite sure by that time that Amos was uneasy. Indeed, one of the Federal officers drew a notebook from his pocket and pretended to write down a memorandum. When he had finished he passed the note to the inspector.

"I guess that's correct, inspector?"

"I believe so," said the inspector.

But what he had read was this: "Watch the darky. He's scared."

They started to search again.

XVIII

THERE is no record of that scene in the district attorney's office, but from what we know now, and from what was brought out at the trial, I can measurably reconstruct it. Jim, wary and uneasy, holding one of his eternal cigars in a mouth that twitched steadily, taking the opportunity they offered of lighting them, the careful bestowal of their ashes, to think; and the district attorney, firing questions at him, endlessly, interminably.

"You knew nothing whatever of this will, then?"

"I never heard of it until Alex Davin told me in New York."

"He told you you had been disinherited?"

"Yes. That didn't bother me. What worried me was my sister."

"Why?"

"That's evident, isn't it? She was devoted to her husband. She had to learn that without her knowledge he had done a thing which affected her child as well as herself."

"And in favor of her stepson."

"Yes."

"What were her relations to this stepson? Friendly?"

And Jim, pausing, lighting a fresh cigar or pulling on the one he had.

"Not entirely. The usual difficulty. He resented her."

"And she resented him?"

"Probably. Somewhat."

"You're fond of your sister, Mr. Blake?"

"Very. She is all I have."

"You saw this second will in New York?"

"I did."

"Do you remember how the envelope was marked?"

"Yes. Perfectly."

"It was indorsed in Mr. Somers' own handwriting: 'To be handed to my son Walter in the event of my death.' Is that right?"

"Yes."

"Why was that, Mr. Blake?"

"I don't know."

"Doesn't it show that Mr. Somers wanted to be certain that this will reached his son's hands? That there would be no—interference?"

"You can construe it that way if you like."

"You had no knowledge of this will when you made that night visit to Howard Somers?"

"I never made such a visit. How could I? You've had men watching me for weeks."

"Now, on the night of Sarah Gittings' death, I want you to describe your movements."

"I have said all I intend to say. I went out for a walk. After I had started I remembered that my sister, calling from New York, had given me a message for Sarah. I went to a drug store and telephoned, but she had gone out."

"What was this message from your sister to Sarah Gittings?"

"I've told you that. She wanted her to look after my niece, Judy. There was a young man here she was fond of. My sister didn't approve."

"After you telephoned, where did you go?"

"I walked on. I went to see a woman. I don't intend to bring her name into it. I was there for an hour or more. Then I started back."

"That would have been when?"

"Perhaps nine o'clock. I don't know exactly."

The district attorney bent forward. "And you still decline to give the direction you took?"

"I do. I have done nothing wrong. I decline to be put on the defensive."

"But suppose I show you the route you took that night, Mr. Blake. Suppose I tell you that from that drug store you went to the path through the Larimer lot, and down that path to the park. And that later you returned by the same route. I warn you, Mr. Blake, that we know a great deal, and that you are only damaging yourself by these evasions."

And still Jim obstinately silent, and the district attorney leaning back in his chair and watching him.

"You carried the sword stick with you that night?"

"I told you before that I did."

"Did you see Sarah Gittings during that walk?"

"No. Absolutely not."

"Yet you were on that path that night, Mr. Blake. We know that. You went down that path into the park, and later on you went up again. At one point you stopped for some time. You either sat or stood on that hillside, and you smoked a cigar. You were not alone at that time. A man does not pause on a dark hillside on a cool spring night to look at Nature."

And then Jim made his unconscious admission: "I was alone. Absolutely alone."

"Ah! You admit then that you were there."

"I was there, yes."

"You met nobody? Talked to nobody?"

"I did not."

"At what time were you there?"

And again that almost infinitesimal pause, and Jim mopping his forehead.

"I went down about half-past seven."

"And you came back?"

"Something after nine."

"And you reached your house a little after ten? Come, come, Mr. Blake, that's childish."

"I don't know the time."

"What route did you follow, coming back?"

"I cut across the park, coming up by the bridle path near Miss Bell's house. From there I walked along the avenue."

"That would take you past the Larimer lot where the dogs were tied at about what time?"

"Possibly a quarter past nine."

"And you carried the sword stick?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"There had been some holdups around the park. I don't own a revolver, so I carried the stick."

"You saw or heard nothing suspicious? Near the lot, I mean?"

"I heard some dogs barking."

"Where?"

"Back on the Larimer lot."

"You knew Miss Bell's dogs well, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"Well enough to recognize the noise they made? A dog's bark is as individual as a man's voice, Mr. Blake."

"I didn't recognize them, no."

"Where did you put the sword stick on your return?"

"In the hall with my others."

"And it disappeared from there?"

(Continued on Page 79)

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3. Each entry must be accompanied by entry blank, properly filled in. If more than one print is submitted by entrant, each must be accompanied by separate entry blank. Obtain entry blanks from your local photographer, or by using coupon below.
4. Combination or group pictures of mother and children are not eligible for either contest. Each entry must be single figure, mother or child.
5. Photographs of mothers may only be entered by subject herself, or with her written consent; photographs of children only by parents or guardians, or with their written consent.
6. Each prize-winning photograph becomes property of Photographers' Association of America, whose right to use it for advertising, publicity and exhibition purposes is acknowledged by entrant. All other prints will be returned if requested.
7. Any one entrant may receive only one prize. International prize winners are not eligible for sectional competition.
8. Size, style or quality of photograph shall not be given consideration. Awards made solely on appropriateness of subjects as "the loveliest mother" or "the most attractive child."
9. In event of a tie for any award, each tying contestant receives full amount of that prize. Decisions of judges shall be final.
10. All entries must be mailed to the address below, postmarked not later than midnight, May 10, 1930.

* * *

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

(Continued from Page 76)

There must have been a slight delay, a slower reaction to that question.

"It disappeared. Yes."

"Just when?"

"I don't know. I was ill at the time."

"How did you learn that it was gone?"

"I had gone into the hall to call Amos. I looked down and it was not there."

"You didn't ask Amos about it?"

"I don't recall. I think possibly I did."

"And he said it was missing?"

"That's the way I remember it."

"Now, Mr. Blake, I am going to the night of the twenty-seventh of April. Where were you that night?"

"The twenty-seventh of April?"

"The night Judy Somers was struck down in the Bell garage."

Jim stared across the desk.

"You are not intimating that I attacked my own niece, are you?"

"I have asked you a question."

"I was at home. So far as I can recall, I have not been out of the house at night since Sarah Gittings was killed. And I certainly never struck Judy. That's—that's ridiculous."

The district attorney glanced at the paper in front of him.

"Do you recall the night when Miss Bell went to see you, after Florence Gunther's body was found?"

"Perfectly."

"Had you sent for her?"

"No."

"Not telephoned or sent any message?"

"None whatever."

"She walked over?"

"Yes."

"But you sent her home in your car?"

"I did."

"During the course of that visit, were the two crimes discussed?"

"Somewhat."

"Did you make any suggestion to Miss Bell about your car?"

"I don't know what you mean. It had been her car. I bought it from her."

"There was nothing said about the carpet of that car?"

"Nothing."

"Do you keep the mileage of this car, Mr. Blake?"

"No. Amos may. I don't know."

"Who carries the key to the garage?"

"Amos. I don't drive myself."

"You don't know how to drive?"

"I can drive, but I dislike it."

"Is the window of the garage kept locked?"

"Usually. Not necessarily."

"If someone entered the garage by a window, could he take the car out?"

"Yes. The doors to the alley are bolted. The key is to the small door into the garden."

"That is, someone who wished to take out the car could climb through the window, providing it was not locked, and take the car out?"

"Probably. The window is rather high."

"But if he took a chair from the garden, it would be easy?"

"I imagine so. I hadn't thought of it."

"So that if Amos had the key, it would still be possible to take the car out?"

"I never crawled through a window and took that car out. If that's what you mean."

"Do you know Miss Bell's garage?"

"I've been in it once or twice."

"It overlooks the ravine in the park, doesn't it?"

"Yes."

"Do you know the tool room?"

"I've never been in it."

"But you know she keeps a ladder there?"

"I know she has a ladder. I don't know where she keeps it."

This, or something very like it, went on for hours. And sometime in that long interrogation they brought in the man Parrott. He came in on some excuse or other, looked Jim over and went out again. Jim was not suspicious. But by midnight he was showing signs of exhaustion, and even the district attorney showed strain. It was a warm spring night. The men who came and went had taken off their coats, but Jim still sat there in his hard chair, neat and tidy, and twitching, and faced them all down.

"You still decline to account for the time between seven o'clock and ten-thirty, on the night of April eighteenth?"

"I shall do that if necessary. Not before."

"What were your relations with Sarah Gittings?"

"Relations? I knew her, of course. Had known her for years."

"In case of distress she might come to you?"

"She might, yes."

"Then this letter to you would not be unusual?"

"I never received a letter from her. Why should she write me? She could have seen me at any time."

"We have absolute proof that she did write to you, Mr. Blake. And we believe that you received the letter."

"You can't prove that."

"Perhaps not, but I can try. Someone made an appointment to meet Sarah Gittings on the night she was killed—to meet her and see with his own eyes this copy of Howard Somers' will which the Gunther girl had abstracted from the files. From that appointment Sarah Gittings never returned, and during that evening the copy of the will disappeared."

"Why should I destroy it? Or her? The original document was safe in New York."

"Did you know Florence Gunther?"

"No."

"Never saw her?"

"No."

"Never waited for her on Halkett Street, near a fruit stand, with a car?"

"Absolutely no."

And, if the two previous denials had lacked force, this last was impressive enough.

But the heat and the tension were telling on them both. Hours had passed, putting a fine edge on Jim's nerves. He had exhausted his cigars, and no one offered him any. He asked for water, and after a long delay it came. And then, on top of his exhaustion, he was told that Howard Somers had been poisoned. He very nearly collapsed, but if they had hoped to wear him into confession they were disappointed. He was still fighting. But he said a curious thing:

"How do you know he was poisoned? How do you know he didn't take the stuff himself?"

"I'm not answering questions. I'm asking them."

In the Sawtooth Mountains, Idaho

Jim was angry now, however, and he braced himself for one last effort:

"I never went to New York to see Howard Somers the night he died. Someone else used my name, that's all. And the more I think over this case—and God knows it's all I do think of—the more I am convinced that a definite attempt is being made to put the guilt on me. Why would I have killed him? I stood to lose by his death, not to gain. He was my sister's husband and my friend. If you are trying to show that I escaped the watch on my house, climbed the window of my garage and drove my car to New York that night, I swear before God that I never did it or thought of it. As for this will, I had never heard of a second will until Alex Davin revealed its existence in New York. I swear before God that I have never killed anyone, have never thought of killing anyone. And I protest against your methods. You are wearing me out. But you can't wear me into confession. I'm innocent."

They had worn him out, however. His face was gray with exhaustion, and sweat was running down his face. Now and then he ran his finger under his collar, as though it choked him. The whirring of an electric fan, the tick of a clock on the wall, and the district attorney never relaxing; watching him, firing at him his staccato questions, deliberately trying to torture him until confession would be sheer relief.

Sometime in that last half hour a memorandum was placed on the desk, and the district attorney nodded his head.

"Send him in when he comes."

Jim had listened with an impassive face. But he felt—perhaps his exhaustion had sharpened his faculties—that something vital had happened. The questions began again, sharper, a little excitement in them.

"You have admitted that on the night Sarah Gittings was killed you carried with you this sword stick, and that later on it disappeared. You had no theories about that disappearance?"

"None whatever."

"You left it in the hall and it disappeared?"

"Yes."

"And when did you notice that it had disappeared?"

"It was several days later. I don't know exactly."

"I think you do know exactly, Mr. Blake. It disappeared on the day Sarah Gittings' body was found."

"Possibly. I'm not certain."

"What is your explanation of that disappearance?"

"I've told you that before. I think it was stolen."

"As a part of the plot against you?"

"Possibly."

"You did not conceal it yourself? I mean, you did not feel that its presence was a dangerous thing in your house?"

"I thought of that, naturally. Yes."

"But you did not hide it."

Jim made an effort, moistened his dry lips. "Not exactly. I put it in a closet."

"What closet?"

"The liquor closet in the hall."

"And you locked it there?"

"Yes."

"Then the story that it was missing from the hall was not true?"

"Not entirely. But it is true that it disappeared. It was taken from there."

"You had the key to that closet?"

"Yes."

"Was there more than one key?"

"No. I have wondered since if Amos took it. I was in bed. He could have taken the key."

"And why would Amos do that?"

He was utterly confused by that time, faint, sagged in his chair and gray of face.

"He may have known—he may have thought ——"

"What did Amos know?"

And then Inspector Harrison walked into the room and laid something on the table. Jim took one look at it and fainted dead away.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The Assurance *of Protection*

THE ocean bottom yields up her treasures. Far below the surface the diver works in safety, unmindful of the crushing water that is constantly searching for some slight flaw in his helmet, some weak spot, some joint not completely impermeable. For he knows that the care, skill, and knowledge used in construction are his protection and assurance.

In grave vaults, also, there can be no compromise with protection against water. Because of perfection in detail and design . . . because of skill and care in construction . . . the Clark Vault has brought to the American people this assurance of protection.

Built on the principle of the diving bell, the Clark Vault needs no man-made seals or locks. The finest grade specially processed Armco Ingot Iron or Keystone Copper Steel—12 gauge thickness—provides the complete impermeability which metal alone possesses. All seams are double-welded and tested under 5,000 pounds of water. No putty or filler is used. Each Clark Vault carries a 50-year guaranty.

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Clark Vaults can be obtained through better funeral directors everywhere, in the following models: Gray and White Lacquer Finish—Silver Tone and Copper Finish Cadmium Plated by Udylite Process—De Luxe, 10 Gauge Solid Copper.

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This trade-mark is on every genuine Clark Grave Vault. It is a means of identifying the vault instantly. Unless you see this mark, the vault is not a Clark.

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Latest figures by R. L. Polk and Company, showing total registrations of these cars.

STATE
ALABAMA
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ILLINOIS
INDIANA
IOWA
KANSAS
KENTUCKY
LOUISIANA
MAINE
MARYLAND
MASSACHUSETTS
MICHIGAN
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MONTANA
NEBRASKA
NEVADA
NEW HAMPSHIRE
NEW JERSEY
NEW MEXICO
NEW YORK
N. CAROLINA
N. DAKOTA
OHIO
OKLAHOMA
OREGON
PENNSYLVANIA
RHODE ISLAND
S. CAROLINA
S. DAKOTA
TENNESSEE
TEXAS
UTAH
VERMONT
VIRGINIA
WASHINGTON
WEST VIRGINIA
WISCONSIN
WYOMING
TOTAL IN U. S.

BUICK in U. S.	2nd CAR in U. S.	3rd CAR in U. S.
12,811	4,579	3,636
5,230	4,682	2,396
5,260	2,561	2,669
140,193	98,935	57,756
15,419	6,295	5,826
28,648	14,927	11,915
3,155	1,263	1,265
10,450	4,451	4,908
19,678	9,178	7,082
19,316	5,670	5,492
5,574	2,550	2,375
102,980	45,197	51,188
39,499	22,858	16,532
36,335	12,826	12,338
23,916	9,408	7,828
10,216	6,329	4,681
9,323	5,633	7,226
11,699	6,165	4,571
16,874	7,307	7,335
63,064	27,339	31,734
81,234	30,403	23,281
34,079	15,875	11,741
7,552	2,800	4,294
32,206	12,394	12,717
6,414	2,767	3,162
20,884	7,498	5,276
2,234	820	612
7,903	4,200	3,048
60,880	33,529	31,756
3,974	1,461	1,007
157,625	85,461	87,675
19,222	5,691	6,007
6,357	2,539	2,324
91,899	52,375	42,724
27,174	9,165	8,862
13,382	7,459	4,751
113,423	61,325	56,161
9,781	4,530	3,865
8,067	3,074	2,301
8,386	3,016	3,145
12,753	8,575	6,229
55,731	23,957	17,884
5,029	2,839	2,880
6,321	2,697	2,651
13,282	6,162	4,641
21,346	13,571	8,292
10,725	7,651	5,357
44,369	18,452	26,039
4,116	1,713	2,076
1,465,988	**730,652**	**639,511**

AFTER ALL, the desire of every discriminating motor car buyer is to make certain of *full value* in his motor car purchase. Investment in a new Buick is an *investment* in certainty, as is evidenced by the fact that America is driving 700,000 more Buicks than any one of the fifteen other makes of cars in Buick's price class.

The total number of Buicks registered, 1,465,988 cars, is more than double the volume of the second place car—almost triple the volume of the third place car—and from four to eight times as great as the majority of cars in Buick's price class.

The graphic "story of the states," printed in the panel at the left, demonstrates that this remarkable preference for Buick is so truly universal that every state in the Union gives Buick a decisive majority.

Why? Simply and solely because Buick provides the thrilling performance advantages of the new Buick Valve-in-Head engine and sealed chassis . . . because it offers the beauty, comfort and luxury of Bodies by Fisher . . . and because actual records of Buick cars throughout a quarter-century prove that investment in a Buick is, indeed, an investment in positive motoring satisfaction.

The proof of value is in the buying. *America is buying Buicks.* You, too, will profit by making Buick your choice.

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICHIGAN

Division of General Motors Corporation

Canadian Factories
McLaughlin-Buick, Oshawa, Ont.

Builders of
Buick and Marquette Motor Cars

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT
BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

The New

BUICK

"Did Someone Say

Sergeant's ?"

IF THE conversation is on the welfare and care of dogs, it is almost certain that you *would* hear about Sergeant's. It is a name familiar to dog-lovers everywhere. They have seen it upon packages of various medicines made to combat every kind of dog ailment. Sergeant's Dog Medicines have been used by dog owners for more than fifty years. There could be no better guarantee of their safety and effectiveness.

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During these long years of scientific study of dogs and their diseases, a wealth of knowledge has been accumulated that is of priceless benefit to dog owners. This knowledge has been published in the famous Polk Miller's Dog Book, a copy of which is yours for the asking. Here, in plain everyday language, you will find the symptoms of dog diseases and the best treatments for each. There are interesting articles on feeding, breeding and raising dogs. Millions of dog owners have asked for this book. We urge you to write for your free copy. *Expert Advice Free.* Our expert veterinarian will gladly answer questions about your dog's health, sending without charge any special information not covered in the Dog Book. State age, breed and sex of your dog with all symptoms.

Sergeant's Dog Food

In addition to the famous Sergeant's Dog Medicines, your dealer now has Sergeant's Dog Food. This balanced ration contains a large proportion of freshly cooked beef and everything your dog needs. A splendid Food for all dogs and pups. *We guarantee your dog will eat it.* If you cannot obtain Sergeant's Dog Medicines and Dog Food, write us direct.

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DOG MEDICINES
"A MEDICINE FOR EVERY DOG AILMENT"

Sole Canadian Agents: Fred J. Whitlow & Co., *Toronto*

VOTES

(Continued from Page 30)

home of late that I'm sure Mr. Callahan won't object if I go, unannounced, to the library."

Patricia did not resist the suggestion, and Sparr strode through the hall and paused briefly at the library entrance. He was in dinner clothes, and this Old Tim at once noted.

"Hell's bells and gingerbread!" the old man cried querulously. "What the devil have you got those clothes on for?"

Sparr straightened in surprise. Before he could respond, however, Old Tim was screaming for Morton, and when at last the butler arrived, he stepped past Sparr without greeting the man and came to a stop beside Old Tim's chair.

"Why didn't you tell me it was as late as this?" Old Tim shrilled. "You knew I had to change my clothes before I could go to that meeting."

Morton made no answer. His brows lifted slightly and he waited quietly for a continuance of the old man's onslaught.

"Now we'll be late," the boss complained. "Get upstairs, Morton, and lay out my dinner clothes. Put all those studs in the shirt and get one with cuffs big enough so I can slide my hands through after they're buttoned. And hurry up!" he shouted as Morton turned to leave. "Just as soon as you're ready for me, call down the stairs."

But when Morton finally called, Patricia, too, heard the summons, and she met her father with Sparr in the hall. When she made inquiry as to the cause of the delay, Old Tim faced the humiliation of retracting his refusal to wear dinner clothes. And always the boss' humility took the form of anger. As a result of this, he spoke so sharply to the girl that she flushed and indignantly turned away and left the two men there in the hall.

"Women don't understand these things," Old Tim snapped at Sparr. "You go inside and keep her busy. I'll be down in a few minutes. All this is Morton's fault. The jackass never told me what time it was."

Sparr turned toward the drawing-room and Old Tim climbed slowly up the stairs. When he got to his chamber he opened a new attack on the butler. But Morton seemed to sense that this was due to his humiliation and paid no attention to him.

Hurriedly Old Tim removed his coat and waistcoat, and dropped onto the bed while Morton drew off his shoes and trousers. For no reason at all, other than his own unreasonable dissatisfaction with the evening's events, Old Tim's anger grew into berserk rage. He cursed Morton and the clothes; he cursed Trago and the meeting. The cords in his scrawny neck stood out and the veins at his temples bulged. At times his face was purple.

All these things Morton noted with some fear. At last he spoke sharply to Old Tim and pressed him downward onto the bed.

"You've got to stop this, you old fool," he said. "Don't you realize you're killing yourself? You're supposed to keep quiet. What kind of a business is this for a sick man?"

"I'm not sick," Old Tim shrieked.

This charge of weakness was like a firebrand in a powder keg. Figuratively Old Tim ignited. And just as he had at the Trago dinner, he shook his hands violently and choked on his words.

Morton could do nothing to calm the man, and the two struggled ridiculously over Old Tim's black trousers. The boss insisted upon pulling them on, and Morton was just as insistent about keeping them off and getting Old Tim to relax. In the end Old Tim completely lost control of himself. He clenched his bony fists and flung them at Morton. And one of them left a red welt across the servant's cheek.

More desperate than angry, the butler literally picked Old Tim off the floor and started, with him in his arms, toward the bed. Old Tim clawed at his neck and kicked his feet. And then suddenly he went limp, and Morton paused in the center of the room and held the inanimate body in his arms while he made up his mind what to do.

At last he laid Old Tim across the foot of the bed and from a carafe secured ice water. With this he bathed the boss' throbbing temples and forced some of it down his throat. For three or four minutes there was no discernible effect, but finally Old Tim came back to consciousness and opened his eyes.

When realization came to him he looked piteously upward at the servant. "You were right," he said weakly. "I'm a sick man."

"You'd better rest," Morton answered simply.

"Help me into bed," Old Tim asked. "I'll not go to the meeting." He paused briefly, then said, "You go down and tell Hector and Pat to go on without me. Then come back and help me to bed, Morton. Don't tell them I'm sick. You see, I want them together tonight for reasons of my own. I want them together there at the meeting. They must be seen together. Hear me now; don't tell 'em I'm sick. Just say I'm tired and I've changed my mind."

So Morton went below and delivered this message. Though Patricia had been deeply hurt by her father's anger in the presence of Hector Sparr, she nevertheless was suspicious of Old Tim's sudden change in plan. Her solicitousness for her father's health prompted her to dart past Morton and up the stairs to his door. There she knocked softly.

Old Tim recognized the knock and with rare courage called out cheerfully. "You run along to the meeting, chickie," he said. "I've just changed my mind about it. You know what the doctors say. I mustn't overdo."

Because Patricia was hurt and angry with her father she permitted this explanation to suffice. Without further words she went to the lower hall and there met Hector Sparr. He was ready to escort her to the car, but she passed him and went on to the library, whence came the soft hum of the silent typewriter.

Fennister and Miss Toland were there, the girl busy at her typewriter and the secretary occupied with a ledger.

Without hesitation Patricia crossed the room, and as Fennister rose to greet her she stepped close to him and raised her lips toward his face.

"I'm going to the meeting with Hector Sparr," she said tensely. "I don't want to go, Walter, with him. You understand this?"

Fennister smiled reassuringly. "Of course I understand," he answered. "I hope you enjoy the meeting. I'd be there, but I've got these records to get straight."

"I want you," Patricia said simply, "to kiss me before I leave."

Fennister kissed her, and during this moment the hum of Miss Toland's typewriter did not cease.

XV

DURING the Trago meeting Patricia Callahan saw Hector Sparr as the man actually was.

His eloquence was indisputable. The thousands of people jammed into the great hall listened in complete silence to his words. Paradoxically it came to Patricia that not a woman in the hall doubted Hector's sincerity and nobility of purpose; yet to her he seemed a little too fine, a little too fervent and altogether too forceful. There were moments when Hector carried this great audience to the very heights, and at these exact moments, Patricia looked upon him as might a child gaze upon a serpent in a cage. She was fascinated, yet repelled.

And when Sparr returned to her side after having presented Norman Trago in a burst of oratory that made the blood tingle, she actually shrank away from him. As Trago opened his address, this picturesque candidate for mayor seemed momentarily to forget the presence of the thousands. He leaned sidewise in his chair, so that his face came close to that of Patricia, and he said, with something of his oratorical ardor lingering in his voice: "Never was there such a meeting. Never were so many beautiful women gathered together. And among them all you stand out."

These words came clearly to Patricia. She heard them, understood them and instantaneously weighed them.

She drew back from Sparr, and her thoughts centered upon the secretary's simple statement that Norman Trago lifted this political campaign from the muck and mire. She knew that instant how much she loved Fennister, and Sparr became for her a symbol of all that was insincere. The force of her feeling toward Fennister heightened her resentment against Sparr. Patricia saw Trago before her and heard his voice only as one might hear an unintelligible and monotonous vibration. She looked out over the heads of the audience and her mind slipped away and reviewed in procession most of the events of her latter life.

No man in the city had been more powerful than Old Tim, but the girl knew that this power had reacted to her own disadvantage. And here was Hector Sparr, filled with growing power such as her father had always known. Here was an Old Tim Callahan in the making, and suddenly the girl hated Sparr and everything which he represented. She made no answer to his comment, but she felt his big fingers resting gently on her forearm and knew that he was smiling there beside her and speaking to her. She drew back from him again and looked in a startled way out over the sea of faces in the vast hall. Her father had said that others would notice the manner in which Hector Sparr regarded her, and she felt suddenly a great shame. She drew her arm away from Sparr's grasp.

"I'm sorry I came here," she said in an empty tone. "It's so immense. I'm not accustomed to seeing so many people."

Sparr's jaw set and a hard light crept into his eyes. He said an inane something about his own pride in escorting Patricia, but neither of them gave the remark much consideration.

Patricia knew that not under any conceivable circumstances could she ever marry this man. His very touch upon her arm was repellent. She thought of Fennister in the library at home, and wished devoutly that she might be there with him in the quiet of the room and the peace of their understanding. Into her mind came some wild thought of asking Fennister to run away with her while yet there was opportunity to shake off the shackles of Old Tim's millions and political ambitions. And in these wild thoughts she found the one solace that this evening of nightmares offered her.

Fennister in the meantime remained at work in the library with Miss Toland. And when the letters of the girl had been finished she came to him with an offer of further assistance. So conversation began between them.

"You don't seem in the least worried"—Miss Toland smiled—"about Patricia. Hector Sparr is a very great man, and really quite good-looking too."

Fennister laughed. "You've been a peach," he said to the girl. "You know Patricia and I are in love with each other."

"Of course I do," Miss Toland interrupted him. "Old Tim Callahan himself is the only person in the house who doesn't know it."

"And he mustn't know it," Fennister said positively. "Under no circumstances must he know it until after the election. Morton has repeatedly assured me of this. He has some deep reason."

(Continued on Page 84)

New Type PATTERNS

never before achieved .. *in low-priced rugs*

"How lovely the rug goes with your drapes—is it something new?"

YES, now there *is* something new in smooth-surfaced rugs. Some entirely novel types of patterns that the stores are showing. These modern decorative effects are being introduced through the new Decoresq Series of Armstrong's Quaker Rugs. A glimpse of their beauty is given on this page.

Pictured large is one of the new patterns. Here, a smart floral motif is combined with a color-speckled ground, creating a truly rich effect.

New! Armstrong's Quaker Rug, Decoresq Series No. 20011.

If you prefer to cover your entire floor, Armstrong's Quaker Floor Covering is offered by the yard in 6-foot and 9-foot widths.

New! Armstrong's Quaker Rug, Decoresq Series No. 20002.

New! Armstrong's Quaker Rug, Decoresq Series No. 20031.

The two swatches give another peep into this new era of smooth-surfaced rugs. One represents the textured-ground designs—a smart innovation. The other, a delicate effect achieved with shaded backgrounds.

But you must remember to ask for *Armstrong's* Quaker Rugs—because these new-type patterns are solely the creation of Armstrong designers.

And quite aside from their richness, these new rugs will appeal especially to women who do their own work. They are *so* easy to keep clean! Dirt, stains, grease spots, wipe right off! For by the special Accolac Process every Armstrong's Quaker Rug is surface-sealed. And the sturdy felt base, on which the rugs are built, provides the body that makes them wear so well.

Every Armstrong's Quaker Rug has a Quaker Girl Certificate pasted on the face of it. This certificate is a written promise to replace the rug if it fails to please you with its value or service. Armstrong Cork Company, Floor Division, 3002 Liberty Street, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Armstrong's (A) Product

Armstrong's Quaker Rugs

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF ARMSTRONG'S LINOLEUM

Hear the Armstrong Quakers on the air every Friday night, 10 o'clock, Eastern Time, WJZ coast-to-coast network.

If pyorrhea ever begins

it will start at The Danger Line

GUARD THE DANGER LINE

MANY women look with dread upon pyorrhea as a danger that lurks ahead. It is well to know that pyorrhea always starts at The Danger Line. And so . . . as long as this vital line keeps healthy, you can be sure it has *not* begun.

That delicate margin of gum tissue, where the gums join your teeth, is well named The Danger Line. It can safeguard your teeth and gums or start them towards a diseased condition which may end in rheumatism, nervous and kidney disorders, even heart trouble.

Neglect will injure The Danger Line. At its edge is a tiny wedge-shaped crevice, which your tooth-brush can't penetrate—especially between the teeth. So food particles constantly collect there, ferment and generate acids which irritate the gums and attack the teeth. Notice how often decay occurs at the gum margin. And once the gums become infected and recede, pyorrhea *can* start.

Fortunately, the proper dentifrice will help you safeguard The Danger Line. Squibb's Dental Cream contains 50% Squibb's Milk of Magnesia—plenty of this safe, effective antacid to penetrate crevices and render acids harmless.

Squibb's cleans thoroughly and it is entirely safe. It contains no grit. This is important—for, often, bleeding of gums is simply the result of too stiff a tooth-brush, or a *gritty, abrasive* dentifrice. Squibb's soothes tender tissue.

Begin using it regularly. 40c a large tube. Surely you need its protection . . . for healthy teeth and gums can mean all-round fitness through the years. E. R. Squibb & Sons, New York. *Manufacturing Chemists to the Medical Profession since* 1858. Copyright 1930 by E. R. Squibb & Sons

NOTICE THE DANGER LINE. It is the thin margin of tissue where gums meet teeth. Its greatest enemy is acids caused by fermenting food particles that lodge between the gum margin and the teeth. Protect it by using Squibb's Dental Cream.

SQUIBB'S MILK OF MAGNESIA is a pure, effective product that is free from any unpleasant, earthy taste. It has unsurpassed antacid and mild laxative qualities.

Squibb's Dental Cream

(Continued from Page 82)

The girl stepped suddenly close to Fennister and caught both his arms in her hands. "Walter," she said a bit tensely, "you're such a lovable idiot! Don't you really know Morton's reason?"

"Of course I don't," Fennister answered. "Though it may seem that I have been in this house most of my life, actually I've been here but a few weeks. I know little about Old Tim, or Morton either."

"Old Tim," Miss Toland said steadily, "is determined to marry Patricia to Hector Sparr. The man will stop at nothing to do it. Unless I'm much mistaken, that's his one reason for returning to politics."

Fennister straightened in amazement. He recalled Patricia's words of the earlier evening. Now that his eyes were opened, he saw, as plainly as Miss Toland had seen, a thousand and one indications of the truth of her statement. And when the stenographer pointed out her own affection for Patricia and himself, he turned willingly to her for advice. Just as willingly she gave it.

"If I were in your place," she said, "I'd not let the political schemes of a dying man wreck the life of a noble girl. I'd get Patricia this very night and insist that she motor with me out of the state."

"You mean," Fennister gasped, "to drive across the line and get married?"

"If you love Pat as I think you do you'll not hesitate in this thing. And if I know Pat as I think I do, neither will she."

"But I've so little to offer her," Fennister protested. "I've had it in mind not to be married until my practice would enable me to give Patricia the things she's always had."

"Can't you see that Patricia's sick of everything she's had and wants only you?" She paused a moment, and Fennister, still in doubt, remained quiet.

"I'm going to take things into my own hands," Miss Toland promised in a tone of authority. "There's one staunch ally who won't fail me—that's Morton. I wouldn't be a bit surprised if we could use Norman Trago himself, should we have need of him."

In this manner the most minute cogs in Old Tim's great machine contrived to his undoing—a stenographer, a secretary and a butler—while the great of politics rode heedlessly on the wings of his growing power.

XVI

OLD Tim lay in bed, and while the acute weakness persisted, he lay quiet. But his mind was in torment. He visualized events at the Trago mass meeting and for the first time in his life realized that, through a weakness of his own, the great efforts he had put forth were coming to fruition in his absence.

Whether it was the unusual recuperative power of the man or the sheer dominance of spirit over flesh, these thoughts revived him. Some degree of strength returned to him after an hour had slipped by. And with this returned strength he swung himself out of the bed and rang for Morton.

"What I need is a drink," he told the butler. "Get me a drink, Morton. Whisky. I'll take it neat, with maybe a drop of water to cool my throat."

"You'd best stay in bed," Morton returned. "It's rest you need."

"Aye," Old Tim muttered, "maybe it is. But it's whisky I'll have."

Morton went below and brought the drink, and Old Tim gulped it and shuddered when it was swallowed.

"That'll pick me up," he muttered. "Get my dressing gown, Morton. I'll sit over by the window. Bring my pipe."

"You broke your pipe," Morton reminded him.

"Have I got only one pipe?" Old Tim demanded angrily.

"Only one that you could stand the smell of," Morton returned.

"Then I won't smoke," Old Tim snapped.

In these statements he was more like himself and there was less of the childishness in his manner which had been so manifest earlier in the evening. Morton helped him to his chair by the window.

"These attacks don't mean anything," the boss assured him. "Just a little dizziness that comes over me. Doctors are all fools anyhow."

He paused a moment, hunched over in the chair and looked out onto the street below him. A faint promise of winter lay in the air and clarified it so that the familiar street lights assumed greater brilliance. Old Tim regarded these, his scrawny hands caught together between his knees. Suddenly he fought off his lethargy and turned with his old virulence toward the butler.

"You gotta help me tonight, Morton," he said. "I can't tell that young Fennister everything. He's just a boy, and sometimes he tries to be highbrow."

"He's a fine boy," Morton cut in. "A fine young man. A sight better than your boy."

"If he wasn't," Old Tim returned listlessly, "they'd have hung him when he was nine years old."

This amazing relationship between master and butler never was more evident. Old Tim did not in the least resent the servant's accusation or his temerity in making it. The whole career of the man had been founded and developed upon recognition of fact and a completely dispassionate reasoning power. He never permitted sentiment to interfere with his logic.

He sat a brief moment in silence. Then he raised his eyes to peer through the shaggy brows above them at Morton.

"You gotta help me tonight," he repeated. "There's things got to be done, Morton, that only I can do."

Morton nodded without showing any great interest.

"I like you," Old Tim snapped unexpectedly. "You're my friend, Morton." Still the butler did not reply, and Old Tim cackled his mirthless laugh and added, "If you knew what was in my will you'd hope I'd die every time I got one of these attacks."

"You're a liar," Morton returned frankly. "I wouldn't."

Old Tim laughed again. Then his friendliness of manner slipped from him.

"You go downstairs, Morton," he ordered peremptorily. "Fennister will be in the library. You tell him to call up Diamond Mike and have him over here in half an hour. He'll know who you mean. Diamond Mike's the gunman that was over here that night I told the boys where they headed in. Have him get here mighty quick."

A startled look crept into Morton's eyes. He pondered for a moment, then said, "I wouldn't be seeing anybody tonight if I were you."

"If you were me?" Old Tim cackled. "If you were me we'd both be back on the docks. Go and tell Fennister what I say." Morton got as far as the door before Old Tim called after him. "You wait downstairs until DiamondMike gets here," he instructed; "then bring him up here to my chamber. See that Fennister don't come with you. I'll talk with that rat alone."

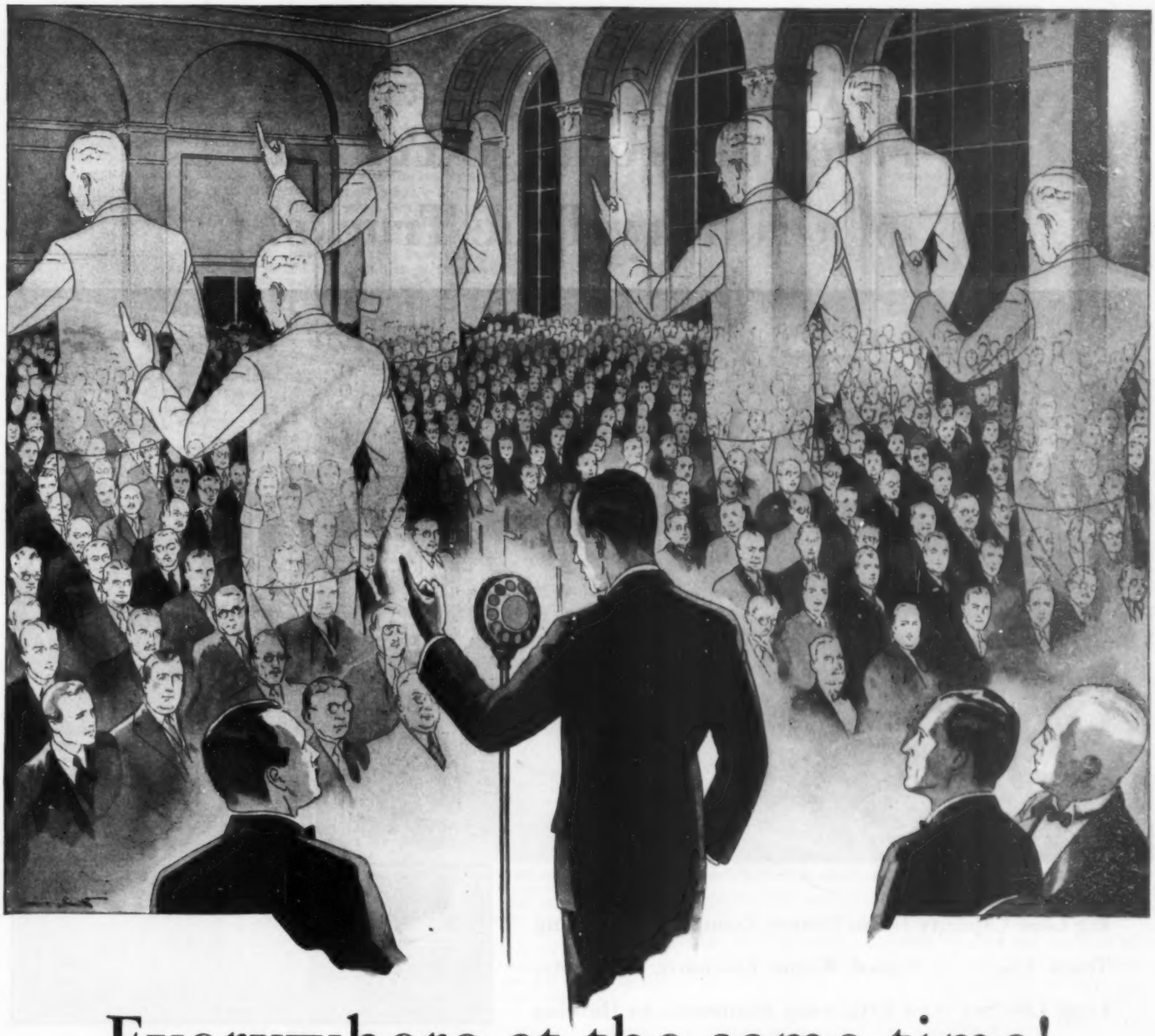
Morton nodded and disappeared through the door. In about twenty minutes he returned to the chamber, and this time he carried a silver tray upon which reposed whisky and a siphon, with a bowl of ice cubes. Old Tim nodded approval of this equipment and Morton's forethought in providing it.

"This Diamond Mike," he said to the servant, "is considered a pretty bad egg. He's planned at least three murders in this town and, to my knowledge, personally executed one of them. The underworld is afraid of him. But just like all gunmen, at heart he's a cowardly rat."

"I still don't see," Morton admitted, "how a man like that can be of any help to you."

"You haven't seen anything in thirty years but the pay check I give you," the boss grumbled. "How do you think it's possible for this gunman to run around shooting people and keep out of jail—to say nothing of the electric chair?"

(Continued on Page 87)



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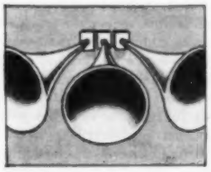

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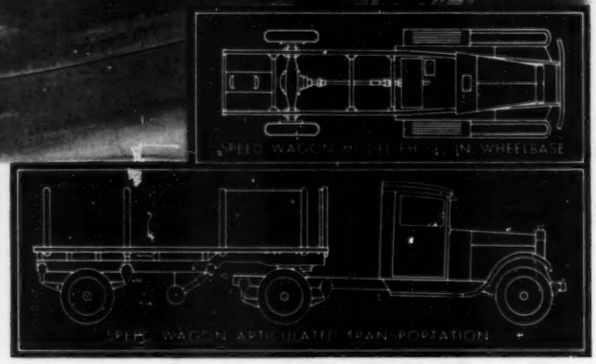

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REO SPEED WAGON — LONG LIFE

(Continued from Page 84)

Morton made no answer and Old Tim, with the delight of a man who looks back upon a problem well solved, amplified his words.

"Diamond Mike had protection," he grunted. "That's a safe bet. And to get it he had to be fairly close to Booley, didn't he?"

Morton nodded.

"Then could there be a better way for me to test my strength against Booley than to bluff this Diamond Mike off his feet?" Old Tim demanded expansively.

"I guess there couldn't," the butler admitted.

Old Tim cackled happily. "This gunman has got to squirm under my thumb," he explained. "In three days, now, comes the primary election. Tonight I want to give Diamond Mike his final instructions for that little event."

"He ought to be here any minute." Morton shrugged. "Fennister got him at his speak-easy and he said he'd be right over. That's why I brought up the liquor."

"By the way," Old Tim cut in, "how's the liquor holding out? Is there plenty in the cellar?"

"It wouldn't harm to get some more," Morton calculated. "But we use less of it, now that Young Tim's away."

"I haven't even had a post card from Timmy," the boss exclaimed, in the tone of a man who suddenly realizes a fact. But he added quickly, "Not that I care a rap."

"Timmy will come to no good end," Morton prophesied dolefully. "But it's only half his fault."

"Why do you keep digging at me like that?" Old Tim demanded querulously. "You know I'm a sick man."

"You just said you weren't sick," Morton grunted.

"Get out of here," Old Tim ordered. "Go down below and wait for Diamond Mike."

The interim between this conversation and the arrival of the gangster afforded Old Tim a brief period in which mentally to run over again the plans he had in mind. The result was that the gunman was brought face to face with an individual charged to the muzzle with dynamite. Old Tim was set and ready, and Diamond Mike had little enough of opportunity to resent what was said.

Morton led the gangster into the room and Old Tim greeted him with an unintelligible grunt of recognition.

"Put a chair over here in front of me, Morton," he directed the butler. "Mike, you sit down in it. Lemme look at you."

The gangster dropped into the chair and fished in the pocket of his waistcoat for his gold cigarette case. Old Tim watched as the nervous hands flicked the case open and drew from it a cigarette. The business of lighting this with the assistance of a gold lighter proved an extravagant bit of pantomime and Old Tim watched it through.

When at last the burning cigarette was tucked deep against the roots of Mike's fingers, Old Tim regarded it there with a perfectly plain sneer gripping his lips. The flesh that held the cigarette in place was yellow with the stain of nicotine. The sapphire and diamond shirt studs of this successful thug sparkled in the light of the room, and Old Tim's gaze fell upon them.

"You look like a fire engine," he grunted.

Diamond Mike grinned, and puffed at his cigarette. "A fire engine's burnin' most of the time," he reminded Old Tim, "but it never burns up."

"I don't want any of your gutter lip," the boss snarled. "You and I understand each other. Without me, you wouldn't have diamonds enough to decorate a gnat's evening slipper! If anything goes wrong in this election, Mike, you're the first one I'm going to sink. Be sure of that. I'll have every one of your joints closed inside thirty-six hours; and just to see that they stay closed, I'll put the finger on you for at least one killing."

"What's the idea?" Diamond Mike inquired. "What makes you so hot and bothered? What could slip on my end? Do you think I've blown my top completely?"

"I don't think you ever had any top," Old Tim said pointedly. "Where I'm concerned, you're just a white mouse. I've got no love for you and I don't want to see or hear from you when we don't have business to do."

"You haven't been getting any violets from me, have you?" Mike asked angrily.

"Your pals will be shipping you lilies from me," Old Tim snapped, "if you don't carry out my orders in the lower wards."

"Haven't I carried out your orders so far?" the gangster asked.

"You have. Now here's a few more for you: There are a hundred and four polling booths in sections of this town that you control. I want you to pull in every bootlegger, gambler, moll buzzer, porch climber, dip, swindler and gunman you operate. See that every polling booth has at least one of these men there."

"Your anchor's draggin'," Diamond Mike interrupted insultingly. "I had that all fixed a week ago. You want to calm yourself, chief."

"Shut up," Old Tim snapped. "Let me tell you what I expect. Then see that I get it. I want an automobile ready at every polling booth. Use this to bring friendly voters to the booths." Diamond Mike shrugged impatiently again but nodded understandingly. "See to it that it's noised around, beginning tonight, that anybody who goes to those booths to vote for the Booley candidates is going to get shot where shooting won't help 'em any. See that that word's spread plenty."

Another nod of Mike's head affirmed understanding and agreement. Old Tim took breath and continued:

"Arrange so that your drifters can use the cars later in the day to jump around and vote under every name for which a vote hasn't been cast."

"That's all fixed, chief," Diamond Mike said again, with some impatience. "I'm tellin' you the truth. I ain't famous for being afraid, but I wouldn't have the nerve to go into any of those places and toss in a vote for a Booley candidate!"

Old Tim chuckled to himself and nodded his head vigorously. "It's your own interests you're protecting," he said. "You'd better protect them well."

"We are," Diamond Mike promised emphatically. "You ain't even mentioned the rubber bands we've got on the votin' machines. They'll see that no Booley votes count if they do slip by."

"Now here's another thing," Old Tim went on after a good chuckle. "I want you to go to Clifford Spalding, the lawyer down on Civic Street. Tell him to institute suit tomorrow morning against Martin Spurgeon. Make it for fifty thousand dollars. You're suing Martin. Do you understand? The basis of the suit is a verbal agreement between you and Spurgeon. The point of the suit is that Spurgeon promised you fifty thousand dollars provided you could get Booley to pay him a hundred thousand for withdrawing as my candidate for city treasurer."

"But I never knew nothin' about that," Diamond Mike interrupted.

"No," Old Tim agreed caustically, "and you probably never will. But I want Spalding to bring that suit and give a statement to the newspapers to the effect that he has brought it. Just as soon as the voting is over, we'll forget the suit."

"I get you," Diamond Mike nodded. "It's in, chief. I'll see Spalding first thing in the morning."

Old Tim nodded. "Be sure that you do," he grunted. "I'll have the newspapermen after Spalding, so the story can break big in tomorrow night's papers. Now one thing more: When you leave here tonight, look up John Glench. Don't tell him anything about this lawsuit. Just get him off in a corner and give him this message from me: Tell him he makes his announcement tomorrow morning, and withdraws from the race in favor of Gustave Kronen."

(Continued on Page 89)

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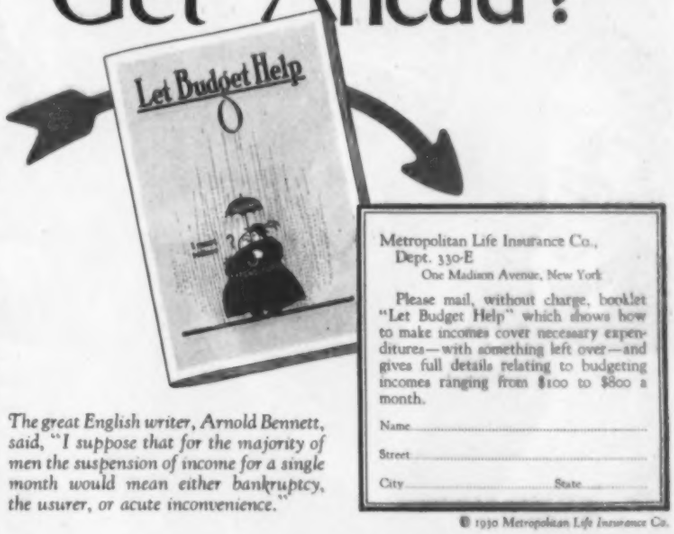

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(Continued from Page 87)

Diamond Mike raised his brows in honest amazement. "Have you got a deal with Glench?" he gasped.

"If I had I wouldn't tell you," Old Tim snapped. "You just do as you're told."

"Okay, chief," the gangster nodded. "Is that all?"

"That's all unless you slip," Old Tim snarled. "If you do that, Mike, there'll be plenty more."

Mike tossed his hands in a gesture of hopelessness. As he did so, the ash from his cigarette fell onto his lap and he promptly stood erect and with the palm of his hand brushed the ashes onto the Persian rug.

"You might give my little pal here a drink, Morton," Old Tim sneered.

"I rate about three after this meeting," Diamond Mike grinned. And then, as the two others watched him, he helped himself copiously. When he had done he hooked his thumbs into the lower pockets of his waistcoat and struck a pose designed to show his sartorial elegance.

"Leave it with me, chief," he said didactically. "Don't give them things another thought. They're in. I'll screw out of here now an' get busy."

Old Tim turned to the window and Morton led Diamond Mike down the stairs. The boss heard the front door close below him and his eyes followed the course of Diamond Mike as the man walked diagonally across the street to a limousine parked there. The byplay that followed was amusing to the boss, for Diamond Mike never went anywhere without a bodyguard.

The three men who constituted this guard appeared now; one from a doorway, another from the shelter of a bush, and still another from the shadow of a near-by tree. They converged with Mike at the car. Thus were the forces of Diamond Mike concentrated in the limousine, and Old Tim knew that the automobile itself was little less than a mobile arsenal.

But thoughts of Diamond Mike passed from his mind almost as quickly as the car passed from his sight. Morton reappeared at the chamber door in search of further instructions.

"Send Fennister up now," Old Tim said to him.

When the secretary arrived he greeted him with something akin to a smile.

"There are two or three matters I want to arrange the first thing in the morning," he said to him. "First, I want you to get in touch with the best newspapermen detailed to cover our activities. I want you to tell them that Clifford Spalding, the lawyer on Civic Street, has one of the biggest stories of the campaign for them. Let them know that this is a straight tip from me, though they aren't to use my name in any way. Just as soon as that's done call up Spalding. Make sure that he's talked with Diamond Mike, and if he has, tell him to go the limit with the newspapermen."

Fennister had taken out his familiar notebook and pencil, and was diligently writing down these instructions.

Old Tim waited until he had done and raised his eyes in anticipation of further directions. Then the old man met his gaze and the wrinkles about his glittering eyes deepened. He chuckled almost inaudibly.

"You remember Spurgeon and his hundred-thousand-dollar deal, don't you?" he asked the secretary.

"I remember," Fennister answered.

"Well," Old Tim explained, "I just learned that the whole idea of that shell-out originated with a gang leader. Now Spurgeon refuses to give the gang leader his share of the swag!" He paused as though enjoying the relation of this story. "I have ways," he said to Fennister, "of finding out such things. After you have finished with Spalding and the newspapermen, I want you to prepare a statement for the press. The statement is to come direct from Norman Trago, and it is to point out that only a gangster could possibly be close enough to Booley to strike a political deal for him." He cackled in delight as he said this, and so keen was his enjoyment that he enlarged upon his theme. "Don't you see the importance of that, Fennister?" he asked. "It ties Jim Booley and Diamond Mike into the closest intimacy. And with all this shouting by Trago of law enforcement nothing could hurt Booley more."

"I see." Fennister nodded. "You're sure that Diamond Mike is actually suing Spurgeon?"

An almost holy light of innocence crept over Old Tim's withered face. His eyes distended in surprise and his yellowed palms went upward in a conclusive gesture.

"What did I tell you to do first?" he asked. "Didn't I say that you were to call Spalding and prove to yourself, and me, and everybody else, that the lawsuit is a fact? You must be certain of that, my boy, before we make the accusation. The last thing in the world we want to do is be unfair to anybody!"

"I'll see to everything," Fennister promised. "Is there anything else I can do for you this evening, Mr. Callahan?"

"Just make one more note. As soon as I'm up in the morning, call up John Glench and tell him to come at once to see me."

Fennister made this final note and started toward the door. As he did so the downstairs doorbell rang. The secretary turned again toward Old Tim and asked, "No matter who that may be, you'll probably not want to see them tonight?"

"No," Old Tim snapped. "I don't want to see them; no matter who they are. Tell them I've gone to bed." Fennister passed out of the room and closed the door behind him.

Old Tim, alone now in his chamber, straightened wearily from his chair and started toward the bed. Once he ran the palm of his hand over his forehead and through his scraggly hair. This was a gesture of weariness.

At the edge of the bed he lifted his left hand and clutched somewhat spasmodically at his dressing gown in the neighborhood of his heart. There, alone, he was face to face with himself, and his long-cultivated art of dispassionate reasoning left no room for compromise.

He stood thus for several moments. The glitter left his eyes and they roamed about the familiar surroundings of the room. A look of vast inquiry, tempered no little by wonderment, filled them. Over the fireplace was a portrait in oils of his wife. Once her presence had filled this room with radiance. At the end of the mantelpiece, in a silver frame, was a picture of Patricia. Upon this the old man gazed at length, and his face softened. He clutched tighter with the fingers of his left hand. Then he turned again and saw an almost forgotten picture of his son. With this sight, anger did not rise within him. He looked almost disinterestedly upon this picture of his son; finally turned and walked a few steps toward it. It was a dissolute face. Weakness lay in every feature. The chin was long and pointed. The jaw lacked contour. The cheek bones were too high and the forehead not sufficiently broad. The eyes were set too close together, and even this photograph of them disclosed a furtiveness that Old Tim could not fail to recognize. His lips moved, and with an effort he turned his gaze from this picture once more to the portrait in oils of his wife. This woman he had found it necessary to bribe out of his home.

"You look alike," he muttered. Then, accusingly, to the mute face there on the canvas, he said, "You were a cheat too. And he's your son. He's not like Pat."

Once more he turned toward the bed. But he got only halfway there when his hand came upward to his heart again and clutched the dressing gown there. For a moment he paused, weakness assailing him. Then he turned abruptly, and from the bottle of whisky which Morton had left, he drank deep. Under the stimulus of the liquor, he found his way to the bed and sat down upon its edge. His eyes lifted again to the portrait in oils and his withered palms wrung between his knees. For the moment he was just a tired old man.

(Continued on Page 91)

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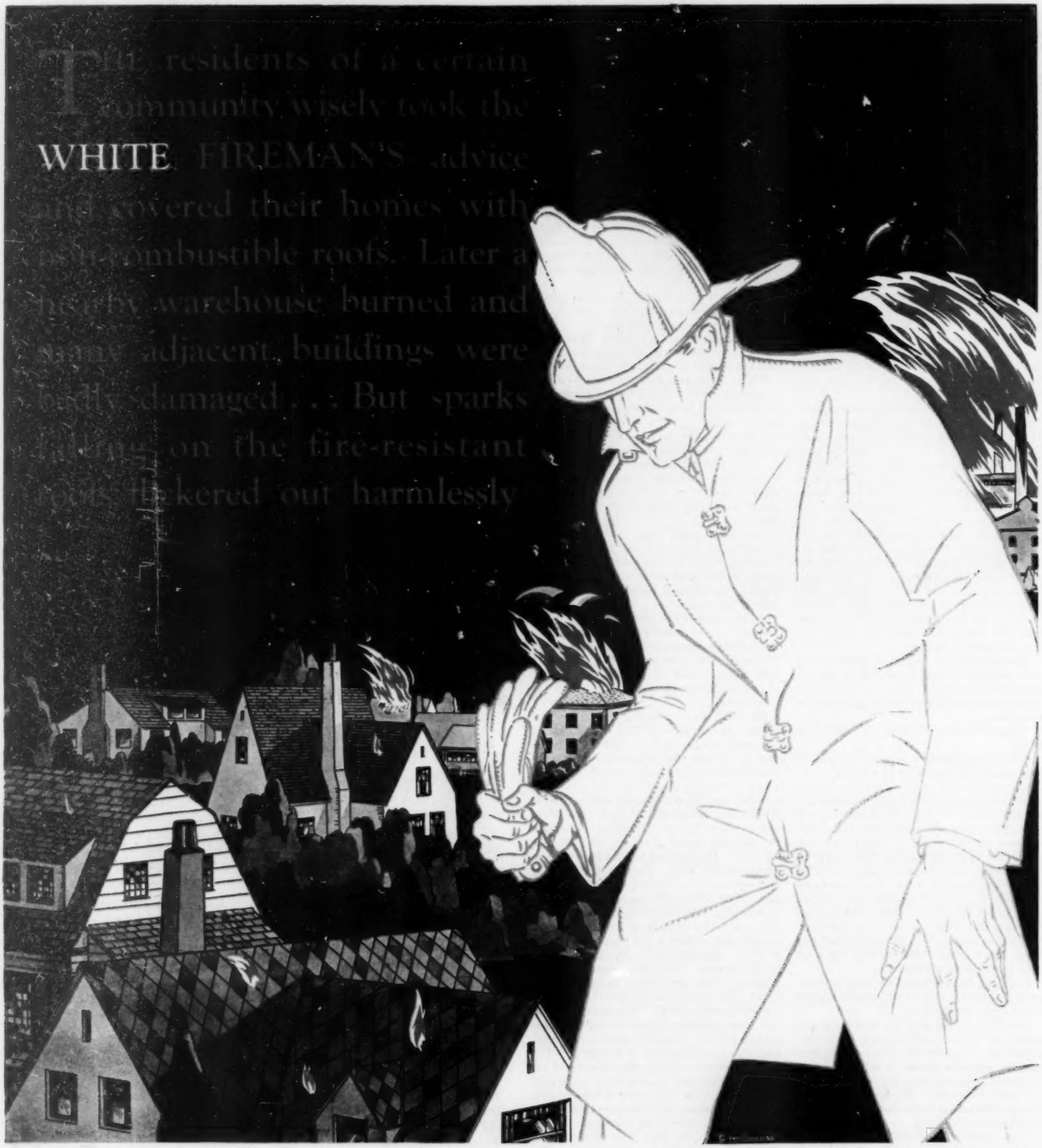
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(Continued from Page 89)

He was sitting thus when Fennister knocked lightly on the door.

"I don't want to be interrupted!" Old Tim called throatily. "Go away!"

But Fennister's hand turned the knob, and deliberately he opened the door and stepped into the room.

"I told you to go away!" Old Tim screamed at him. "I told you I wouldn't see anybody!"

"I'm sorry, Mr. Callahan," Fennister said. "But I think you'll see this caller." He turned and spoke through the open door. "You'd better come right in."

The man who entered the room was stocky of build and broad of shoulder. In his right hand he carried a black derby hat, and in his left the stub of a half-smoked cigar.

"Evenin', Mr. Callahan," he greeted dubiously. "It's too bad I have to come to you in this way, but it seemed the best thing we could do under the circumstances."

By the presence of this man Old Tim was galvanized into action. He stood erect and shook his finger at him.

"Hell's bells and gingerbread!" he cried. "What are you doing here? Why do you stammer about things? What do you want? If you've got anything to say, say it and get out."

The man shrugged his broad shoulders. "I'm Detective Miller from the precinct here," he said irritably. "It's your son, Mr. Callahan. He's in a pretty bad jam. He's just killed a man."

Old Tim's finger became suddenly still. His hand hung in mid-air for a moment, as might a bird which, in flight, meets a charge of shot.

Then, like a bird, it toppled lifeless to his side. His mouth sagged suddenly open and his jaw hung at a weird angle. Fennister stepped toward him, and this angered Old Tim.

"Keep away from me," he said throatily. Then he cackled his laugh again, and to the detective said, "You're a liar. This is just a dirty Booley trick. My son's in Europe."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Callahan," the officer answered deferentially, "but your son's at police headquarters. He got back from Europe a week ago. He's pretty drunk right now, and he drove his car again. Up over a sidewalk he went, and he hit a man and broke his neck. There's plenty of witnesses."

During this narration Old Tim sat there speechless on the edge of the bed and followed with all his being the words of this man.

"Not only that," the detective went on, "but Gilhooley's got hold of it. He hates you, Mr. Callahan. As district attorney he's going to ride your kid as hard as he can." He paused for a moment, and when Old Tim could not speak he continued, "I figured you'd want to know this, sir. I'm on my own, coming up here to tell you. I guess if it got noised around I'd be out of a job."

Fennister stepped across the room and poured into a glass a small amount of whisky. This he carried to Old Tim and made offer of it. But the boss shook his head slowly and lifted a weary hand to thrust aside the drink. Some of it splashed over the side of the glass and a drop or two ran slowly down his arm. To this he gave no heed, but the incident seemed to revive him. And at last he spoke to the detective.

"He's locked up at headquarters?" he asked.

The detective nodded. "Well," Old Tim sighed, "see that he don't get bail, that's all. I'll do what I can about it in the morning."

The detective turned toward the door and the political boss called after him, "Leave with my secretary the name and address of the man he killed."

The words and the speaker were listless, crushed.

The detective reached into his inner pocket. "I can give you that right now, sir," he answered.

Instantly Old Tim was on his feet, eyes a-glitter. "Hell's bells and gingerbread!" he shrilled. "Didn't I tell you to give it to my secretary? Can't you even do as you're told? Now get out of here, all of you! I want to sleep!"

As Fennister went slowly down the grand staircase, followed by the detective, they met Patricia and Hector Sparr returning from the Trago mass meeting.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

POST SCRIPTS

(Continued from Page 26)

The aria of Bach. The parting of the curtains and the dancer herself. The dim foreboding. The first interpretation, which seems to involve a good deal of skipping. The second and third, which do pretty much the same. The reflection that here it is ten-thirty and she hasn't cleared up Bach for you yet. The feeling that perhaps you just don't understand it but that it must be very beautiful. The quickly suppressed suspicion that it is not. The sudden rush of sympathy to your husband. The polite applause in which he nobly joins. His comment, which is mercifully lost.

The dancer again. The attempt to concentrate. The wandering eye. The discovery of the sleepy little children in the neighboring box. The whispered information that they are the dancer's children. The immediate decision that if dancers must be also good wives and mothers you don't want to be let in on it. Personally you prefer your dryads dubious. The effort to listen to the music and ignore the dancer. The failure to do so. The spring dance. The chiffon scarf. The slipping wreath. The recollection of Beatrice Lillie. The growing desire to giggle. The giggle that you turn into a cough. The feeling of hysteria. Your husband's hand. The sweeping curtains and the blessed end. The good-by's to your host. The manufactured phrases and the quick get-away. The restoration in the taxi of domestic harmony and the fervent thanksgiving that you married a man who doesn't like interpretive dancing either. —PATRICIA COLLINGE.

I'm Glad

SOME things for me have slight allure.
I have no zest for art moderne;
I crave to hear no overture,
And spinach—any style—I spurn;
Yet, even spinach I might learn
To eat and be a fair consumer
Ere I could hear with unconcern:
"I'm glad I have my sense of humor."

I'll suffer through "Our foreign tour ——"
Without the motion to adjourn;
A thrice-told tale I will endure,
Although to shriek aloud I burn.
But—have a care! The worm will turn,
Though it should cause cerebral tumor.
To pounce upon this screed I yearn:
"I'm glad I have my sense of humor."

It has a sound so smug and sure,
A self-love easy to discern.
I must myself to this inure,
Or seek an island à la Verne,
Where, safe mid haunts of palm and fern,
I'll have no cause to fret or fume or
Hear, while I alone sojourn,
"I'm glad I have my sense of humor."

Envoi

Why do I not such folk abjure
And live, a solitary roomer?
The answer is that I've the cure:
You see—I have my sense of humor.
—*Blanche Goodman.*

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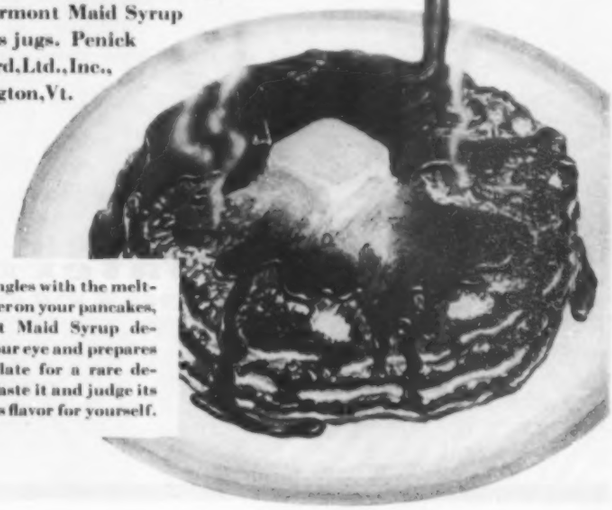

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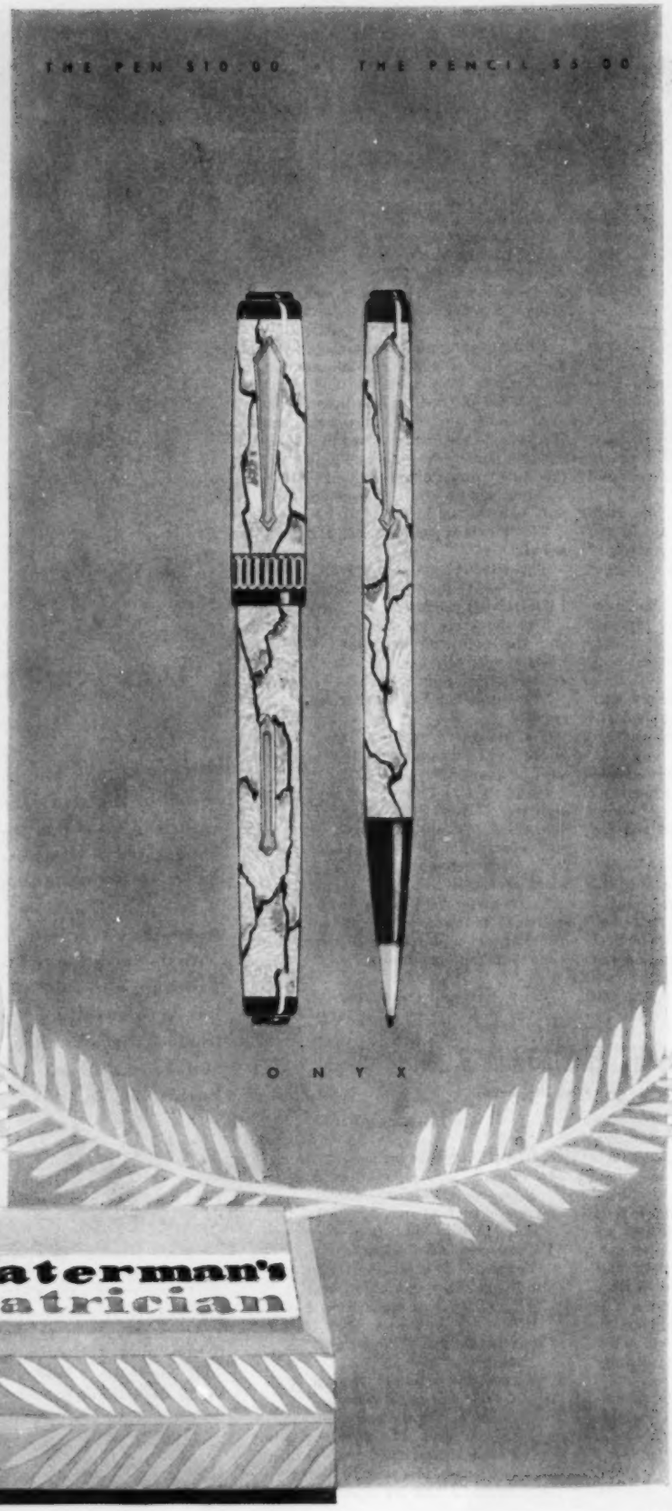

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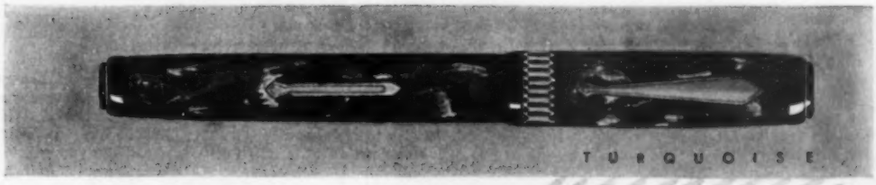

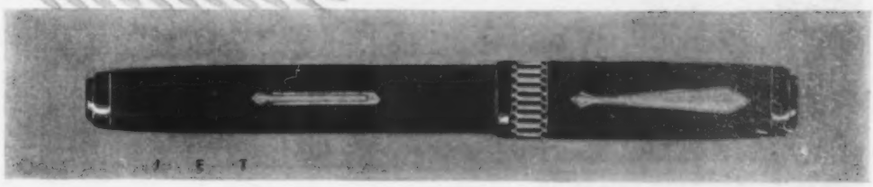

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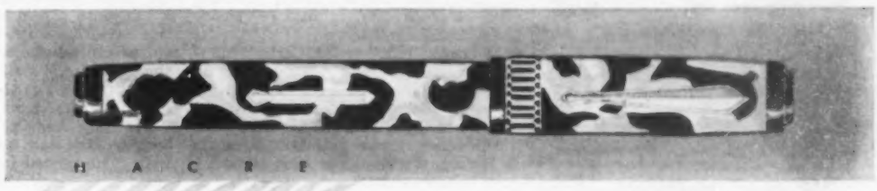

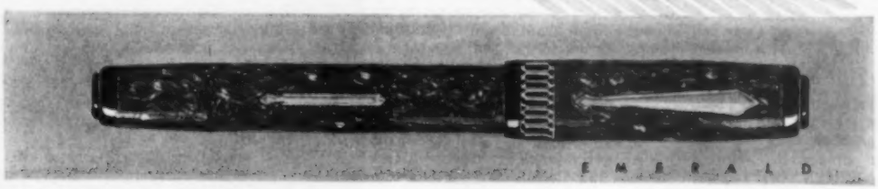

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A MATTER OF NERVE

(Continued from Page 19)

"I hear," said Curtis, "the Hampstead and Taunton Railroad is on its last legs again."

"Not more than usual," said Mr. Ralston, as one would speak about an indulged child. "Still two streaks of rust that the wind can't blow off the ties."

"No place in the modern scheme of things for twenty-four-mile railroads," said Curtis largely. "Uneconomical. Still a stockholder?"

"Oh, yes. It's a sentiment with me."

"Sentiment," said Mr. Curtis, "never pays dividends."

"I've found that out."

"Why don't you sell the darn thing?"

"To whom?" asked Mr. Ralston. "To a toy store that wants a window display?"

It was after this that Jeff took up the Hampstead and Taunton Railroad in a serious way. He discovered it to be a little line twenty-four miles long, running off at a tangent from the main lines, up the valley of the Taunton River, through three or four villages dependent upon it for outlet, and terminating in the little city of Taunton. When it could, the railroad followed the river bed; when it couldn't—as the river descended and the hills rose higher—it perched on ledges and shoulders high above the stream. It owned one passenger train and a couple of freight engines, and made two round trips a day. For tax purposes the state board had valued it physically at five hundred thousand dollars.

Also, Jeff found out that an early development of the Tri-State Power Company had been the building of a dam and power house about four miles above Taunton, and the construction of a great dam and storage reservoir for the dry summer months some two miles to the west of Hampstead.

On a day of leisure Jeff made a round trip on the train. He discovered that there were private dams of manufacturing concerns at Winningham and Browning. But, practically speaking, the river was undeveloped from reservoir to Taunton. Also it was clear to him that it never could be developed without removing the railroad to the hilltops. Where the valley narrowed at Winningham and at Browning immense power dams were practicable—this was evident even to a layman.

"H'm," Jeff said to himself, "railroad stay—no power dam; railroad go—plenty power dam. I wonder."

And then: "Suppose Mr. Curtis is interested in this jerk-water railroad. Is it on his own account or as a representative of the power company? Having studied the person and the soul of Mr. Curtis, I guess it is personal. I guess that Mr. Curtis has an inkling. I guess he is being adroit. I guess he noses around in the underbrush to pick him up this little lambkin so he can sell it to the power company as a fatted calf. A swell idea."

It was not difficult to discover there had been rumors of such a future for a number of years, but nothing had come of them, and the vicinage had grown to expect nothing of them. Surveyors had been seen to survey every now and then, but they no longer excited the populace.

"As an exercise in pure reason," Jeff told himself, "I've done a day's work and the whistle has blown."

Next day Jeff dropped in to see Jack Creed, his one friend and an astute young legal person.

"Jack," he said, "I want you to take a look-see at the Hampstead and Taunton Railroad. Who owns the stock and how much? Has anybody been buying? And so forth."

"To what end, wayfarer?"

"To take the cash and let the credit go. Proceed as one inspired." He paused. "And also buy. With caution and circumspection and never in the same place twice."

"At what price?"

"Cheap," said Jeff. "Ridiculous if possible. Avoid a rush at the bargain counter. Be secret as a creeping death and don't let your right hand know what my left hand is doing."

"Check," said Mr. Creed. "But why?"

"I don't like the way Mr. Dayton Curtis wears his eyebrows," said Jeff.

"Is he in it?"

"If he's not," said Jeff, "I'll own a lot of railroad I can get along without."

"Going to sell it to him?"

"Young man, I'm deeper than that. I'm digging me a pit and putting a sharpened stake in the bottom thereof. I desire to impale the passenger. Yours but to do and die. Gallant six hundred!"

"Boom! Boom! go the cannon," said Creed. "Ker-lump! Ker-lump! go the cavalry."

Ten days later Creed reported. "I've cleaned out the odd lots. Heaps of folks had ten-share certificates framed over the piano. Would they sell? For cash? Oh, boy!"

"And?"

"I got Ralston's block for seventy-five."

"Also?"

"Vance's thousand shares for seventy-four and an hour's dickering. In brief, you now own 53 per cent of that road and it has cost you about a hundred and eighty thousand—which is dirt cheap if you have a passion for railroads."

"Any questions?"

"Lots. To all of which I answered, 'Hush-hush—for God and Country.' Oath of secrecy and all that. But the last day was tougher. Someone else is buying."

"Ten days late and the curtain is up," said Jeff. "Now we find a cushion and sit softly behind the arras."

"What do we wait for?"

"For Mr. Dayton Curtis to discover he can buy only 47 per cent."

"And then?"

"The impaling will take place with appropriate speeches and routine."

"May I ask how?"

"The art of Japanese wrestling," said Jeff, "is to let the enemy grunt and bust his own back. Mr. Curtis thinks he's a heap smarter than anybody. So he's going to do the smart thing. He's going to be remarkably, astoundingly, bafflingly astute, not to say adroit. After which, I think, he will spit cotton because his mouth will be dry."

Two days passed and three days and four days. Then Creed made report that no less a personage than Curtis had paid him the honor of a call.

"He's cleaned up the outstanding," said Jack, "and his mind is troubled. I was vague. My memory was feeble. I had bought a little stock for clients, but I didn't know. He offered me seventy-five. He raised it to eighty. He hinted at eighty-five. I mentioned the estates of deceased persons, widows, orphans and trust funds. He smelled a rat and I swore on my sacred honor I never heard of the Tri-State Power Company and never had bought a share for them. He guesses somebody with the speculative instinct. I hinted he might be right."

"Now the Japanese," said Jeff.

"Meaning?"

"About tomorrow Mr. Curtis will become devious and plotful. We will hear rumors and perhaps have statements. Possibly a piece in the paper. Watch for it."

It was a shrewd guess. The paper, on its front page, carried a story purporting to be from official sources, denying any rumors that the Tri-State was interested in the railroad or would develop further the valley, and calling attention to the road's yearly deficit and the imminence of bankruptcy.

"Whereupon," said Jeff, "Mr. Curtis will flood the market. He aims at panic. Hampstead and Taunton stock will be had at a bargain. So set about seven smart young men to buying when it drops to, say, fifty. We might even sell a little to ourselves to help it along. Let's be a panic ourselves. I'm now selling you a thousand shares at fifty. Give that to the papers. Only your name is John Smith or something, and mine will be Bill Brown. Get her all snarled up. Sell and buy—but don't let a share of ours slip while you pick up every share of his that comes out of hiding."

"Got the money?"

"Enough, with what I can borrow."

Then, for something over a week, the town seethed and boiled and exhaled steam and lava. There were five thousand shares of Hampstead and Taunton, but the paper reported sales and resales involving five or six times that number of shares, and it is no wonder if Mr. Curtis became slightly bewildered.

He had caused his panic; he had forced the price down to fifty and even to forty, and hoped to push it to thirty. Then, swiftly, he would swoop and come up with a railroad in his teeth. But!

"Hey, listen!" said Jack Creed in some excitement. "Where are we at? D'ye know we own six thousand two hundred and four shares of a railroad that has only five thousand shares? Eh? And what's the answer? We've paid cash for them. What's the idea?"

"The idea is to wait till Mr. Curtis starts in to buy," said Jeff. "Which he will find difficult."

"He's obligated to deliver a thousand two hundred and four shares that he hasn't got."

"We'll sell 'em to him," said Jeff. "Maybe you can hear of someone who has a few lots up to that amount, eh?"

"At what price?"

"The price," said Jeff, "will depend on this and that. Sit tight is the motto. Let tomorrow wallow in tomorrow's problems."

"Check," said young Mr. Creed.

"So long," said Jeff, "as long as my name is never named. Nothing has leaked?"

"To suppose you are concerned in this deal," said Creed, "is to be absurd."

"Good," said Jeff, "and good-by."

Jeff might or might not have been pleased if he could have been present in the bank next morning when Dayton Curtis came in hurriedly to consult with Mr. Vance, Abigail's father.

"Mr. Vance," he said, "you are aware I have been doing a deal in Hampstead and Taunton stock?"

"I think everyone knows that," said Mr. Vance, not without a certain dryness. "How is it progressing?"

Curtis scowled. "There's a hitch," he said. "My plan was perfect. There wasn't a flaw in it."

"Obviously," said Mr. Vance.

"I think I understand how to manipulate a stock," said the young man. "I handled this thing as nobody but a first-class operator could have done. But there's something queer."

"We're queer people in Hampstead," said Mr. Vance.

"Anyhow, in the beginning, I couldn't buy as much stock as I needed. There seemed to be some idiots who figured the stuff was an investment. I heard a lot of cock and bull about widows and orphans."

"Indeed!"

"So I started in scientifically to shake 'em out. I sold in lumps till the market went down the elevator shaft."

"Intending, of course, to buy when everyone was in a panic."

"Naturally."

Mr. Vance's lips twitched. "Don't tell me you overdid it?"

Curtis gnawed his lip. "It looks so," he said. "On the check-up I find I've sold a thousand-odd shares more than I owned."

"Ah! And to whom?"

"As nearly as I can find out to a number of different people."

"Who didn't go into a panic and sell back again?"

"It's against all reason. I never heard of such a state of affairs."

(Continued on Page 97)

The old way
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Gruen Quadrons—all with the rectangular movement. *Top, the Techni-Quadron, for those who desire accurate time in seconds, $60. Second, Gruen Quadron, 17-jewel* PRECISION *movement, $65. Third and bottom, two 17-jewel* PRECISION *Quadrons, cased in 14-kt. solid gold, gold filled bands, $92.50 and $107.50 respectively.*

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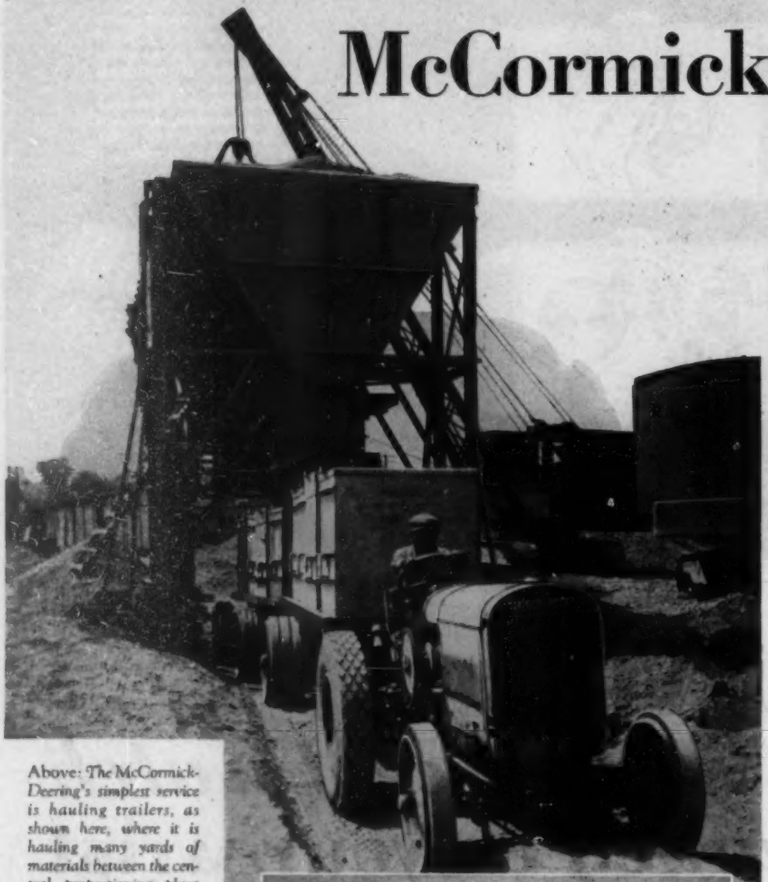

Above: *The McCormick-Deering's simplest service is hauling trailers, as shown here, where it is hauling many yards of materials between the central proportioning plant and the concrete mixer.*

Below: *This McCormick-Deering-powered dump wagon makes quick work of dirt moving.*

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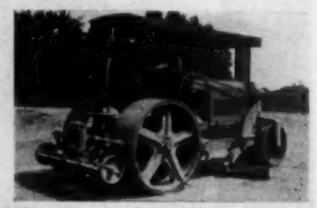

At left: *One of the many applications of McCormick-Deering Power; operating a derrick shovel on a big road project.*

At right: *Power to operate this combination roller, scarifier, and leveler is furnished by the McCormick-Deering Power Plant.*

McCORMICK-DEERING INDUSTRIAL TRACTORS

(Continued from Page 94)

"So you're short a thousand shares you are unable to cover—and don't know who holds the buggy whip?"

"You know this town better than I. Tri-State has nothing to do with it. Can you find who has that stock, and why? Never have I met with such a crowd of dumb-bells."

"Has it occurred to you that it may not be a crowd of dumb-bells, Dayton? Or that you may have met an operator who was almost as efficient as yourself?"

"In Hampstead? Nonsense!"

Mr. Vance leaned back in his chair and closed his eyes. "By the way," he asked, "have you played much golf here?"

"Several times."

"Then you have met our young professional?"

"And how you stand for him I can't understand. I've intended to write a letter to the greens committee."

"Ah," said Mr. Vance, and nodded his head. "You collided with McTodd, eh? And were you polite to him, Dayton? Or did you get uppity in a public manner."

"He was impertinent to me before Abigail," said Curtis.

Mr. Vance opened one eye and regarded Curtis thoughtfully. "Before Abigail, eh? Well! Well! I wondered. Something made me wonder. Um."

"And why not? You know, of course, that I am going to marry Abigail?"

"I've heard it hinted—outside the house," said Mr. Vance placidly. "But to get back to the mutton. Did you come to me for advice or what?"

"As I said, you know these people better than I. Who do I go to, and what course shall I take?"

"If my surmise is right," said Mr. Vance, "you will not have to go to anybody at all, and your course will be efficiently mapped for you. In brief, Dayton, you seem to have let someone put a ring in your nose and so you'll have to submit to being led."

"I've talked to a young lawyer named Creed, but I can get nothing out of him."

"Few do. Well, Curtis, my advice to you is to go and play golf while developments manifest themselves."

"Why not?" asked Dayton Curtis, with an obvious intention to demonstrate sang-froid. "May I telephone Abigail from here?"

Mr. Vance motioned toward the telephone and listened while Curtis commanded rather than invited his daughter to the golf course.

Half an hour later Curtis drove up to the club with Abigail Vance and presently walked past the shop to the first tee. But he paused abruptly, for he caught sight of Jack Creed inside talking to Jefferson McTodd.

"Pardon me a moment," he said to Abigail. "There's a man I want a word with."

Abigail, very lovely to look at, leaned negligently against the door frame and waited.

"Creed," asked Curtis, "are any of your clients ready to do business?"

Jack looked at Jeff, who nodded. "My client is," said Creed.

"Good. Can you deliver to me a thousand two hundred and four shares of Hampstead and Taunton?"

"Why, I think I can."

"Then let's do business."

"That you will have to do direct with my client," said Jack. "I think, however, you have met Mr. McTodd."

"This man?" asked Curtis ungently.

"Why, yes," said Jeff softly. "Mr. Creed has represented me in this matter."

"And you've a thousand shares? Where'd you get them?" Curtis' voice was arrogant.

"I believe you sold them to me."

"Have you more than a thousand shares?"

"To be exact, I hold at the present glad hour exactly six thousand two hundred and four shares. Five thousand have been delivered, but I am waiting anxiously for the rest. And with some pardonable curiosity. There aren't but five thousand shares, you know, so I am moved to wonder where and by the exercise of what gifts you are going to get some more."

"You—you own the entire issue!"

"Plus," said Jeff. "Doubtless in the city you have heard of a corner—which I understand is frowned upon by the Governors of the Stock Exchange. But we haven't a stock exchange here, so nobody can frown."

"But—but you're nothing but a golf professional. I—there's something funny about this."

"I'm laughing myself," said Jeff. "It would seem you have sold me a couple of thousand shares of actual stock for a great deal less than you paid for them. I appreciate it. And you have sold me this other block of nonexistent stock which requires some sort of a settlement. Wouldn't you think so?"

"What do you demand?"

Jeff came out from behind the counter and stood before Dayton Curtis. "I'm going to tell you," he said. "The first time you came into this shop you challenged me to play golf. For reasons you would not understand I declined to play with you and there was some conversation about nerve. Perhaps you remember."

"I remember you didn't have the stomach to play me."

"That was the tune," said Jeff, "but I've written new words to it. On the general subject of nerve, but not my nerve. We're going to sing about yours. So here's my proposition. It is the only proposition, first, last and final. And we'll see where the yellow paint belongs. It's a chance to cut your losses. I'll play you eighteen holes of golf here and now to see whether you pay me a hundred thousand or fifty thousand to square up the mess you're in. And that's that. Take a long feel at your pulse and report on the state of the nerves."

"You mean you'll play me eighteen holes for fifty thousand dollars!"

"In effect."

Dayton Curtis became conscious suddenly of Abigail Vance and turned to stare at her as she stood in the doorway. That she was interested was evident, for her lips were parted and her eyes glistening. Eagerness was in her pose, almost tenseness, and she was unsmiling.

"But," Curtis was almost at the stammering point, "this deal is business. It's business. You can't mix golf and business like this."

"I can," said Jeff brightly. "Beginning now. Or your check for a hundred thousand. You've everything to win and nothing to lose. All I get is the satisfaction of watching your little ganglia constrict. Shall I get my clubs?"

Again Curtis looked toward Abigail. He felt cornered. He was challenged, affronted, before his woman. The situation could not be wriggled out of.

"I'll play you, confound you," he said.

"And I'll be gallery," said Abigail in an odd voice.

"I hoped you would," said Jeff. "Are we ready?"

They walked to the first tee.

"I'll give you the honor," Jeff said negligently. "Paste it on the nose."

Then started a game which was not a game of golf but a game of human beings striving to function under strain; a game of courage; a game where something finer than skill or strength would win. It was man against man; heart against heart—it was character against character.

Curtis played with set jaws and dogged determination; Jeff was debonair—not Smart Aleck, but gay. Curtis played as if playing for life itself; Jeff as if in a practice round, seemingly with no concentration or vexation of mind. Curtis' second sliced into a trap.

"Nerves, Curtis! Or nerve!" said Jeff. "Keep the mind free and the courage high."

"Play your own game," Curtis snapped; and even Abigail could see that his hand was unsteady as he reached for his niblick.

"One up, and the birds are singing," Jeff said as he putted in his par four. He drove almost while he was speaking to Jack,

Efficienc
EVERY day modern industry becomes more exacting in its demands for efficiency of operation. To maintain production at its maximum, it is highly important that no unnecessary time be given to the relacing of belts.
The Clipper No. 6 Speed Lacer is the latest marvel of efficiency in belt lacing.
It laces both ends of belts from one to six inches in width in 90 seconds! It applies a pressure of 37,500 lbs. with such velvet smoothness that the Clipper Hooks are embedded flush with the belt surface, without damage to the belt fibres. It produces a joint far more lasting than that achieved by any other type of lacer.
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FURNISHED WITH STAND AT AN ADDITIONAL COST
Whatever your shop requirements, there's a Clipper Lacer to meet them efficiently—lacing the smallest of belts up to the heavier and wider ones. And the use of Clipper Pins and Clipper Hooks ensures a perfect, lasting joint. For complete demonstration, communicate with your nearest dealer, or with the
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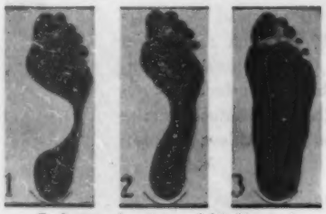
7 in 10 have Weak Arches

The Pedo-graph Tells the Story

Pedo-graph prints made of the feet of 4763 men, women and children, reveal the startling fact that 7 in 10 are afflicted with weakened arches and suffer from a foot trouble directly traceable to an arch condition!



Pedo-graph prints of (1) Normal Foot; (2) Weak Foot; (3) Flat Foot.

How prints of the stockinged feet are made with Dr. Scholl's Pedo-graph machine, revealing the exact nature and extent of any foot ailment.

If you have aching, weary feet, burning sensations in the soles, painful callouses, sore heels, rheumatic-like foot and leg pains, cramped toes or swollen ankles—you may be certain that you have *weak or fallen arches and foot strain.*

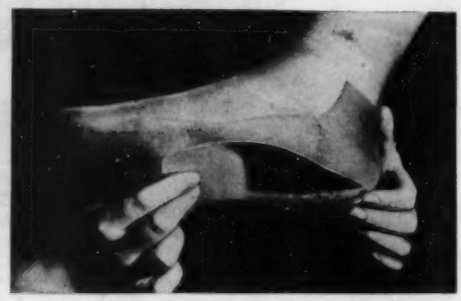
SEVEN in ten persons are afflicted that way. It affects men, women and children, and is a steady drain on their nervous energy.

These foot conditions are quickly relieved and permanently corrected by Dr. Scholl's New Improved Arch Supports. They gently support the bones and ligaments, increase the circulation and stimulate muscular action until the strength of the arch is entirely restored.

These Appliances differ radically from anything ever designed for the purpose. They are extremely *thin*; weigh but a *fraction* of ordinary supports, and fit into any shoe like an *insole*. Worn with *immediate* comfort.

These new Appliances are actually *molded* to conform to the shape of your arches. Being adjustable, they are raised as the condition of your feet improves. Only an *adjustable* arch support can restore weak and broken down arches to normal. This insures complete and final correction in a short time, after which it is no longer necessary to wear them.

At no expense to yourself, leading Shoe and Dept. stores will make Pedo-graph prints and a complete analysis of your feet. These stores feature Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort Service and scientifically fit Dr. Scholl's New Improved Arch Supports and other Appliances for all foot troubles.



Dr. Scholl's New Improved Arch Supports end pain immediately, restore the feet to normal

There is a specific Dr. Scholl Appliance or Remedy *for all other foot troubles*—40 in all. Each one is guaranteed to relieve and permanently correct the ailment for which it is designed. All are made under Medical and Orthopedic supervision. Sold at Shoe, Drug and Department Stores.

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Write for free copy of Dr. Scholl's booklet, describing the symptoms of all foot ailments and their correction, care of the feet, etc. Address, The Scholl Mfg. Co., Chicago.

Dr Scholl's
Foot Comfort Appliances and Remedies

sweet and long down the middle of the fairway. Curtis, fighting for self-control, managed a passable drive.

"I'm going to let you win this one," Jeff said, and deliberately picked up his ball. "That'll put us on an even basis. Go ahead and hole out."

The match from that point has become historic. Jeff frolicked. Joyously he gave Curtis a half on the third. Purposely he let him have a half on the fourth when Curtis, commencing to wabble, took a five on a three par. So it went. It was apparent to Abigail, apparent to a gallery which had been gathering as the news spread, that Jeff could have won hole after hole that he grinned and threw away.

"What's he up to?" Abigail whispered.

"I don't know," Creed said, "but he seems to have a grudge against this man Curtis. Ask me and I'll say this is pretty grim. Jeff's trying to break him wide open."

And so they came to the eighteenth tee all level—all level when Jeff, playing even a mediocre game, could have been four or five up.

He stepped to Curtis. "Mister," he said, "you uttered words about nerve. Now we come to it. All level, aren't we, and the eighteenth is a three par. Just a nice mashie shot. For fifty thousand dollars—and maybe a lot more, eh? So let's see. Your honor, Curtis—for fifty thousand—and—well, the dear old self-respect. Shoot."

Curtis teed his ball and took his stance. He stood so long it seemed to the gallery he would never swing. Then he stepped away, shook his head, took his hands off the club to rub them together—and they were trembling. Abigail was watching him tensely. Jeff, his back to the hole, chatted gayly with Jack Creed. Curtis took his stance again, and his whole body could be seen to quiver; the club rested unsteadily on the turf. He swung. Perhaps no one will ever know the effort he made to compel himself to swing. It was not a golfer's stroke, but cramped, tense, blind. The ball, topped, rolled a dozen feet ahead of the tee and Curtis stared after it unseeing.

"Now I'll take the floor," said Jeff.

Almost before the last word was uttered he swung. The ball lifted high, cut the air with just the little drift of a perfect pitch, dropped to the green and gripped the turf not two feet from the cup. The gallery gave a little gasp. Curtis got up heavily from the bench, walked to his ball, addressed it—and then he broke. Instead of swinging at the ball he chopped at it; he flailed at it wildly, blindly as a frightened man killing a snake. He had cracked. He spoke language and pounded and chopped at the ball as if he would destroy it or drive it forever out of sight in the ground. And then he hurled the club across the fairway and broke for the shelter of the clubhouse.

For a moment there was nothing but silence; then a common sigh, and very gravely the gallery followed Jeff and stood as he holed out his birdie two.

"Whew!" said Jack Creed softly to Abigail. "I never want to see that done again."

"I don't want to see it done again," Abigail said gravely. "But I am thankful I saw it done once." She turned to Jeff. "I should like to speak to you when you put your clubs away, if I may."

"Certainly," said Jeff, and walked to the shop, from which he came presently to see Abigail sitting on the bench beside the first tee.

"What can I do for you?" he asked distantly.

Abigail looked up at him intently, unwaveringly. "Don't you know?" she asked.

"How should I know?"

"Because you have something finer than the nerve you just demonstrated," she said. "Courage! Now don't you know?"

"I do not."

"Because you are afraid to know?"

"I am not afraid."

"Then are you going to ask me to marry you?"

Jeff returned her gaze now and shook his head slowly. "Of course not," he said.

"You love me?" she asked.

"Yes."

"And I love you," said Abigail in a matter-of-fact voice. "What then?"

"Nothing."

"Why?"

"You know what happens to girls who make *mésalliances*. They get in the tabloids. Their friends no longer receive them. They wake up in a day or two and find their lives ruined. Their families are made miserable ——"

Abigail interrupted. "Mine wouldn't be miserable. I told dad I was going to propose. He was for it. He gave three rousing cheers."

"Your father was for it—for letting you marry a golf professional?"

"And mother said she bet I couldn't get you."

"Your mother!"

"None other. You see they both knew I fell in love with you months ago. I tell them things. Especially interesting things like that."

Jeff frowned. "Have they discovered ——" he commenced, and then checked himself.

"Discovered what? I don't understand. All I know is they like you very much. Dad is quite insane about you. Which brings us again to the question. Mr. Jefferson McTodd, as a very special favor, will you marry me?"

Jeff hesitated, battled. Then, suddenly, he became very boyish. "Honest? Honest Injun, do you love me?"

"Like the very dickens!" said Abigail fervently.

"You win," said Jeff, and looked around him awkwardly.

"Looking for what?" asked Abigail.

"An arras," said Jeff.

"What's an arras, lunatic?"

"It's what you kiss girls behind," said Jeff.

"How will a parasol do?" asked Abigail, and opened one.

A voice from the locker house bellowed: "Gentleman asking for Mr. McTodd."

"Coming," said Jeff. "You might as well come. Got to get used to the atmosphere of a professional's shop from now on."

"I'll dote on it," she said.

They stepped into the shop to be confronted by a bulky figure, belligerent, with bushy iron-gray hair and dangerous jowls.

"Well, well! Well, well, well!" rumbled T. P. McTodd. "It's you, eh? Huh. H'm. Had to see you. Lonesome. Man's got some rights in his son. Who's the girl? Introduce me."

"Miss Vance," said Jeff, "my father. Dad, Abigail is about to become Mrs. McTodd."

Abigail was staring oddly at T. P. She nodded her head severely. "So you're his father, are you? Well, I've seen your pictures. And I'd like to know what's the idea. And, from you, young man, I'd like to know what's the idea also."

"Er—what idea?" asked T. P.

"Of deceiving me. Here I woo and win a dandy golf professional, and I'm all set up over it. Then what happens? He turns out to be the son of T. P. McTodd! What a swell piece of tough luck that is."

"But," blustered the old gentleman, "I ain't so bad. Honest. It ain't the kid's fault. But say, he's a slick kid, ain't he? Headstrong. Stubborn's a mule, but, by dad, I'm proud of him. Ain't you?"

"Gosh-awful proud," said Abigail; and then, "Come on home, Daddy McTodd, and meet the folks."

Editor's Note—This is the last of a series of stories by Mr. Kelland.

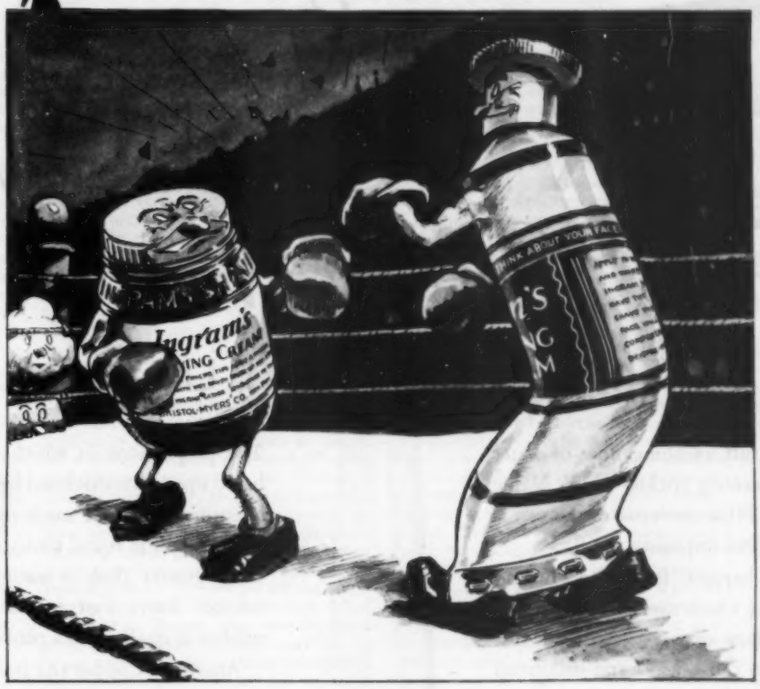
A cool $5,000.00 *and* a cool shave to you!

Easy, fascinating contest! Open to everybody! 328 chances for You to win!

"The jar will win," says T. L. L. Ryan,
Advertising Advisor to the Company

"Preferences don't change overnight. A million shaving men have found the blue Ingram jar has its good points which no tube can duplicate. The new tube is all right—but it won't outsell the jar that made Ingram's famous for cool, stingless shaves!"

Thomas L. L. Ryan



"Back the tube," says H. P. Bristol,
President of the Company

"Most shaving men like a tube. The fact that Ingram's came only in a jar kept a lot of men from using this cooler, smoother shaving cream. Now that the tube is here, too, Ingram's sales will reach new levels. And the new tube will outsell the jar!"

Henry P. Bristol

A FEW weeks ago Ingram's announced a $5,000.00 prize contest that calls for no red tape—simply for your business opinion! Here's the proposition:

Shortly before January 1st Ingram's went on sale in a tube as well as a jar. The price is exactly the same as for the famous Ingram jar. And the cream it contains is the same—with the same *cool* comfort in shaving.

Predict how the sales of the tube will compare with those of the jar, during 1930—and win your share of $5,000.00 in cash prizes.

Here are Ingram's sales for the last four years:

1926	751,392 Jars
1927	1,148,628 Jars
1928	1,560,828 Jars
1929	1,992,998 Jars

Remember, it's the jar that made this remarkable sales record! It has its advantages — don't underestimate them. Most Ingram users prefer the jar! But many men, we know, prefer a tube. So we brought the tube out in addition to the jar, to appeal to *all* men who shave.

Consider the relative advantages of the tube and jar. Then write, *in 75 words or less*, how you think the new tube will "go over"—how it will sell in comparison with the famous old jar and what effect it will have upon the established sales of the jar. Predict, if you like, just how many tubes will be sold. Neatness, brevity and logic of reasoning, not your prediction, will be the factors that count in awarding the prizes.

To the 328 contestants who submit the best opinions, we'll give $5,000.00 in cash prizes as follows:

First prize	**$1,000.00**
Second prize	**500.00**
Third prize	**250.00**
Next 325 prizes	each **$10.00**

Have you ever tried Ingram's? It was the first of all *cool* shaving creams. Because of three special cooling and soothing ingredients, Ingram's tightens and tones the skin *while you shave*. You can get either the tube or the jar from your druggist. Or we'll send you a week's supply of *cool* Ingram shaves free on receipt of the coupon. But whether you use Ingram's or not, enter the contest today!

INGRAM'S *Shaving Cream*

CONDITIONS OF THE CONTEST

1. Contest closes at midnight, December 31st, 1930. Entries postmarked later will not be considered. To insure absolute fairness we have engaged Liberty Magazine to act as the judges. Their decisions will be final. Names of winners will be published as early as possible in 1931.

2. Contest is free and open to any person except employees of Bristol-Myers Co. (the makers of Ingram's) and Liberty Magazine, and their relatives. You need not buy nor subscribe to this or any other magazine, nor buy or use Ingram's Shaving Cream, to compete.

3. You may submit as many opinions as you wish during the period of the contest. Submit each opinion on a separate single sheet of paper, legibly written or typed on one side only, your name and address at top.

4. If two or more contestants submit opinions of equal merit, the full amount of the prize will be awarded to each.

5. Address Contest entries to Ingram's Shaving Cream, Box 233, General Post Office, New York, N. Y. Contestants agree that entries become the property of Bristol-Myers Co. and may be used by them, in whole or in part, for advertising or other purposes. Entries cannot be returned, nor can Bristol-Myers Co. or the judges engage in correspondence about the contest.

INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM
Box 233, General Post Office,
New York, N. Y.

I'd like to try seven cool Ingram shaves.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

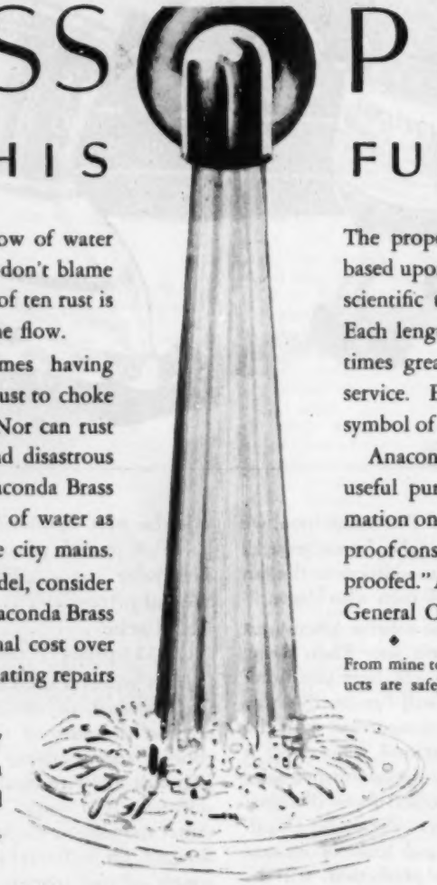
(Coupon has nothing to do with contest. Use only if you want free sample.)

DON'T BLAME THE WATER PRESSURE
THE PIPE IS CLOGGED WITH **RUST**

with

ANACONDA BRASS PIPE

YOU GET THIS FULL FREE FLOW



When you want a full, swishing flow of water —and get an exasperating trickle—don't blame the water pressure. Nine times out of ten rust is clogging the pipes and impeding the flow.

This can *never* happen in homes having Anaconda Brass Pipe which *cannot* rust to choke up and retard the flow of water. Nor can rust weaken the pipe to cause leaks and disastrous water damage. Year after year, Anaconda Brass Pipe will deliver a plentiful supply of water as pure and clear as it comes from the city mains.

Whether you build, buy or remodel, consider the convenience and economy of Anaconda Brass Pipe. Remember, its slight additional cost over rustable pipe is soon saved by eliminating repairs and replacements due to rust.

Why Anaconda? Brass is an alloy of copper and zinc. In Anaconda Brass Pipe, these Anaconda mined and refined metals are 99.9% pure. The proportions in which they are alloyed are based upon facts disclosed by the most thorough, scientific tests ever made upon plumbing pipe. Each length is tested under water pressure seven times greater than is normally encountered in service. Every foot is marked "Anaconda," a symbol of quality and a permanent identification.

Anaconda Copper and Brass serve many other useful purposes in the home. For further information on the advantages and economies of rust-proof construction, send for the free booklet "Rust-proofed." Address The American Brass Company, General Offices: Waterbury, Connecticut.

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From mine to user, Anaconda Copper, Brass and Bronze products are safeguarded in quality by one organization with a background of over 100 years' experience. With unequalled facilities for technical research and production, the world-wide Anaconda organization is constantly engaged in developing, testing and producing sheets, wire, rods and tubes of Copper and Copper alloys to serve the American public and American industry.

ANACONDA

COPPER - BRASS - BRONZE

can't rust

ANACONDA ANACONDA

JAMES A. FARRELL, STEELMAN AND SEAMAN

(Continued from Page 25)

1916 they mounted up to $200,000,000. Between the years 1904 and 1912, normal years, the export tonnage of the steel corporation increased 1,262,600 tons. During this period the export tonnage of the United States as a whole increased 1,687,057 tons. In other words, the increase in foreign trade of the U. S. Steel Corporation accounted for about 75 per cent of the country's total gain during these years. Farrell had questioned the high cost of shipping when it was managed individually by each company. He proved the soundness of his doubts by reducing the cost of foreign trade, which had run as high as 10 per cent when he took hold, to less than 2 per cent. In 1911, after the retirement of William E. Corey as president of the corporation, the board of directors unanimously elected Farrell to that post. He became chief executive in 1927, following the death of Elbert H. Gary.

About himself James A. Farrell will never talk. But at rare moments he will open up on ships and markets and the men who are part of them. His office is on the eighteenth floor of the Empire Building and looks out upon the broad expanse of the waters of New York Harbor. Near his desk stands a globe, and it is the combination of the two—the globe giving him at a glance the story of steel expansion in trade, and the harbor, which is a constant reminder of the business of the sea—that lends a glow to his eye.

"We note evidence of increasing industrial and commercial activity in other countries," he began, "and sometimes we hear apprehensive comment of keener competition; but it is well to keep in mind that such increase of activity among other people means enlargement of their power to satisfy their own wants and desires, and that in such satisfaction will always lie opportunity for expanded sales of our own products. It has been pointed out by others what a difference it would make to world trade if Chinese labor, for instance, took to wearing shoes, owning motor cars and installing American plumbing. Progress, which naturally and rightly means competition, has never hurt business. It is a noteworthy fact that the five or six industrial nations that are our keenest competitors are also the heaviest purchasers of our products, manufactured as well as crude."

Industry's Three Markets

"Our country is far from being self-sufficient, and its internal prosperity is largely influenced by the material progress of other lands and the good will of their nationals. Perhaps nowhere has this phase of the fundamental conditions of international exchange been more noticeable than in the field of overseas transportation. Nearly two centuries have passed since a French jurist and philosopher, Montesquieu, aptly said that 'the movable effects and goods of the whole world belong to the whole world, which in this respect forms one state of which all nations are members.'

"There you have the fundamental reason for foreign trade. There, too, you have the reason for developing foreign markets. To all nations and to all industries—which is another way of saying to all peoples—prosperity means increased production and increased sales. It is obvious that as time goes on the purchasing power of this country will reach a point beyond which it cannot go and that foreign trade must take care of the overflow if plants are to be kept going and labor employed. The wise executive doesn't wait for that time to arrive. While he is developing his plans for his domestic market he is at the same time reaching out to the markets of the world and making his product known to foreign lands.

"Reaching out to the markets of the world means many things. There are, first of all, the obvious markets, the markets already under operation by manufacturers and traders of other nations. Second, there are what we may call the indiscernible markets, those which, strictly speaking, are nonexistent until some farsighted trader sees their possibilities and opens their doors to his product. Third, there are the raw-product markets. All of them are important, and to neglect any is a mistake in business policy.

"Each type of market represents its own particular problem. In a country that has for many years bought German, Belgian or British steel it is no mean task to make headway for an American product. Wages paid to American labor are very much higher than that which German, Belgian or British labor receives, which means, of course, that the price of American products is higher. To overcome this situation it may be necessary at the start to sell goods for export at lower prices than we receive for similar products in domestic trade. That was our own experience in the early history of the corporation. Today that no longer is necessary, nor has it been for many years. To condemn that initial step without looking into its causes is extremely shortsighted."

Fitting the Buyer's Needs

"Foreign business means more than increased profits to the manufacturer; it means the maintenance of continued employment for American labor; it means the building up of reserve markets when something happens to the home market. Once the entering wedge is made in a foreign market, we can compete with others there on a straight basis of adaptability of product, of prices, of speed or any one or more of the innumerable factors which are of importance to the buyer. For instance, we have succeeded in getting a great deal of business in Buenos Aires, where we had to meet the competition of French, English and German steel makers, for the reason that we designed a lighter building structure than the others did; and although our price per ton was higher, the aggregate tonnage was lower. As a result we got contracts for building many of the government buildings there. We erected all the buildings for the Buenos Aires Exposition. What happened in Buenos Aires has happened with different details in other countries. In other words, we get business because we have something to offer that fits the needs of the buyer.

"Securing an obvious market is interesting, but far more difficult and adventuresome is the ferreting out, the discovery and the development of markets which have never been touched before, not only by our competitors in steel but by any manufacturer. This, in a measure, is comparable to the pioneer work of the old sea captains of clipper-ship days. They went to places that were known, to be sure, but they got their real thrill when a new port, a new people and a new trading post were discovered. Our ships have gone to ports never before entered by merchant traders. We have built railroads, bridges and buildings where the world as we know it is beyond the scope of imagination of the native. We built the first line, for instance, from Buenaventura in Colombia to Bogotá, and so primitive was the port that for a time our seamen didn't know how they would land the material. The problem was met by each rail being sent separately to the shore in scows built of logs and manned by the natives. The Manchuria Railway from Dairen to Harbin was built of American steel. One hundred steamers transported the material, the first of which carried the derricks to land the cargo.

"Many of the markets that we were instrumental in opening to trade are known the world over today. Not only are they buying material from our competitors as well as from us, but they have become traders in other products. Invariably they have their own merchandise to ship to other ports of the world, and so, slowly and steadily, by chance and by enterprise, human relationships widen and deepen, the note of progress penetrates places that hitherto were unaware of twentieth-century modes of living and standards, and the membership of Montesquieu's industrial state increases.

"Markets which for us are outlets for selling our products are extremely important, but there is a third kind of market which many manufacturers are inclined to ignore—the unknown raw-material market. Metallurgically we as a country are not self-sufficient. True, we are rich in many of the natural products that go into the manufacture of steel, but these have to be supplemented by others which we import. Steel manufacturers in other countries are handicapped in a similar manner.

"Just as there are obvious selling markets for steel, so are there obvious buying markets for raw products, essential and significant. To cultivate their trade is of great importance; but, again, more important than the obvious market, which some day will be drained of its resources, is the potential market. The world has vast hidden stores of ore, of lime, of manganese, of coal. We are yet unaware of the location of many of them. The day of exploration, of adventure in industry, has by no means come to a close. South Africa promises a great surprise, as it is rich in ores of all descriptions. To discover these sources, wherever they may be; to make them accessible to the world by building roads, highways, bridges, tunnels; to do everything that is possible in this era of scientific progress, should be part of the program of expansion and growth of all important industries.

"Opening a new market for raw materials means more than creating the means to take from the earth its riches and exporting it to our land. Opening a new market means not only carrying out the wealth of what may be a primitive people but bringing into that country the wealth which we possess. We still recall that Commodore Perry opened Japan to commerce in 1853. It is our job, as well, to help develop the country along lines of progress and enlightenment. The American industrialist who seeks to exploit the raw material of a new market should be prepared to put American capital into the products of the country. It is clear that dealing with a people who are dependable economically, politically and socially is more apt to lead to harmonious international relationships than dealing with a people who are irresponsible. From the very beginning of history wars have been fought to gain supremacy over markets of raw materials. There is no greater source of danger to world peace than a country rich in natural wealth and poor in national stability."

Selling to the World

"Finding your market is one thing," Mr. Farrell continued after a pause; "finding your man to develop it is another. Traders in foreign markets—there isn't a more fascinating or a more difficult job in the world. It needs the intrepidity of an explorer, the tact of a diplomat, the mental equipment of a psychologist, the humanity of a servant of God, the wisdom of a seer, the culture of a scholar, the specific and expert knowledge of a scientist. I doubtless am omitting a great many other professional and human qualifications. The man who sells steel products to a firm in Ohio, for instance, is a very much different person from the man who sells products in Java. The foreign trader must penetrate the mind of buyers whose mentality is an unexplored region to him, barricaded and built in with unknown customs, habits, traditions. There are, besides, matters of climate, of temperature, of geographic location, which play an important part in his selling campaign. Many of the points he

2 MORE Good Shaves from every blade!

Jim Henry's Guarantee

NO matter how many shaves you now get, I absolutely guarantee that you will get two more shaves per blade (and I mean good ones) when you use Mennen Shaving Cream. If I'm wrong send back the tube: I'll return the money you paid for it.

And come to think about it, that guarantee tells a man all he wants to know about a shaving cream. Every Mennen Shave *must* be good, when Mennen lather makes every razor cut well, longer. Your face *must* feel smooth and comfortable after a Mennen Shave, when the lather has helped the razor *so* much that the blade is ready to do a good job again, and yet again.

Of course, my guarantee covers both Mennen Shaving Creams — the good, old Mennen, without Menthol, that penetrates, washes out the pores, tones up the skin and makes your face feel as fresh as mountain air — and Mennen Menthol-Iced, for those who want the new triple-coolness in their Mennen shave.

Get a tube of Mennen, now. Take a new blade and use it until it begins to pull . . . then count the good shaves you've had. Or, if you'd rather, clip the coupon and shoot it in to me. I'll show you how well that old razor of yours *can* shave, with Mennen.

Jim Henry
(*Mennen Salesman*)

MENNEN SHAVING CREAMS

MENTHOL-ICED and WITHOUT MENTHOL

THE MENNEN CO.,
Newark, N. J. Dept. S-2
Jim Henry: I'm ready to be shown, Jim. Send me a tube of Mennen. I'll see for myself how many *more* good shaves I can get out of a blade.

Name.....

Address.....

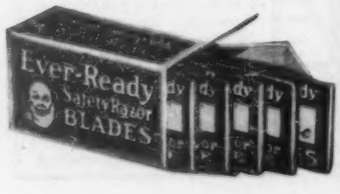
☐ Send me Mennen Menthol-Iced.
☐ Send me Mennen without Menthol.

The Singing Shave for Facial Harmony

A smile on your face, a sparkle in your eyes, and a song on your lips when the Ever-Ready glides away with your beard! For the Ever-Ready is gentle, swift, and *better.* It gives more shaves—yes, *many* more shaves than the blade you are using. Buy Ever-Ready Blades—join the chorus of Singing Shavers. At all dealers.

Product of American Safety Razor Corp.

Ever-Ready
BLADES



has to consider most people would think insignificant, but the wise trader knows there is nothing in the make-up and background of a foreign customer that is unimportant.

"Establishing a foreign market is more than making a dumping ground for an overflow of superfluous American products. It means the cultivation of the foreign customer not for the things we want to sell him but for the things he wants to buy. It may mean the revising of plans or the building of new machinery and mills at home. The important thing is to respect the demands of the buyer.

"Take the matter of nails, for instance, a seemingly insignificant product. The carpenter of Australia will use nothing but a nail with an oval head. The carpenter in Java won't touch that. He wants a square-head nail. Each gets what he is accustomed to, and if some buyer, by habit or usage, were accustomed to working with star-headed or crescent-headed nails, he would get them. Here in the United States nails are packed in one-hundred-pound kegs. The Japanese are accustomed to kegs holding about one hundred and thirty-three pounds. The trader doesn't argue about the superiority of the American packing. He promises to deliver nails in kegs of national usage in Japan, and he does.

"The merchant in Bombay sells nails in packages weighing about seven pounds; he has always sold them that way and the mills of the American Wire and Steel Company put them up for him in that size. In the same manner, different climatic conditions may demand different treatment of the steel product. Wire for Alaska is made to withstand cold; wire for South America is finished to withstand heat. Standardization is a good argument in the United States, but foreign markets buy what they are accustomed to.

"Each country produces its own problem, and the trader meets it in his own way. We sell wire and structural steel for bridges in Iceland; oil piping and galvanized sheets in Java, Sumatra and Borneo; sheets and wire products in India; structural and merchant products in Argentina; pipe and light rails for use in the diamond mines in South Africa; roofing material, wire, rails in the Pacific Coast countries of South America; railway material in Brazil to Portuguese specifications; wire and sheets in Northern Africa; wire, fence and small nails used in the making of date boxes in Syria and the Holy Land; pipe, nails, fence and sheets in Rangoon; oil pipe in Rumania; pipe and wire in Greece; nails for bamboo furniture and tin plate for making containers for egg yolk in China; tin plate for canning crab meat in Kamchatka. One could keep on for a long time in this manner. The extinction of the locust pest in the Argentine Republic required 10,000 tons of sheet iron for trenches several years ago.

"Our ships carry our products abroad and on the return voyage bring the products of the lands they touch: sugar, canned pineapple and woods from the Philippines; rubber, tea and spices from the Straits Settlements; jute and copra from India; linseed, ores and nitrates from South America; chrome ore, manganese and asbestos from South Africa. The business of the sea requires cargo both ways if the operation is to be successful.

"No one can read history without observing that no nation can escape the repercussion upon it of a sound or unsound economic policy, and nothing can more effectively sow the seeds of pernicious doctrines, leading infallibly to economic measures that gnaw at the vitals of sound foreign trade, than the fashion of regarding commercial advance in a given field as a form of 'penetration.' Particularly deplorable is the recent habit of speaking of 'commercial conquests' when referring to advances in foreign trade. It is obvious that no advance in foreign trade is possible in the absence of material progress in the purchasing markets, which progress in turn is dependent upon the ability of those markets to sell their own products to advantage."

Many tributes have been paid to Farrell because of his knowledge of foreign trade, among them an invitation by the late President Harding to become chairman of the Shipping Board. But the one that touches him closest was the honor paid him when he was asked to write the foreword to the book about Donald McKay, builder of famous American sailing ships. In the last paragraph of that foreword, one meets the real Farrell.

"Men have since designed and constructed vast and wonderful fabrics for seafaring," he writes, "but none of these master minds in the fields of mechanics and engineering loom so large in the records of shipbuilding as that of the East Boston shipbuilder, Donald McKay. His genius, his ships, and the romantic age in which they played so large a part will command the wistful admiration of men for all time."

Farrell himself, it is interesting to note, owns the last clipper ship sailing the seas under the American flag, the Tusitala, a full-rigged, twenty-eight-hundred-ton vessel, engaged in active trade, with a crew that always includes eight or ten American boys who learn the art of sailing and navigation upon her decks.

THE UNVEILING OF WOMEN

(Continued from Page 7)

boys home on leave between one battle and another. They were quick to make friends, many of them. There was nothing they could refuse that young manhood, so largely doomed. They refused nothing, many of them. They had strange love affairs in some of those warring countries, within sound of the guns, in towns through which their armies were retreating before the enemy's advance, in villages behind the lines, where soldiers of other nations—English, Scots, Irish, Americans, Australians, Canadians, Czechs and Poles, and Austrians and Russians, and all the human tribes in this upheaval of the human ant heap—were billeted a while, and even with Germans occupying their land and killing their men.

The passion of sex was as strong as the passion of hate, and men who had been living an ape life in filthy ditches greatly needed the love of women—any woman with kind eyes—when they had a respite behind the lines. Women in many hospitals saw the bloody agony of men, the stark and stripped ugliness of wounds and mutilated bodies. Modesty, timidity, the old purdah, had no meaning then. Life was unveiled. In canteens and estaminets, down at the base, women sat at little tables with the men who were going to die. They talked over bottles of cheap wine, with cigarette smoke curling between them, with no masks on their faces.

"What does it all mean—this war?" they asked. "Is it going on forever? Are any of us going to get through it? Where is God? What were we all doing before the war to be caught like this?"

And while they talked, looking into one another's eyes, planning to get to some place where they could lie in each other's arms or steal a fugitive kiss out of the gaze of battalions trudging through the mud outside, there was a smiling skeleton at the little feast—Death itself—who whispered to them:

"Hurry up, you two. You mustn't keep me waiting. I want this boy. Drink up that wine and get on with love. Don't you know there's a war on?"

In Paris, London, Berlin, Brussels, pretty ladies and poor drabs—caste made no difference now—clung to the men who were going to the Front, held them tight a while, and kept back their tears till the train started. And everywhere in this world of war the women who were left alone, who had not even had a fugitive love, who were working in munition factories or in the fields, or staying quietly at home, talked and thought and listened and wondered, asking the same questions: "What does it all mean—this war? Is it going on forever? What were we doing before the war to get caught like this? Where is God?" And other questions, such as, "What is life? Where do I come in? What are we to believe? Haven't we all been duped and tricked by lies and falsities? What share have we women had in this hatred and terror? What are we going to do with ourselves if the war goes on forever and all the boys are killed?"

The war didn't go on forever. It ended suddenly. Men came home again. There was peace. But those girls didn't go back to where they had been before—behind the window blinds, into the back parlors, into the old purdah of Victorian proprieties and charming innocence and timid defenselessness. They had learned to do the jobs of men. They held on to many of them. They had learned to talk the language of men—about war and death and the stark realities. They went on talking like that. They had crossed the great gulf between prewar mentality and the postwar mind, and the bridges are broken. They are out and away.

Little sisters who were in the nurseries during the war are now grown up. Some of them are the mothers of babes. But they, too, have inherited This Freedom, this postwar mentality. They have jumped even farther than their elder sisters, away from authority and the limitations of femininity and the old timidities. They face life with wide-open eyes. Down all the streets of civilization they come striding in their knee-short frocks, heads up, unafraid, keen, beautiful, vital. It is their day out in history. It is their world. They set the pace.

This postwar world—at least in the Western nations—acknowledges the social supremacy of women. One sees that in a thousand ways. In every great city the pageant of the shops is designed for them. Behind the plate-glass windows the show is an exhibition of their frocks and underclothing and silk stockings—everything they need for their beauty and their bodies, their pastimes and their playthings. The press, which formerly ignored their interests and activities, devotes many of its pages to their ways of life and thought. Womanhood is in the news. All its problems and frivolities are discussed, analyzed and revealed. An earthquake in China gets a paragraph or two, but there is half a page on "How to keep slim."

The press photographers take innumerable pictures of the seaside girl, the Lido lady, girls swimming, girls running, girls jumping, girls rowing. Many magazines and newspapers make their profits out of advertisements for women, appealing to their vanity, their cult of health and beauty, their fears of falling hair, poisoned teeth, indigestion and bad breath, their love of pretty things for bedrooms, bathrooms and boudoirs, their labor-saving devices, and all that they need, fancy or desire in every class of life.

It is the mind of the modern woman which dominates the playhouse and the cinema, and dictates the entertainment or the art which comes to the stage or the screen. At least every theatrical manager and those strange people, scenario writers and producers, who sit chewing cigars and thinking out the next talkie, regard their audience as mainly feminine. "Will that fetch the women, do you think? Where's the sex appeal? There's nothing for the girls in that." They were amazed at the success of Journey's End—a play without

a single girl. A lot of men in a dirty dugout! They forgot that women still acknowledge the existence of men and like to know how they live and die, now and then. They underestimate the intelligence of these modern girls and their insatiable curiosity about life, however crude and stark.

"Women's place is in the home," says the old-fashioned man, afraid of this new phase of womanhood. The modern woman agrees with a little smile about her lips. Yes, she likes a home between bedtime and breakfast, but not all the time, and not as a prisoner or a drudge. In England now, where there are two million more women than men—a very desperate problem, leading to many hidden tragedies—young women are no longer content to stay at home and help mamma with a little dusting, a little cooking, while in their leisure hours—too long—they listen to the wireless or read innumerable novels, or—if they belong to that kind of class—do a round of golf on the local links or play a game of tennis with two girl friends and a curate, without a decent-looking boy on the far horizon who might offer them the chance of another kind of home. It's not good enough. It leads to nerves and tempers and despairs. Far better learn shorthand and typewriting, and get a job in the City. In England, now, they are all learning shorthand and typewriting. They are all pushing their way into some kind of work to keep their brains alert and give them a purpose in life. Even girls belonging to rich families or old families not so rich, who have no need to leave a pleasant home life where they have many little luxuries, hear this call to the working world.

"Sorry, father! I want to be on my own for a bit. I'll come down for week-ends."

They go into little hat shops, florist shops, city offices or big stores. They set up on their own in two rooms shared with a girl friend who knows how to poach an egg. They go round to little restaurants in Chelsea or Bloomsbury where, after a meager meal, they sit with their elbows on the table and a cigarette in a long holder between their lips, talking and talking, and sometimes, but not so often, thinking and thinking. There is a young man they know who writes for the papers. There is another young man who is something in the City, but not much. They talk about Aldous Huxley's latest, and dear old Arnold Bennett's bleat about books, and that new novel by a woman novelist which has been banned by the silly old censor. They read little books about biology, the atom, psychology, science and religion. They want to know. They're terribly keen to know, though it's all very difficult. And they would like to get experience of love and life, though it's just a little dangerous. Women's place is in the home. Certainly, but what kind of home, and what kind of boy to share it?

The Weaker Sex Now

They couldn't live in squalor, with two rooms and a baby and no place to put the perambulator. Things are so expensive nowadays, and marriage doesn't seem so easy as it used to be. It's a question of nerves, perhaps, and the need of women to have some interest in life beyond the gas stove in the kitchen and domestic drudgery.

They set the pace, some of these girls, and the boys can't keep up with them. Somehow, while the vitality of girlhood has been intensified—by healthy exercises, by fresh air and outdoor sports, by this sense of freedom, with open windows to the mind—the boys have become rather lackadaisical, without the stamina of their fathers and elder brothers. Perhaps they were underfed in the war, as happened in so many boarding schools where rations were very bad when appetites were biggest. Perhaps the shadow of war made them nervy and weakened them, or, perhaps, and more likely, Nature gives with one hand and takes with another. If women become more masculine, men must become more feminine—a serious and depressing thought! It is certain, anyhow, that many young men today get tired before their sisters and girl friends, who can dance half through the night and feel fresh next morning while the boys wilt against the doorposts and say, "Oh, hell! Can't we go home?" This dynamic energy of young womanhood, ready for any adventure, careless of risks, and this drooping of the modern boy, not so keen, not so enduring, under the strain of pleasure, is noticeable in cities as far apart as New York and London, if my own observation is not at fault.

But all that applies to very young womanhood and very young manhood, and only to a certain social set. It does not apply so much to hundreds of thousands of students at universities in London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna and other cities, who are studying science of all kinds, and every branch of knowledge, with keen ambition to get some kind of job after they have qualified. Most of them can't afford any luxury. They sit up swotting most nights and don't get much time for dancing or delights. They are going to be doctors, lawyers, teachers, dentists, biologists, architects, chemists, and in all those professions women are competing with men on equal terms, and pressing them rather hard.

Mother Grundy Disobeyed

In certain professions such as medicine, men are still trying to keep women out. They can't invade the labor market where heavy work has to be done. Their wages in workshops are not on a level with men's, for the old-fashioned reason that a man may have to keep a wife and children. They are still handicapped here and there by old traditions of the social code which did not acknowledge women's claim to equality of reward and opportunity, but that handicap is being reduced under pressure of this advancing tide of women workers, leading to many new problems and perplexities.

It is among the elder women that the advance to leadership is on the way. It is a new phenomenon in the world, frightening to some philosophers, and certainly not negligible in its effect upon political and social life. These elder women, who went through the war, even if they were thousands of miles away from gunfire, as in the United States, have abandoned many age-long prejudices, fears and habits of mind. The most earnest among them, as well as the most frivolous, have declared war against Mother Grundy and all that she demanded in obedience to lace caps at fifty, enslavement to family life, sacrificial devotion to the young people, and a book of devotion as the only form of literature. They have refused to grow old before their time, and, if possible, to grow old. With shingled hair and short frocks, they look as young as their daughters—in a good light—and feel younger than their sons, who were born tired maybe.

The cult of health has become a religion with them, and many of them are going to great expense to keep slim and supple and attractive. They are succeeding wonderfully with the help of beauty specialists, physical exercises and will power. They are not abandoning the joys of life even if they have grown-up daughters. On the contrary, now that these daughters can look after themselves, the mothers can get away from home with a clear conscience and have a good time if they feel like that, or help the world to have a better time by the time they've done with it. Battalions of middle-aged American ladies advance upon Europe and go for incredible distances round picture galleries and museums, exploring many ancient ruins, studying the habits of the natives, buying colored shawls in Venice, clutching at culture, which is easy to buy, seeing the beauty of the world, searching for happiness round the corner of every street. Well, why not? It's better than sitting at the fireside knitting, or talking a little scandal about a woman over the way, or getting bad-tempered over bridge.

(Continued on Page 106)

Give Brown the Job
Smith Lacks the Appearance

Success Demands You LOOK the Part!

Business firms are becoming more and more ticklish about the presentability of men hired to represent them in any capacity.

They realize that, while appearance does not make the man, it goes a long way toward helping the man make good.

Every man is justified in looking his best at all times and the wise man pays as much attention to the condition of his skin, hair and fingernails as he does to the cut of his clothes.

To help man increase his face value, a special line of men's toilet needs has been created. Here it is: **BRISK**, the Florian Mint Julep Shave. **ZEST**, the Florian bracing after-shaving lotion. **SMOOTH**, the Florian powder that kills shine without showing powder. **TRIM**, the Florian hair dressing . . . in cleanly stick form. **STIP**, the Florian modern styptic that closes cuts and stops bleeding instantly.

Once you open the BRISK box and treat your face to a mint julep shave you will never again bother with tube, stick or powder.

In these five essentials man's toilet needs are completely fulfilled. Each is as male as military brushes, cigars and suspenders. Each is designed to increase man's face value.

Mix Yourself a Mint Julep Shave!

It's easily done. Simply take a little BRISK Shaving Cream and warm or cold water.

BRISK makes a shave that is truly "Mint Julep" because first, it makes plenty of lather—and plenty of lather is the first requirement of a good shave! BRISK produces two to three times the lather because it absorbs two to three times the amount of water. That means not only a profuse lather, but one that stays moist on your face until you finish your shave!

Secondly, BRISK lubricates the cutting stroke of the razor. You know how a bit of soap on a saw eases its passage through a log—well, that's how BRISK smooths the path of the razor. The razor does not "pull," skip or chop, but glides sweetly over the skin, mowing down the hair cleanly at each stroke.

And as a finishing touch, BRISK acts as a balm. Leaves the skin soft and supple as a fine kid glove. Puts your face in good humor for the day.

BRISK, at 50c, is a good "buy" from the quantity as well as quality standpoint. You get an amazing lot of shaves from a box because you have to use so little.

A Powder that Kills Shine without Showing!

Here's the powder made expressly for men. It kills "shine" instantly. It does not show on the face. And it has a refreshing, manly scent. This powder itself is a remarkable achievement. "Just the thing I've wanted," say men everywhere. Use it after shaving or any time when the face is "shiny."

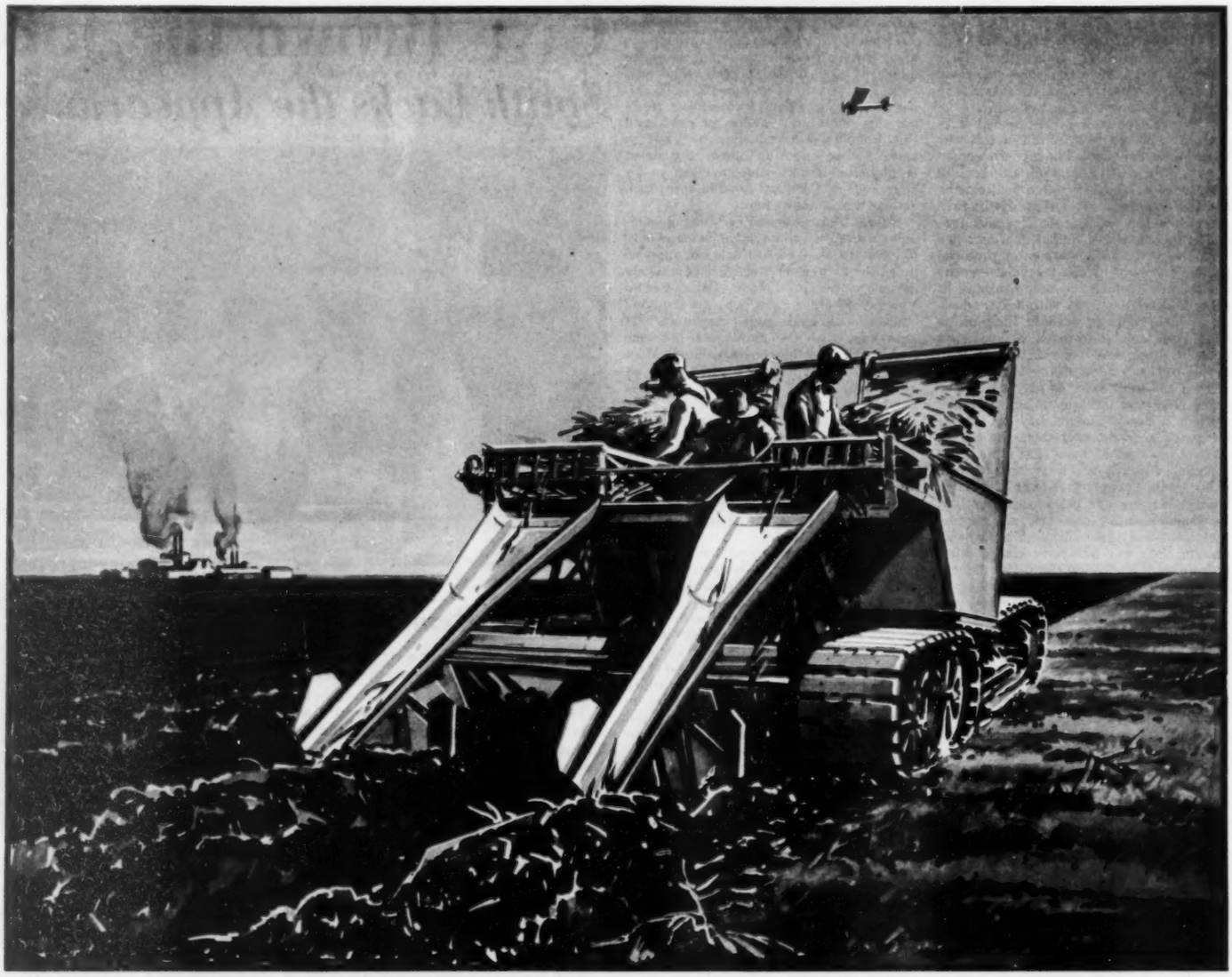
Just snap back the top of the box, click the cap, apply the powder and smooth out with your finger tips. SMOOTH, a man's powder for men, in a package for men . . . 50 cents.

Brisk

"THE MINT JULEP SHAVE"

and his 4 brothers

ZesT — Smooth — Trim — Stip



The Most Significant Enterprise on American Soil Today

WHAT is of more significance than the production of necessities with the least possible drain on our natural resources? What is more important than the growing at home of basic foodstuffs that we must now import? What is more vitally needed today than making practical in agriculture the same scientific cost-reducing methods that have built our industrial prosperity?

Partly through accident and partly through far-reaching plans that have been worked out in greatest detail, the industries of the Dahlberg group have put into practice a plan of operation that produces two basically important things—food and shelter—entirely without waste and with the net result of increasing, rather than diminishing, national resources.

Bror G. Dahlberg and his associates invented Celotex Insulating Cane Board and perfected its manufacture from bagasse, which is the shredded cane remaining after the sugar is extracted. The popularity of Celotex has grown so rapidly that sales this year are expected to exceed the present yearly manufacturing capacity of 480 million square feet. Why this success? Because Celotex supplies a basic human need—comfort. It keeps rooms cooler in summer, warmer in winter; saves fuel; makes better, stronger houses; frees homes, offices and public buildings from the jangling noises that distract attention and cause fatigue. It does all these things effectively because it is made of the most nearly ideal material for such purposes in existence—*cane fiber*.

Yet this cane fiber is an agricultural product. It is planted, grown, harvested and replanted every year, like any other crop. And creating sugar plantations *adds* to our important national resources instead of using them up!

This is true in a double sense, for sugar

cane is the source, not only of a valuable building material, but of that prime necessity among foods—sugar. In times of crisis, of war or economic disturbance, sugar is one of the first commodities to be hoarded, to have its supply regulated by government authority. Despite this and the fact that we in the United States consume about twenty per cent of the world's cane sugar, we have been producing within our continental borders less than two per cent of our requirements.

In view of present facts, and with the memory of a national sugar shortage still freshly in mind, can anyone doubt the wisdom of growing as much cane sugar in this country as possible, or question the likelihood of a ready market at home for every pound of high grade sugar that can be so produced?

Having need, in the manufacture of Celotex, for far greater amounts of cane fiber than could be bought from other planters, Dahlberg and his associates purchased five large groups of plantations in Louisiana, comprising over 50,000 acres, and formed The South Coast Company and The Cypremort Company to operate them. These companies showed what vast improvements in cane growing, harvesting and grinding methods were possible, and pointed the way to the creation of a huge *new* cane sugar industry that would earn a satisfactory income, provide a considerable part of the nation's needed domestic sugar, and furnish an adequate supply of bagasse for the manufacture of Celotex and other products made from cellulose.

Then Dahlberg asked, "Where else in the United States can sugar cane be raised economically?" He found in the Florida Everglades a virgin tract of land with soil of a richness unparalleled in America, with a climate of year-round sunshine, a combination said by experts to be the most nearly ideal for the growing and marketing of sugar in the world. Upon this land thousands of men and machines have created, in the past five years, a new empire of sugar; have built roads, canals, dikes and ditches, towns, power plants, pumping stations and sugar mills; have acquired over 170,000 acres; have established water control on 60,000 acres; and have planted over 25,000 acres in growing cane of the richest and hardiest varieties known.

The Dahlberg plan is a triumph of practical imagination, based on common sense. He and his associates have bought the richest lands available, have built modern grinding mills, have planted the very best cane stocks, and have devised methods and new machinery that bring modern factory efficiency to this agricultural operation. As one example, note the illustration at the left of one of the recently developed planting machines with which, for the first time in sugar history, cane is planted by mechanical methods instead of the old, laborious system of hand and animal power. Success, despite obstacles, is a foregone conclusion.

This enterprise is of national significance because (1) it has taken a leading part in rescuing the established American cane sugar industry in a critical period; (2) it has given the world a new and invaluable construction material, Celotex; (3) it is creating a large new domestic sugar producing industry, an important element in the nation's resources and future security; (4) it has proved the practicality of opening to agricultural development a vast area of incalculable value to the country; and (5) it is showing how *controlled*, low-cost production can be secured in agriculture by means of scientific research and direct, efficient factory methods.

While the immediate commercial success of the Dahlberg companies has been impressive, they are advancing rapidly to a future field of activities that make those of the past appear small by comparison. Detailed information concerning the companies and their products will be gladly furnished upon request.

The Dahlberg Corporation of America
919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois
Please send me information on the subjects I have checked:

- ☐ Celotex Insulating Cane Board
- ☐ Celotex Lath
- ☐ Acousti-Celotex (sound absorbent)
- ☐ Celotex Carpet Lining
- ☐ Celotex for Industrial Purposes
- ☐ Sugars and Sugar Products
- ☐ Dahlberg Corporation of America

*Name*_____

*Street Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Dahlberg Sugar Cane Industries

The Celotex Company

Dahlberg Corporation *of* America. . . . . .
The South Coast Company

DSC INDUSTRIES

The Southern Sugar Company
Clewiston Company, Inc.
The Cypremort Company

CELOTEX
INSULATING CANE BOARD

Executive Offices: 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago

GIVE Your Family this BEST PROTECTION

CHAMBERLIN WEATHER STRIPS Assure Draught-Proof, Comfortable, Uniformly Heated Rooms and 20% to 40% Yearly Fuel Saving

There must be a crack — around those windows and doors of yours. Otherwise you couldn't open or close them. But these cracks bring plenty of trouble. They are the principal source of draughts that make your house chilly and uncomfortable, hard to heat — that waste 26% of your heat and admit snow, rain and dust. Why not stop these annoyances at once with Chamberlin Weather Strips? Chamberlin mechanics will install them for you. This factory-direct-to-consumer service, exclusively a Chamberlin feature, assures you permanent satisfaction. You save enough fuel to pay for the job in 2 to 5 years. Enjoy real home comfort and save money. Write for facts and costs today.

What Chamberlin Plasti-Calk Also Means to You

There are cracks ⅛" to ¾" wide around window and door frames in masonry buildings. They cause an additional 4% heat loss and admit dust and soot that soil your walls, curtains and drapes. Chamberlin Plasti-Calk, as applied by Chamberlin mechanics, seals these cracks for good.

CHAMBERLIN METAL WEATHER STRIP COMPANY, Inc., Detroit, Michigan

Over 100 Factory Sales-Installation Branches throughout the United States

CHAMBERLIN WEATHER STRIPS
SINCE 1893 - THE STANDARD

Give me some idea how much it will cost to Chamberlin Weather Strip and Plasti-Calk _____ windows, _____ doors.

Name _____

Address _____ PC 307

(Continued from Page 103)

It's a pity that they don't find happiness round the corner of the next street, but it is very elusive—happiness. It's a pity that they feel a certain futility after a while in this constant shifting from one place to another. It's sad that so many of them spend so much money upon getting a little fun out of life, and then find that they have missed it somehow. But life is like that, especially if one is restless, without any purpose beyond one's pleasure, not quite sure of what life is all about anyhow. There are women like that in the United Kingdom and the United States, and the world bows down to them and offers them its treasures, at dollar prices or pounds sterling.

Fearless Womanhood

It is not those women of pleasure who count so much in the advance to leadership. It is the middle-aged woman who is getting busy with certain affairs of life which formerly were left to men. It is the woman, not yet middle-aged, who saw something of the war, or had all its drama in her soul, and perhaps the memory of a dead lover in her heart, and, anyhow, the remembrance of all those boys who died. It is the woman who asked all those questions which weren't answered. She is trying to answer them now. Anyhow, she is determined to find things out. She is thinking them out and talking them out in innumerable women's clubs, in countless societies, over the dinner tables where men talk to them, not as charming women who want to be flattered but as equals who can talk straight about the facts of life, and know a good deal. Men hedge a little, but these women don't hedge. Men shirk the stark realities, but these women want to get down to the truth. It is all a little uncomfortable for men who don't like women to interfere in the political game or in the social battle or in a thousand hideous things below the fair surface of pretense. Women want to alter things too fast. They have drastic ideas. Some of their ideas are alarming and disconcerting—not according to the old code of women's innocence and modesty, still less according to the ancient rule that men might have a different code of morality, which was kept dark while women loved them and they repaid with worship, at least to the ideal of womanhood—lovely, ethereal, passionless, except to one man's passion, and utterly ignorant of unpleasant things.

Now these women are organizing, putting their heads together at committee meetings, debating the strangest subjects—economics, world peace, birth control, psychoanalysis, political corruption, crime, immorality, prohibition, conditions of labor, divorce laws, the rights of motherhood, the duties of fatherhood, disease. What is more, they are putting pressure on politicians and statesmen. It was these women, more than anyone, who put over prohibition while the men weren't looking. It was American women who made the Senate think twice before increasing the Navy. It was the flappers' vote in England, and the vote of millions of women older than flappers, which put out a Conservative government and brought in Labor. It is the woman writer who is tearing away the veil from many secrets of life in magazines and reviews and novels, with a candor, a ruthlessness, a lack of reticence, which is alarming and sometimes horrifying, and sometimes—it must be admitted—convincingly true in its revelation of tragic facts which somehow must be altered. It is the mind of modern women—these postwar women—which is at work in civilization today, razing old foundations of tradition, altering the code of conduct, taking the lead in social reform—which may be the way to social destruction—invading the last strongholds of men and denying them their ancient privileges.

They are wonderful, some of these modern women. They have a fearlessness which did not belong to their sex in the past except in rare cases. These women aviators fly out into the blue without a tremor. There is a duchess in England who became a pilot at the age of fifty. Amelia Earhart crossed the Atlantic for the fun of the thing, or sheer sensationalism. An English girl bribed her flying instructor to take her across that great gray sea from east to west, knowing the infinite peril—which she didn't escape. In England, Germany, the United States, Russia, Japan, there are these women pilots with steady nerve and that strange fearlessness.

It is a commonplace to see young girls driving powerful cars along the roads with the sure touch which their grandmothers had with the sewing machine, and less worry. If ever there is another big-scale war—which heaven forfend—it seems to me certain that women will not remain as noncombatants. There will be no noncombatants, anyhow, because it will be a war in the air, and the main effort of hostile nations will be to break the will power and the nerve of their enemies by smashing up their industrial cities and their main centers of population. In such a time these women of courage, these girls of the new age who have such vitality and spirit, will join the air squadrons and take part in defense and attack. It is impossible for me to believe otherwise, because their claim to equality with men does not stop when war is declared. Equal in life, they will be equal in death, if they have any pride—which they have. That is not a pleasant prospect when the beauty of women will be mangled by high explosives and when their bodies will be flung over shell-ravaged territories or the gas-soaked cities. It is a prospect they have now to face, unless they decide against war.

The decision of women is going to prevail, or at least be weighty in the scales of fate, and they cannot shirk their new powers. Their votes help to make or unmake governments. Their opinions, especially if passionately pressed, cannot be ignored, and are not ignored. Very largely it is the women of the world of today who will create the world of tomorrow, and in this matter of war they have a tremendous responsibility. They can stop it if they like. They can let it go on if they like. So far, it is not at all certain that they will stop it. Women are less prone to compromise than men, and nowadays less sentimental.

Behind the Lines

They are hard when they are passionately convinced about the righteousness of a cause or the need of punishment. In the last war, women behind the lines hated their enemies more than the men who were fighting. They did not forgive them so quickly. Many of them have not forgiven yet. English soldiers back from the trenches were astonished and shocked by the fierce hatred of their womenfolk for Germans, whom most English soldiers did not hate at all, knowing that they were suffering the same kind of hell, for the same kind of reason, or unreason, as themselves. Nice old English ladies would have seen Germans chopped into small bits and German babies strangled in their cradles, because at that time their race seemed infamous. Propaganda had something to do with it. The Germans had been accused of every kind of atrocity, and women who believed these things—mostly false—desired vengeance and just punishment, not understanding that vengeance would have been wreaked not on the guilty individuals but upon German boys and fathers of families and simple, decent-hearted men who hated war as much as the British Tommies, and saw no sense in it, but were caught in its trap.

Women have the sense of logic of the French nation, which is very dangerous if the premises of an argument are not sound, or even if they are. Logic does not leave loopholes for pity, or concessions, or compromise, or for calling things off when they have once started—which is the weak way, thank God, of many men. And some of them still believe that men must always be brave and cheerful and gallant and heroic, whatever the odds against them. I had an instance of this when the play called Journey's End was first performed in London. When the audience surged out, deeply moved—and it was mainly an audience of men who had been in the war—a young girl spoke loudly in the foyer, so that all could hear.

"I think it's an abominable play!" she cried. "They were all weaklings!"

That realistic study of men at the breaking point, with their nerves tattered by the long strain of war's brutalities, left her cold and angry. It upset her faith in the heroic fiction of war and men. Oh, she hated that play!

So one can't be sure what women are going to do about war, though millions of them are working for peace and disarmament.

Where are We Going?

It is quite likely that there will be a woman Prime Minister of England one day, if the Mother of Parliaments continues to function. There is already a woman on the government front bench—Miss Margaret Bondfield—who handled the Labor Party's bill for unemployed insurance with considerable mastery, never ruffled by a powerful opposition, and with absolute self-confidence. Lady Astor, of course, would accept the job of Prime Minister tomorrow if anyone wished it on her, and would do it rather well, too—with courage and gayety and graciousness. At the present time there are not many women in the House of Commons—fourteen all told—but there is no reason except novelty why battalions of them should not troop to Westminster and outvote the male members. There will be a steady increase in their numbers, beyond all doubt.

In France and Germany women have not yet taken much to the political field. But in those countries, and most countries—especially, as I have said, the two great English-speaking nations—women are pressing forward in all departments of life, with an activity, an intelligence, and a keen belief in themselves which are breaking down all barricades.

What does it mean? What is going to be the outcome of this unveiling and this advance? Is it going to make a better and a more beautiful world, or is it a challenge against Nature itself, a sign of some decadence overtaking humanity because man, enfeebled and overwhelmed, is surrendering his natural rights and privileges?

There are men for whom I have a high respect who believe that this new freedom of women is threatening the moral fabric of civilization. The other day a friend of mine grabbed my arm in a rain-swept street, pulled me into a doorway, and kept me there for an hour while he prophesied woe on this account with a passion of sincerity which left me rather shaken. He argued that men are losing as women are gaining, and that the natural balance of the sexes and their biological relationship are being thwarted by the claims of women who are becoming unsexed, anarchical and rebellious against natural laws, while man, weakly acquiescing in his own destruction, is becoming emasculated, decadent and doomed. After that conversation, tea in a cheery room, alone, while my wife was out, studying a branch of knowledge which lies outside my range, seemed like a funeral feast. It had not occurred to me before that men were in such a bad way!

But it may be true. One can't shrug one's shoulders about an argument like that by one of the most thoughtful men in England. Is there any truth in it? Did that unveiling of women in the war lead to moral and physical consequences which may destroy civilization or enfeeble humanity?

Looking around the world today, or close at home, one does see that the old moralities are being challenged. One sees that marriage, for instance, is a hazardous adventure nowadays, and many young men

(Continued on Page 109)

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The photograph shows the difference Lōma *made on the lawn of Mrs. William Hunter Latimer of Mamaroneck, N. Y. Mrs. Latimer is an authority on gardening, and does much writing and lecturing on the subject. She was an active organizer of the Mamaroneck Garden Club; and is herself such an enthusiastic gardener that she maintains a greenhouse on her own property. Her blooms have won awards at many flower shows.*

"*The* grass on the Lōma side *was actually* 5 *inches taller*"

"LAST YEAR," says Mrs. William Hunter Latimer of Mamaroneck, N. Y., "I decided to try Lōma on my lawn. To see if I could notice a real difference, I first had only half of the lawn treated—the Lōma was kept off the other half by unrolling wrapping paper in a straight line down the middle. At the rate of five pounds per hundred square feet, Lōma was sprinkled (through an ordinary kitchen colander) over the right-hand side. And then the entire lawn was thoroughly watered.

"Even after the fourth day, the difference was noticeable. And at the end of a fortnight, the grass on the Lōma side was actually five inches taller than the grass on the untreated side. What's more, on the untreated side there were many bare spots, while the Lōma side was an unbroken stretch of green.

"From time to time, I called in my Garden Club friends, and they were as surprised and as pleased as I at the results.

"I was pleased, too," Mrs. Latimer adds, "at the good Lōma did to my flowers when I tried it on a flower-bed. The improvement following the feeding was very noticeable."

* * *

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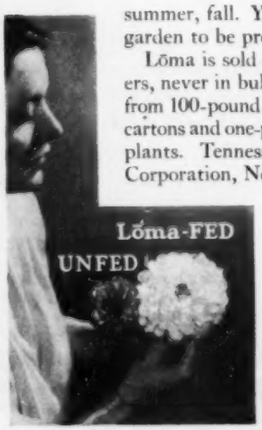

Last spring Mrs. David Greer, 109 Brackett Road, Newton, Mass., sprinkled a few handfuls of Lōma *evenly around her flowers—particularly the zinnias. "I never saw anything grow so fast," she said. "All my flowers grew several times larger than ever before and were more colorful. They seemed never to stop growing."*

Lōma

beautifies Lawns *and* Gardens

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(Continued from Page 106)

and women—more even than older men and women—are apt to find the strain of marriage intolerable; a long-drawn conflict or a frightful disillusion, because of some lack of compromise, some mental tug of war, between husband and wife, some spiritual torture or some physical revulsion which did not seem to trouble the married life of their grandparents, unless all that was hidden and endured. Is it because the young wife or the middle-aged wife asks too much and gives too little? Is it because she demands equality in a situation where one must be dominant, or shirks the natural rights of a husband, or what he thinks to be his natural rights? Is it because her revolt against the old drudgery and mental imprisonment and Griselda-like submission makes a mockery of home life and inflicts a humiliation or discomfort upon a husband which he finds unendurable? Is monogamy itself becoming unendurable to modern women who have this new freedom, and to modern men who used to hide their infidelities and now get found out? Have the old loyalties weakened because women are not so adoring and are more critical, and because men are not so faithful to women because women have not the weakness, the defenselessness, the uncomplaining sweetness of their grandmothers?

More Women Than Men

I ask these questions because I cannot answer them. I think it is likely that the strain of this industrialized civilization of ours, and the disease of nerves which it produces, have something to do with the difficulties of modern marriage. I think, also, that the abandonment of the old sacramental idea of wedlock and the growing disbelief in revealed religion have weakened the ties of marriage so that they snap after a breakfast-table temper, or when passionate desires for other men's wives or other women's husbands are not checked by a sense of sin which is very old-fashioned. Women can't take all the blame for that, if there is to be blame, in this age of agnosticism which is developing into the new paganism. Women are refusing to bear children to the same extent as their grandmothers. Some of them are refusing to bear children at all. The advocates of birth control are spreading their propaganda, and they have supporters in all but one church, which refuses to countenance a practice which it regards as an abhorrent crime. That, to my mind, is the strongest argument in support of that prophecy of doom told to me in the rain by my passionate friend. Because, if women refuse motherhood, that's the end of it and of everything!

This shirking of motherhood is happening in certain strata of society, among neurotic women and others who, because of selfishness, or fear, or ill health, shrink from the terrors of maternity—which are not, alas, imaginary. It is spreading down to other classes, previously ignorant of this method of thwarting nature and desperately anxious to restrict the number of their children because of the squalor and misery resulting from child-bearing in economic conditions which do not allow of decent house room to working folk, or security of wages in times of depression, or any comfort to overburdened mothers, fretted by the nerve strain of this industrialized civilization.

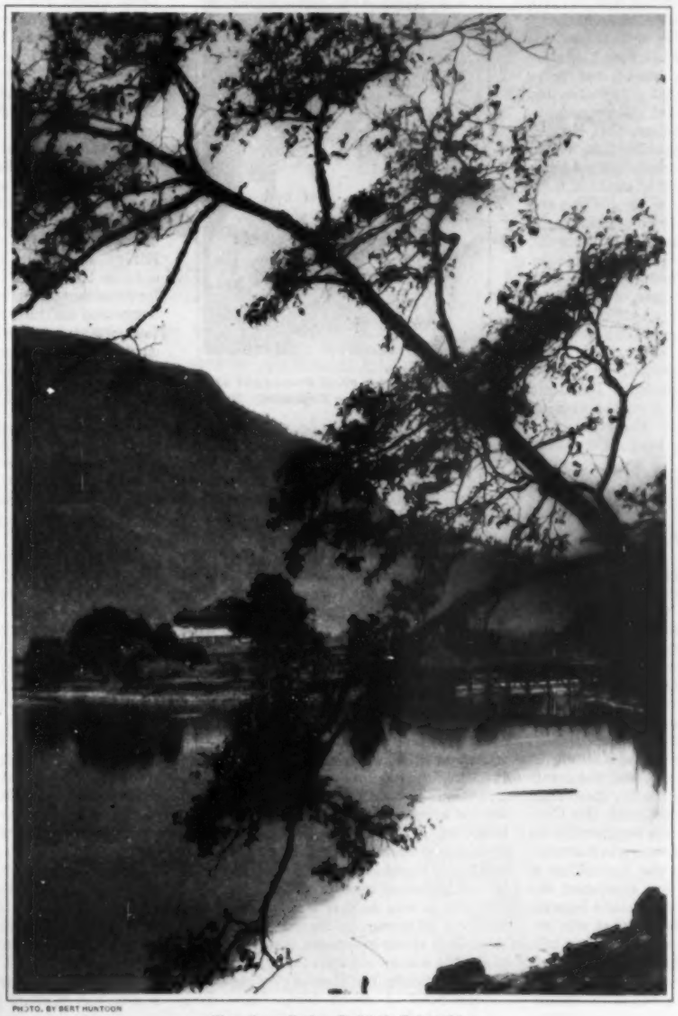
On the other hand, there is another problem of quite an opposite kind, and hardly less important in its effect upon human society. It is the problem of the young woman who wants to fulfill the natural destiny of womanhood, but cannot find her mate. It is the outstanding problem in England today, where there is an excess of women over men. These legions of girls who board the morning busses on their way to work, so keen, so high-spirited, so vital, are not antagonistic to marriage or to men. Far from it! They are wistful for male companionship. They want to meet nice boys who will give them the chance of marriage. They crave to be loved. They are troubled and sometimes tortured by this passionate desire, and all the books they read—those exciting novels, those little books on biology, those newspaper articles dealing frankly with the subject of sex—intensify their yearnings to experience the biological purpose of their being, without which they have been robbed of the greatest adventure in life, and of its essential meaning. In the old days, better balanced somehow in this respect, marriage was not so hazardous in a financial way, or young couples took greater risks and were more willing to endure sacrifice. In any case, there were men to marry. Now, in England, there are not men to marry—not enough to go round—and those who exist are unwilling to marry at an early age on a monthly salary which is not enough to keep a wife in any kind of comfort.

Today's Bachelor Girls

What are these legions of girls going to do? What are they doing? The spinster of the Victorian era—despised because she had failed in the marriage mart—suffered in silence or took to religion. These unmarried girls of the postwar period do not suffer in silence, and to many of them religion offers no consolation for thwarted instincts. They talk it over with amazing frankness over little tables in cheap restaurants or in bed-sitting rooms. They take to golf, to sport of many kinds, to work. They get a good deal of satisfaction out of comradeship with their own girl friends. They find life amusing and not too bad, even on dull days. They read lots of those queer books which strip life naked. They know something of the jargon of psychoanalysis and have learned that to get away from morbid thoughts they must sublimate their desires. In the mass they do so, cheerfully, bravely, gallantly. But that problem of the unmated girl remains underneath their gayety. It is the worm i' the bud, biting them. It leads to many individual tragedies of passion, as one sees in any newspaper. And it is a problem that cannot be answered glibly, by any moral platitude. It may break down our old code of monogamy. It may destroy the old moralities of Christendom. My friend who grabbed my arm in the rain may be right.

Well, there is one thing certain. These women are not going back again behind the window blinds. That is an impossibility in the modern world, and who could wish it so? They are out and about, and I for one have an immense admiration for the girl of today, and for her elder sister, and her young-looking mother.

Millions of them in many countries are doing splendid work. The world is better for them since the war in many ways. They are giving life most of its beauty, and making it more honest. But whether this new status of theirs—this break away from their traditional subjection to men—will lead to spiritual progress or social decadence is to me a question not yet to be answered, for lack of evidence. The future will answer it.



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THIS CONGRESS AND THAT

(Continued from Page 17)

holding their organizations in control and securing results which, whatever might be thought of them, were results, none the less, straightforward and partisan, and not manipulations and maneuvers by blocs, offshoots and cabals.

The leader of the Republicans in the Senate was Nelson W. Aldrich, of Rhode Island, who, after two terms in the House of Representatives, served as senator from 1881 to 1911. Aldrich was a real leader, a tall, spare New Englander, with a lean hawk-nosed face, cold blue eyes, and an iron hand. He believed in organization, and he had one. He rarely spoke on the floor, having an adequate supply of forceful speakers in his company, but his domination was absolute and his discipline admirable. When he wanted the full vote of his party on a measure, he usually got it. He was a master legislative tactician and an astute political strategist. He was chairman of the powerful Finance Committee of the Senate for years, and from that seat of advantage, commanded his forces like the great general he was.

His leadership, compared with senatorial samples of party leadership since his day, was clean-cut, vigorous, partisan and ruthless. He was a Republican, and anybody who was not a Republican, from his standards, no matter what the protest of loyalty was, was outside his pale. His machine operated smoothly and without great friction. The Senate, under Aldrich, was a legislative body there to legislate, not a town meeting or a police court.

Aldrich's principal lieutenant during the years of his best leadership was Senator William B. Allison, of Iowa. Legislatively, Aldrich was the abrasive and Allison was the emollient. Allison was a round, chubby little man, soft-spoken, suave, pervading and conciliatory, but what a politician and what a smoother he was! Incomparable. They used to say of Allison that if there was a piano keyboard reaching from Washington to Dubuque, he could walk out home on the keyboard and never strike a note. He bustled about, cagy as to opinions and constitutionally opposed to making anything but the most cautious statements, but gathering them in—gathering them in.

Walking out of the Senate one day with the brilliant John C. Spooner, of Wisconsin, they found a heavy rain. As they stood in the doorway, Spooner, regarding the skies, asked: "Do you think it will stop?"

"It always has," was the Allisonian reply.

He was riding in a train out in Iowa, and his seat companion, looking out the window, saw a flock of freshly sheared sheep. "Those sheep have just been sheared," he commented.

"Looks like it from this side," replied the noncommittal Allison.

The Roll of the Senate

Allison served for thirty-five years and five months in the Senate, and all the time as a Republican, with no Progressive, or bloc, or outside ramifications whatsoever. Like Aldrich, he was a real Republican, and though he made practically no noise, nor engineered any investigations, nor howled about the common people and their woes, he was of vast service to his country. And there has never been his like since he died.

The greatest member of the Aldrich organization, as a statesman, and the greatest senator I have known in my more than thirty years' acquaintance with the Congress and the men in it, was Senator Orville H. Platt, of Connecticut, who was a senator from 1879 to 1905, who was the author of the Platt Amendment that composed our Cuban difficulties, and whose sane impress is on most of the legislation that was enacted during his long service. He was a tall, bent man, with a mild manner and a courteous tolerance of the opinions and the precepts of others. His grasp of the fundamentals of our Government was surer than that of any of his colleagues, and his patriotism was on a lofty plane.

He was sane, logical, kindly, eloquent, a statesman of the old school, and as simple in his manner as a child. He smoked five-cent cigars, wore homespun clothes, read dime novels for diversion, and revered the Constitution. He was independent, albeit a stern partisan, and not to be bound by any plan that, in his opinion, would lead him from the path of strictly American constitutionalism. His speeches were clear, lucid expositions of his subject, and for years and years he held his colleagues on the path laid out by the Fathers. A great man was Orville H. Platt. Look around for the likes of him.

Now, I shall begin with Alabama and run through the Senates of those days, calling the roll of the eminent for the purpose of your comparison—not mine—with the senators of the moment. I start with John T. Morgan, of Alabama, a grand old man, who was a brigadier in the Confederate Army and served in the Senate from 1877 to 1907. Long before the Hawaiian Islands were more than a romantic geographical name to most Americans, Morgan was advocating their annexation by the United States. His vision was as clear on Hawaii as it was on interoceanic canals. He was the greatest legislative authority this country ever had on the Nicaragua and the

PHOTO, FROM KEYSTONE VIEW COMPANY, INC., OF N. Y.

Yuan Shi-kai, First President of the Chinese Republic

Panama canal routes, and he spoke in advocacy of an interoceanic canal before most of his colleagues considered the scheme more than a fantasy. He was the father of the annexation of Hawaii, and, because of his early insistence and advocacy of an interoceanic canal, may be called the father of the Panama Canal also, although he strongly favored the Nicaragua route, and he was one of the earliest champions of independence for Cuba. A wise man with vision was Morgan. Toward the end of his career in the Senate he decided to put into the Congressional Record all his information and ideas about interoceanic canals, and he prepared a speech. The speech was a compendium of all the knowledge there was about these canals, and it was very long. It took him a good many days to deliver it, and it was dry stuff for his colleagues, who did not listen to him in any great numbers. However, he imperturbably spoke for an hour or two each day until he had what he had to say about canals embalmed in a public and historical record.

While he was making this speech I met him one afternoon in the Marble Room. We talked about his speech, and the length of it. He was an old man then, and rather feeble physically, but alert as ever mentally.

"Senator," I asked him, "how long could you talk on any important subject?"

"Do you mean with preparation or without preparation?" he asked me in return.

"Without preparation, say."

"Oh, not more than three or four days," he told me, in an apologetic tone.

James L. Pugh was Morgan's colleague for eighteen years, and was succeeded in 1897 by Edmund W. Pettus, a Confederate brigadier, a pudgy, chin-whiskered old gentleman, who, peering over his spectacles not long after he came to the Senate, made the classic "she bear" speech in humorous rebuke for one of Senator Beveridge's speeches, a speech that has not been equaled since in kind. Pettus wanted to be a Federal judge. Pugh, Democratic boss of the state, and then senator, refused to indorse him.

"All right," said Pettus; "then I'll go to the Senate in your place." And he did.

The Free-Silver Issue

James K. Jones, who ran Bryan's campaigns in 1896 and in 1900, was there from Arkansas, and Henry M. Teller, a man of intense convictions and great ability, from Colorado. He served from 1876 to 1909, with three years out when he was Secretary of the Interior in President Arthur's cabinet. In 1896, when McKinley was nominated, Teller walked out of the Republican National Convention on the Free Silver issue, and was slated for nomination as President on that issue, but a young fellow named William Jennings Bryan made a cross-of-gold-and-crown-of-thorns speech before the convention that was to nominate Teller, and that settled that. Teller tried to be a Democrat in his later years in the Senate, but his heart was not in it.

His colleague for some years was Edward O. Wolcott, of Denver, as brilliant a senator as the West has ever produced. Connecticut had Orville H. Platt, of whom I have written; and George Gray, a most distinguished legislator, was a senator from Delaware. Later, Senator Gray held high legal positions, including a membership of the Permanent Court of Arbitration at The Hague, and was appointed to important commissions and boards by Presidents McKinley, Roosevelt, Taft and Wilson. The old-line Democrats tried to nominate him for President at Denver, in 1908, but Bryan demanded his third trial at it, and that settled any aspirations of the old-line Democrats along those lines.

Shelby M. Cullom was one of the senators from Illinois, an astute, experienced and capable man, who had a friendly rivalry with Uncle Joe Cannon over which looked most like Lincoln, and was first assistant compromiser and smoother to Allison. If Allison was rubber-tired, Cullom was gum-shoed. Between them they got a lot of sticky legislation out of the viscous stage and on its way.

Charles Warren Fairbanks, afterward vice president, represented Indiana; and in 1899 the brilliant, eloquent, impetuous and courageous Albert J. Beveridge came along to make a lasting impression for intellectual ability and profound knowledge of our Government and the men who helped to make it, which impression he made even more enduring after he retired by his great biography, The Life of John Marshall, and would have increased had he lived to complete his work on Lincoln.

Iowa had Allison, and Jonathan P. Dolliver entered the Senate, in 1900, from the House of Representatives, where he had served six terms; Dolliver who made the famous speech about Abraham, sheep, and the flocks of Senator Warren and his friends in Wyoming. He was a great orator, with a sense of humor which few great orators have, especially in the United States Congress nowadays. Eugene Hale was from Maine, which state he represented in a patrician sense, and never got out of character; and also from Maine was William P. Frye, who worked

(Continued on Page 112)

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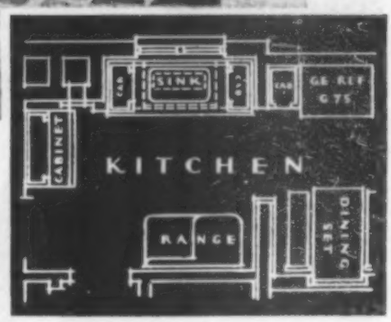

Illustrations show exterior view and kitchen of Model Home erected in Los Angeles, Cal., suburb by Lincoln Mortgage Co. Monel Metal equipment in this kitchen includes McDougall cabinets with Monel Metal working surfaces and sink. Another step-saving feature is the Monel Metal laundry chute. General Electric refrigerator has Monel Metal door corners and screws. This house was awarded Second Grand Prize in the 1929 National Better Homes Architectural Competition and was built under the auspices of the Los Angeles Times. Architect: Harrison Clarke, Los Angeles, Cal.

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(Continued from Page 110)

for years for an adequate merchant marine for this country and was president pro tem for a long time.

The Senate has had few greater party legislative leaders than Arthur Pue Gorman, who was there from Maryland for many years. He was courageous, as witness his battles with Grover Cleveland, adroit and a skillful tactician.

At the same time, Massachusetts was represented by George Frisbie Hoar and Henry Cabot Lodge, the one a statesman of the old New England school and the other a New Englander of the Cabot Lodge school, but both able and cultivated men. One of the great speeches of those times was the speech of Senator Hoar, when, in opposition to the McKinley policy in the Philippines, he called the roll of the Presidents of the United States and declaimed with great fervor how each would have acted in the circumstances, but the McKinley policy prevailed just the same. Mr. Aldrich saw to that.

Senators Julius Cæsar Burrows, Republican, of Michigan, and Joe C. S. Blackburn, Democrat, of Kentucky, were orotund statesmen who were put up often by their leaders when oratory was required; and Knute Nelson, of Minnesota, a sturdy Norwegian who emigrated to this country, served in the Civil War, was a member of the House of Representatives for several terms and a senator from 1895 until 1923, was one of the Republican wheel horses.

Missouri had the studious, learned, patriotic and watchful Francis M. Cockrell, and the ardent, eloquent and pugnacious George G. Vest, each complementing the other. Cockrell watched every bill as it was read for passage, line by line, and his objections and speeches were based on a vast knowledge of senatorial procedure and constitutional requirements. Vest was a fighter, and an eloquent and forceful one, and invaluable to his side in debate.

From Montana came Thomas H. Carter, who wore the same kind of chin whisker the traditional Uncle Sam wears, and had all that Yankee's shrewdness and common sense, even if he did represent a Western state. The Senate never had a more useful member than Tom Carter, who was a persuasive and logical orator, a strategist of high order, and who won many fights by suavity and humor that others would have lost by making them tragic. He was the father of the Post Office Savings Bank Bill, and once, as a favor to his old friend, President McKinley, talked for the last twenty-four hours of a senatorial session to kill an appropriation bill the President did not favor. An adaptable and an able person was Tom Carter.

An Unpublished Masterpiece

Nevada provided William M. Stewart and John P. Jones, both pioneers of the Comstock days. Stewart was big, ruddy and white-whiskered, and his favorite topic was the Crime of '73. Jones was small and waspish, but an able legislator. Bored once by a long and platitudinous speech, he rose to remark that "the senator who has just spoken will be of some service to this body when his ideas catch up to his vocabulary."

Another wasp of that period was William E. Chandler, of New Hampshire, as able a citizen as sat in the body, but mischievous at times. He served from 1887 to 1901, had been Secretary of the Navy in President Arthur's cabinet, and, before that, had served in bureau positions in the Navy and Treasury departments, and in various other capacities both in Washington and in New Hampshire. Chandler loved to start something on a dull day in the Senate. He could raise a rumpus by a single remark, and he was sheet lightning in a rough-and-tumble debate.

He knew every President from Pierce to Wilson, and his knowledge of government, politics and our history was unsurpassed. Every day of his eventful life, from the time he went to Harvard Law School, in 1852, until he died, in 1917, he put down in a diary all he heard and knew of governmental and political affairs, and he heard and knew a lot. Unfortunately, he made his entries in a shorthand that he alone could translate, and what is probably the most valuable running commentary on American politics and government ever written will never be printed, for nobody can decipher it. There was only one Chandler, a rare and gifted man, and a lively contributor to the joy of living when he was in the Senate, as well as an able legislator.

The Last of the Bosses

John Sherman left the Senate along about this time to go into President McKinley's cabinet, but he came into Congress as a representative in 1855, and, save for the time out when he was Secretary of the Treasury under President Hayes, he was there continuously, mostly in the Senate, until President McKinley made him Secretary of State. His legislative monument is the Sherman Antitrust Law. At the time I am writing about, his colleague was Joseph B. Foraker, and Mark Hanna succeeded Sherman, thus giving Ohio two able and interesting senators and keeping up the standard.

Away back yonder, in 1884, I rode twenty-nine miles in a springless lumber wagon over the frozen country roads of late October to hear "Fire Alarm" Foraker make a political speech in Rochester, New York, and it was a great speech, with plenty of both fire and alarm in it. Foraker was like that. He was an impassioned orator, and he had great courage. He proved both many times, but especially when he had his memorable jousts with the ferocious Roosevelt over the Brownsville affair and gave that crusading President as good as he received, and as some of us thought then, and still think, far better on two or three occasions. Foraker was a spectacular and notable senator.

Mark Hanna, having nominated McKinley in 1896, and elected him, came into the Senate when McKinley went into the White House. Hanna was a shrewd and forceful business man, who applied business methods to politics with excellent results. He was a prominent senator because of his close association with the President, but he was not a Senate leader. He took his orders from Aldrich and the Aldrich lieutenants, just as the other Republicans did on Senate policies and affairs. He was an interesting man, and rather a new political figure, but his status changed when President McKinley died and Colonel Roosevelt became President. His famous remark: "There is nothing so dead as a dead man," pictured his political position after his President had passed. But while he was there, stumping about the Senate with his great cane supporting his lame knee, he was a picturesque and enlivening person.

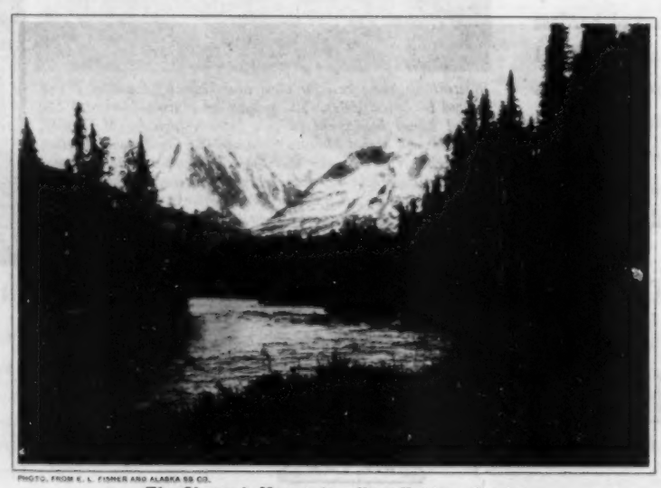
Often the great political bosses took the senatorial jobs themselves. Thomas C. Platt, who ran the New York Republican Party—The Easy Boss—came to the Senate at about the time Hanna did, and Matthew Stanley Quay, of Pennsylvania, was there for years, with some interruptions to his service toward the end, when he failed of election in 1899 because of a deadlock in the Pennsylvania legislature, was appointed to the vacancy, and was declared not entitled to his seat by the Senate. Matthew Quay was not a person to let a little thing like that bother him, so he had himself elected in 1901 and served until his death in 1904.

Boies Penrose, of Pennsylvania, was another of the bosses who came to the Senate with Hanna and Platt. Penrose was then taking over the failing leadership of Quay, and after Quay's death became the actual Pennsylvania boss. The Senate never had a more picturesque or forceful member than this gigantic Pennsylvanian, or one who was more avowedly an organization politician. He cloaked a great ability with an abrupt and even ribald manner, but his short speeches were gems, and his influence great, both in a political way and in legislative matters. He served in the Senate from 1897 until he died in 1921.

Penrose was the last senator of his type. There are some state bosses there, but no more of the Hanna, Platt, Quay and Penrose type, nor the long list of big bosses who preceded them. Of course changing political conditions have eliminated such men to a degree, but they had their valuable places in Congress. All government is politics, and all legislation is secured by political and partisan methods, which, though it may be unfortunate, is precisely true. These men were superpoliticians, fervent partisans and organization supporters, and whatever may have been the criticism of the results they obtained, at least they obtained results. They were expert and effective. And now ——

Four Hundred Years in the Senate

Another spectacular figure in the Senate of those days was Benjamin R. Tillman—Pitchfork Ben—of South Carolina, who could roar and ramp and rage with the best roarers and ragers of the times or any other times, but who was essentially a showman, and, at heart, not at all the rough hill-billy he appeared to be. He was a kindly, courteous, generous man, and of great ability. He had but one eye, and that gave him a ferocious look, and he played up to it. He fooled me for quite a time, but once, when I was in South Carolina, I visited him at his plantation at Trenton and found that all his workmen and his neighbors called him "Uncle Ben." He served in the Senate from 1895 until 1918, when he died, mellowed toward the last, and always a valuable legislator.



PHOTO, FROM K. L. FISHER AND ALASKA SS CO.

The Chugach Mountains, Near Valdez, Alaska

Others of this powerful period were Redfield Proctor, of Vermont, a sturdy New Englander and an experienced legislator; John W. Daniel, of Virginia, as silvery tongued an orator as ever came from the South; Thomas S. Martin, another political boss—and a big one—also from Virginia; Francis E. Warren, of Wyoming, whose recent death removed from the Senate an important and powerful elder; and John C. Spooner, of Wisconsin, who was the skillful advocate of the Aldrich organization, and who made the principal speeches in support of organization measures. Spooner was a great lawyer, a powerful speaker and a tower of Republican strength in the Senate.

Some interesting figures compiled by D. Hastings MacAdam, of the Detroit News, show that, compared to the elders of the Senate in 1907, the present senators of long service have served a combined 366 years, whereas the elders of 1907 had served 402 years. This year, 1907, is seven to ten years ahead of the period of which I am writing. If tabulations were made, it is likely that the elders of 1898 and 1900 had more years of service than 402 behind them. Under the old legislative system of election, a great senator, even only a fair senator, was retained, and the power and influence of the Senate were enhanced greatly by the experience in legislative affairs the long-service senators had. They do not stay so long now, and that is another reason for many things that have happened and are happening in Washington.

In Politics' Hall of Fame

Furthermore, the House of Representatives of those days had abler, more interesting, and more effective men in it than the House has now, of whom the first was Thomas B. Reed, of Maine, whose brilliant wit enlivened the discussion on the floor, rocked the cloakrooms with laughter, and whose strength, courage and imperturbable temperament led that body through many a crisis to safe legislative ground beyond. Uncle Joe Cannon was also an active legislator of the times, and now there is nobody to compare with that agile, adept and able citizen.

The mere citation of some of the names of the leading members of the Congresses of those days will prove the prowess that I claim to any person at all familiar with the legislative and political history of Washington. Here they are: Oscar W. Underwood, John Sharp Williams, Theodore E. Burton, Nelson Dingley, Champ Clark, Samuel W. McCall, James A. Tawney, Ebenezer J. Hill, James R. Mann, James A. Hemenway, Charles Curtis, Robert G. Cousins, William H. Moody, F. H. Gillett, William Alden Smith, Private John Allen, Cyrus Sulloway, Amos J. Cummings, George B. McClellan, Benjamin B. Odell, Jr., James S. Sherman, Sereno E. Payne, James W. Wadsworth, General Charles H. Grosvenor, John Dalzell, Joseph W. Bailey, Francis W. Cushman, and on the entertaining side, among others, Jerry Simpson and Adam Bede.

These men, and many others I have not named, deserve greater consideration than I can give them here. They were big men of their day and time, able and experienced legislators, strong partisans, and good fellows. They had wit and they had humor. They struck out from the shoulder, and preserved their individualities. No Rules Committee herded them into a voting corner. They were Democrats and Republicans without any splits, blocs, cabals or conspiracies. An organization was an organization, and they were for it if they belonged to it. That was a time of individual assertion in the House rather than a time of mass production.

"All passes," old Clem Studebaker carved above the door of his theater in Chicago. "Art alone endures." Clem had it right. Even so important an institution as the Congress of the United States is subject to mutations and, as might be said, mutilations. *Verbum sap.*

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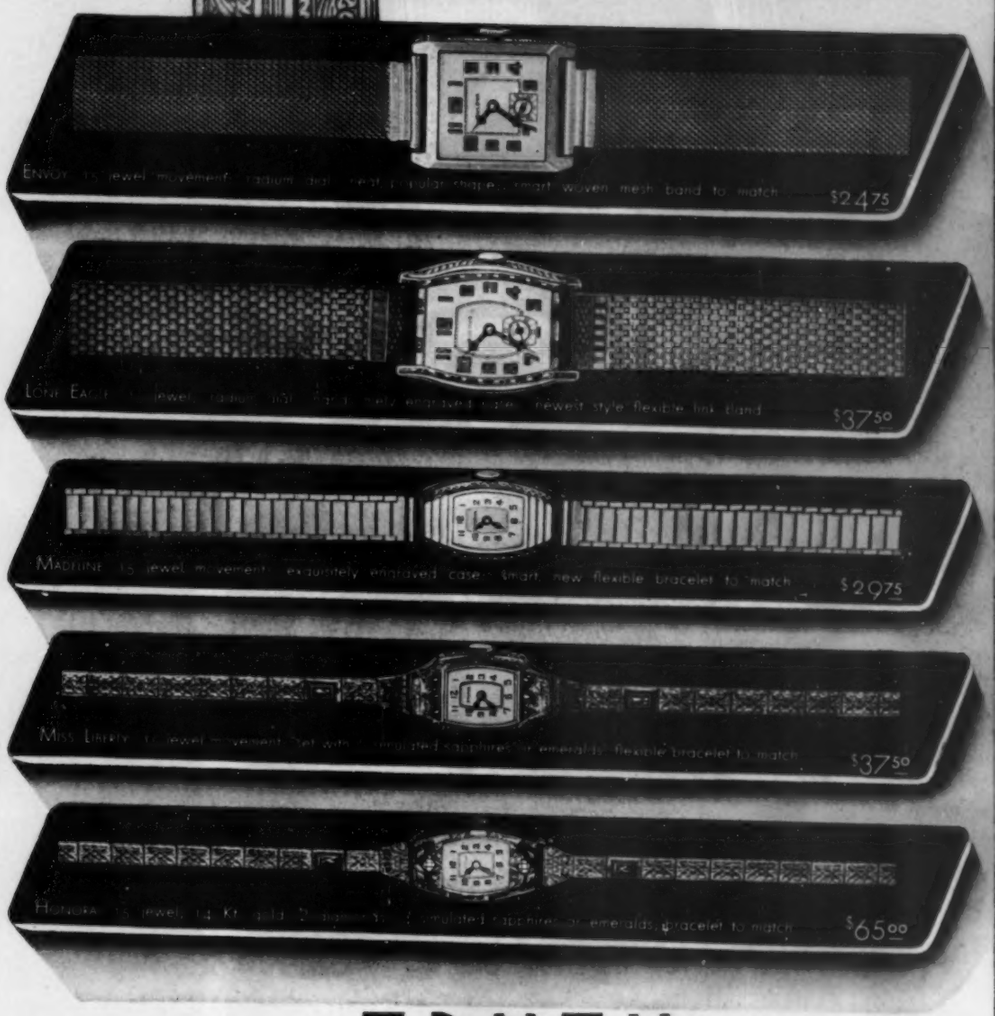

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MEET Time, tough old tester of all in the world. . . . All the works of man he measures, until he establishes the facts that show how long those works will last. . . . Against one material made by man, the attacks of Time have been singularly fruitless. That material is genuine puddled wrought iron, the material of which Reading 5-Point Pipe is made.

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The Parade of the Substitutes

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Scientists for generations have been trying to devise laboratory tests that would tell the truth about the length of life of such pipe materials, as well as of genuine puddled wrought iron. Some such tests may yet be found.

But today, as for the centuries leading back to the dawn of the iron age, only one test has ever told the truth about the length of life of pipe under any and all conditions. That is the test of Time—that tough old tester.

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—When you do need pipe, buy Reading 5-Point Pipe, because its length of life insures you from repairs as long as freedom from repairs will interest you. It means that Reading Pipe once installed can be forgotten, that its first cost is essentially its last.

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With cold, wax "freezes" stiff—candle-hard—causing engine stiffness and hard starting. Under heat this same wax turns water-thin and has no lubricating value.

Avoid lubrication troubles by using the New Waxfree Havoline, *Govers Process*. It is the ideal year-round oil for every climate because it is a pure unblended paraffin-base oil that contains *no wax*—a rich *fluid* lubricant at 5° below zero—and 500° F. above!

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Make no mistake: north or south, *waxfree* means *carefree*. Grade for grade, the New Waxfree Havoline protects your engine from greater extremes of both heat and cold than other oils. A dealer near you has the correct grade for every car and every season.

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The New WAXFREE HAVOLINE

35¢ a QUART *Prices slightly higher west of the Rocky Mountains and in Canada*

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THE LIMESTONE TREE

(Continued from Page 9)

"I am Fauche Brimage," the younger man told him. Yes, Gabriel Sash said again. Fauche Brimage showed no trace of discouragement or hesitation. "My great-grandfather was John Abel and he was your great-grandfather's brother. I can't guess what that makes us, but it's something. The same blood. I have been in Texas," Fauche swept on; "I went with Lamar's expedition to Santa Fé. You know about that. When it failed, Salazar marched us in irons to Mexico City—twelve hundred miles. A lot of our men dropped dead and a lot were murdered, shot, by the guards. I was kept in prison for a year, then Santa Anna let me out, but I was too sick to travel. I started back for New Orleans, where I have always lived, when suddenly I wanted to see Kentucky and my father's kin."

"What was your great-grandmother's name?" Gabriel asked.

"Her name was Laure. John Abel married her in New Orleans. It was about the time James Wilkinson first appeared in Louisiana."

Archelaus spoke hospitably. "I'm Archelaus Hazel," he explained; "Gabriel married my sister, Liddy. They are living with us just now, and, while you are in Kentucky, we would like you to do that too."

He was staying at Mr. Holman's tavern on the hill, in Frankfort, Fauche Brimage told them. "I called on Judge Abel—he was away with Mrs. Abel, but I saw Mrs. Flora Bensalem at the Mansion House."

A marked constraint settled upon Gabriel and Archelaus Hazel. "Of course," Brimage added rapidly, "I had forgotten all about that—it was Mr. Bensalem who killed your father in a duel," he said to Gabriel Sash.

Archelaus replied, "We do not refer to the affair between Mr. Sash and Mr. Bensalem as a duel, Mr. Brimage. We prefer to call it an assassination."

A momentary awkwardness was brought to a close by the general appearance of people from the house.

Gabriel admitted to himself that Fauche Brimage made him uneasy; his reason for this was both clear and reasonable. Thomas Hazel had insisted on Brimage leaving the tavern at Frankfort for Calydon, and the Hazels had already done far too much for his family. He could not, however, get anyone to agree with him. Fauche Brimage was well liked at once. His stories of Texas battles and high spirits pleased Thomas Hazel; Mrs. Hazel approved of his formal and romantic manner; Bland was enthusiastic about his marked skill with horses; Liddy and Eliza Rose McGlassen, Gabriel's sister, both thought Fauche Brimage was the handsomest man they had ever beheld. Eliza Rose's husband was dead; she was twenty-six or twenty-seven years old—Gabriel didn't know which—and he thought her attitude toward men, especially where Brimage was concerned, was obvious. She was different, he recognized, from all the other Sashes and Abels he knew of. Her eyes were blue, but not the steady gray blue of the McKee Abel eyes; they were big and soft and the color of slightly faded blue velvet. Her hair was light—it almost required to be called gold—but, again, it was different from the light Abel hair—a lightness that held the cold suggestion of silver.

Some of this occupied Gabriel's mind in the office where he administered the affairs of Calydon. It was at the end of the left wing of the house, with an independent door and steps leading down to the sod.

Fauche Brimage was seated opposite him and speaking. "I want to stay in Kentucky," he declared; "right here in Bourbon County. With Thomas Hazel, as a matter of fact. And I can't keep on like this. You have pointed that out to me. I would like to work with the horses. I mean ride them. I'm as good as Mr. Hazel could find. He realizes that, and so does Bland. I said something about this to Bland, and he's in favor of it. He is in favor of me. The truth is I'm pretty well liked at Calydon. Bland, I know, spoke to his father. Anyhow he told me I'd have to come to you. You're the manager here."

All that Brimage had said, Gabriel realized, was so; he was very much enjoyed at Calydon; Fauche was a courageous and skillful rider; and Bland, who had immediate charge of the stables and racing, wanted him. Gabriel didn't want him; he had no reason for what, probably, was no better than a prejudice, but he could not overcome it.

"I have nothing to do with this," he at last said abruptly; "I am leaving Calydon soon. Mr. Hazel and Bland must decide. They seem to have decided it."

Liddy Sash, like her brother Archelaus, was small; she was not thirty and appeared to be less than twenty; her eyes were brown; her hair was brown—the color of the leaves on the forest floor—and her father's flushed countenance was, in her, softened to an exact rose. She had, Gabriel suspected, a good mind, but, in the interest of more valuable feminine attributes, she concealed it behind her charming youngness. Gabriel was in his room at Calydon with her, a great square chamber with a distant ceiling and incredibly high windows and doors. An inner door led to the three rooms occupied by their children and two nurses. The children had gone to bed, and Gabriel, untroubled for the moment by affairs other than his own, was comfortably serious.

"I'll be planting my own hemp by next spring," he informed Liddy; "yes, and barley and rye. We'll grow tobacco for a money crop. It will be a novelty in Woodford County, but there is no reason why it can't succeed. I'm going to start with fifty head of yearling cattle and a good horse or two. There won't be much racing for a while. We can't afford that, Liddy. Not yet. It will be wonderful! Independence. I hate other people's things. Even their generosity. You are nothing except in yourself. I have a curious feeling about Kentucky. About its soil. I want to own a part of it. I'm a Kentuckian."

"I don't see why you have to be so disagreeable about it," Liddy replied cheerfully. "You ought to take all that for granted. Father has been marvelous to us."

He had, Gabriel agreed. "But I don't enjoy it. Liddy, we have almost ten thousand dollars now. Perhaps we have ten. We can buy the Debruler place any time. It's only sixteen thousand and it will be easy to carry the balance. Henry New will arrange it."

Liddy interrupted him. "Gabriel," she asked, "have you noticed Eliza Rose and Fauche Brimage?"

He glanced sharply at her, annoyed at the departure from the subject of his discourse. "Yes," he replied finally, reluctantly, "I have. Fauche Brimage is another thing I will be glad to get away from. Eliza Rose has always been ridiculous about men. It doesn't mean much to her."

This time, she said, he was wrong. "Eliza Rose is madly in love. A woman can tell. At first she was too nice to Fauche—just like you said—but now, when anyone is around, she is positively indifferent. But she never takes her eyes off him. It's Fauche that specially interests me. I like him enormously—any woman would—but I am not sure of him. After all, Eliza Rose is your sister and you ought to look after her."

"She'll have to look after herself," Gabriel replied. "I have more than I can manage already. You will see, she's able to do it. There is something in her—I can't tell you what; it's not a Sash trait—that brings her through very shady places. Or perhaps it leads her into them. I can't tell. If Eliza Rose didn't belong to my family I am certain I'd dislike her. Why did you interrupt me about her?"

Liddy didn't know why. "She just came into my head. I suppose I'm romantic and interested in love. If it's love. And then, Gabriel, you know I don't like to talk about going away from Calydon. It isn't very tender of you, Gabriel, to make me."

It wasn't tender, he agreed. "Liddy, I've got to do it. If we stay here I'll be ruined. Your father's kindness would kill what is in me. You ought to see that. I don't want to be another Hazel. I'm a Sash—Gabriel Sash. I have to be free. Have a Calydon of my own. I don't care if it's only a log house."

She made a grimace. "You are not thinking very much about the children and me."

"I have to think of us all together," he explained; "I wouldn't be much good if you were discontented; you'd soon get sick of me if I were unhappy. It can't hurt you to go with me; have a place of our own; and it would hurt me to stay here. You know how your mother feels too. Now Archelaus has Greenland, she wants all the rest for Bland. The truth is she resents my managing Calydon. Bland isn't married, so he has no children, and it annoys her to hear our children call Calydon their home. I've said nothing about this before, Liddy, but your mother and Bland have helped to make it hard for me. Archelaus understands it."

Liddy sighed. "It's natural that mother prefers Bland to the rest of us," she asserted; "he is so captivating. Archelaus and you are serious. You are always busy with cattle and planting crops; and, since he married Charlotte Brown, Archelaus has been too solemn for expression. Bland is different—he is always racing and doing exciting things. Bland is dangerous, and women, even when they are mothers, adore that."

There was a light firm knock on the door to the hall, and Mrs. Hazel entered.

"Gabriel," she said in a rapid cold voice, "I am glad you haven't retired. I think you ought to go downstairs. Mr. Nicodemus Hammerty is there, and I can tell by the sound of his voice that Mr. Hazel is excited. Mr. Hazel and Bland are both hot-headed, but you haven't any temper, and you may be useful to restrain them."

Liddy exclaimed, "Why, mother, I never heard of such a thing! Gabriel has a perfectly frightful temper. It's in his family. They have killed I don't know how many men."

Mrs. Hazel paid no attention to her daughter. "You would oblige me," she said to Gabriel Sash.

He found Thomas Hazel and Bland with Nicodemus Hammerty in the formal chamber that opened with double doors into the dining room. Thomas Hazel's face was scarlet and Hammerty equally was hot in color and attitude. He was a big and powerful, a rough-appearing, man, but Gabriel knew that, aside from his offensive occupation, Hammerty's fairness and courage were everywhere admitted. Bland was equable and persuasive.

"I'm glad you appeared," he said to Gabriel. "You are supposed to have some influence with my father. Mr. Hammerty came to Calydon on a very reasonable errand, I think."

Hammerty turned his back squarely on Bland Hazel and addressed Gabriel. "It's this, Mr. Sash," he proceeded: "You know there is a lot of talk about my mare Nigeria and Mr. Hazel's Hymettus. The whole center of Kentucky is interested; some people think Hymettus is better and others like the mare; naturally they want to find out who is right. I don't want to force Mr. Hazel into a race, but it's a question with me if the public ain't doing exactly that. I know Mr. Hazel has confidence in Hymettus; he's not holding back because of that; we all understand why he is; and I am here this evening to tell him it's a small reason. There is no better blood

(Continued on Page 121)

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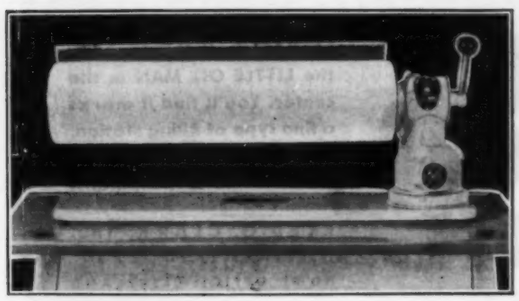

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(Continued from Page 117)

in Kentucky than the Herod strain. What does it matter what I do? I'm not racing with Mr. Hazel. The mare would be running against Hymettus, and I say she has every right to. I came out here alone to say it."

Thomas Hazel protested heatedly: "You seem to be completely lost to the obligations of hospitality. You are quite safe at Calydon."

Hammerty agreed with him. "I agree with you. I have been in worse places than this and come out on my feet. Mr. Sash, I love my mare; I love her more than any other living soul, and I want all the honors I can get for her. She's the best there is and I want her to meet the best."

Nicodemus Hammerty mopped his brow desperately with a tremendous Bombay handkerchief.

Thomas Hazel rose. "That is an honorable sentiment!" he exclaimed. "It would be noble from the lips of an emperor or from the humblest of his slaves. It would move me, spoken by black or by white. Mr. Hammerty, I will match Hymettus against your mare. At the Franklin Agricultural Society Fair in October. The best in two-mile heats agreeable to the rules of the Capital course. For any purse you may mention; any amount, Mr. Hammerty." In the excitement of his decision, Thomas Hazel grasped Hammerty's hand.

"You to mention the sum, Mr. Hazel," Nicodemus Hammerty insisted.

"Five thousand dollars," Thomas Hazel replied; "a purse of ten thousand and two thousand dollars forfeit money."

Gabriel Sash said that ten thousand dollars was a very large amount. He was not listened to. This, Hammerty asserted, would be the greatest race of the age; of, in fact, all time. He would have wagered all he possessed on Nigeria.

Gabriel Sash, a steward of the Franklin Racing Association, was mounted and occupied a place of advantage at the race between Hymettus and Nicodemus Hammerty's mare. He had taken a stand at the distance pole, where he commanded a clear view of the stretch and the ladies' pavilion. The warning trumpet had blown, and Hymettus, led by Bland Hazel, with Fauche Brimage, in the Calydon silk, beside him, was closely followed by Nigeria, Nicodemus Hammerty and his jockey, Dunn Salyers, a ratlike boy in green and orange. The ladies' pavilion was brilliantly filled with color and movement, the ground about the track thronged with all varieties of men—modes of the first fashion, the human refuse of the surrounding towns, grim-jawed individuals from the mountains, and a rough, loud horde of country men. It was the custom, at the Capital course, to run with the left hand next to the pole; and Hymettus, Gabriel saw, had the inside station for the first heat. Nigeria was wide of him, to the right; it was evidently Dunn Salyers' intention to run in a straight line for the lead.

The drum tap sounded and the start was handsomely even. Nigeria took the lead. At the end of the first quarter mile—they were around the first turn—she was three lengths ahead. The horse and mare entered the back side of the course—a straight run to the half-mile pole—making a terrific pace. At the turn Hymettus, under Fauche's whip and spurs, came up to Nigeria's shoulder and, locked, they swept down the stretch. Nigeria was running steadily under a hard pull. She raced like that, Gabriel Sash knew; the mare had unconquerable bottom; at two-mile heats she could be counted on to race the whole distance at practically her utmost speed. Hymettus, however, was best in his run, a short incredibly fast burst. Gabriel's attention was caught by Fauche Brimage—his right hand, engaged with the whip, was away from the bridle, and, his arm high in air and his body thrown forward, his seat was loose and unsteady. Nigeria drew ahead at the three-quarter pole, she held her position and won the first heat in three minutes and forty-one seconds. Hymettus was less than a length behind.

There was a hurried consultation between the Hazels—Thomas and Bland—Fauche Brimage and Gabriel Sash in the interval before the next heat. Hymettus, Fauche declared, was not relieving himself properly. He seemed cold-blooded to Fauche Brimage. He thought Hymettus was a little filleted. Gabriel could find no sign of swelling in the horse's loins.

"Hold yourself steady and let him go," Thomas Hazel directed Brimage.

Nigeria had the rail at the start of the second heat, but Hymettus got away with a rush that carried him inside the mare at the first turn. Through the back stretch Hymettus was three lengths in the lead; he increased his lead to four; and that, Gabriel recognized, was his best and final effort. Gabriel Sash trotted quickly up to the three-quarter pole. Nigeria was slowly but steadily coming up on the Calydon horse. She was scarcely more than two lengths behind. A length and a half. A bare length. Hymettus won the second heat in three minutes and forty seconds flat with Nigeria at his throatlatch.

That was better, Thomas Hazel declared, standing beside Hymettus, stripped at his rubbing place.

"I'm not certain," Bland contradicted him. "The horse has lost his spirit. He died at the second turn. Everyone knows that's not like Hymettus."

Fauche Brimage repeated his opinion that Hymettus was cold-blooded. Thomas Hazel informed Fauche that he was a fool.

"It's possible we kept him too long at grass," Gabriel Sash suggested. "We worked him actually less than three weeks."

Bland, in turn, resented that implied doubt. The Calydon stables, the question of racing, he sharply pointed out, was his affair. "You ran Hymettus off his feet this last first quarter," he told Fauche Brimage. A negro appeared, running and breathing heavily.

"Mr. Sash," he managed to say, "you better come right away and see Potentate."

Calydon Copper Potentate was the red Devon bull that was head of Gabriel Sash's exhibit at the Franklin Agricultural Society Fair; he was the most valuable animal in Gabriel's charge; and he instantly neglected all details of the race.

"What is the matter with Potentate?" he demanded.

The negro didn't know. The bull had just naturally fallen down and was swelling out, the black messenger said, like a toad. Gabriel turned his horse toward the cattle show and rode, where it was possible, at a hand gallop. Calydon Copper Potentate was a grotesque and terrible sight. His barrel was so swollen that his legs looked like small ineffectual sticks.

"Take my horse and find Doctor Driskill," he told the man in charge of the Calydon cattle. "He is watching the race in his carriage beside the ladies' pavilion. Tell him he will have to hurry. It's bloat." Gabriel was helpless to relieve the bull. He couldn't think why it took Driskill so long to appear. Calydon Copper Potentate was the best bull in that part of Kentucky.

The sheds of the cattle exhibit were practically empty of men; everyone had gone to watch the race between Hymettus and Nigeria. There was a curious muffled sound, like the explosion of a paper bag, the bull was seized by an agonized convulsion, and Doctor Driskill arrived.

"He is dead," he said laconically. "The diaphragm burst."

He could see that, Gabriel replied. "The race killed him."

Driskill hotly combated that opinion. "I came the minute your man found me. There wasn't any race to see. Nigeria left Hymettus in the back reach and won by almost half the stretch."

Supper, at Calydon, was a somber occasion. Thomas Hazel couldn't for the life of him think what had come over Hymettus.

"I knew he wasn't right after the first heat," Fauche Brimage insisted. "If you'll remember, I spoke of it then. He ran like a tired horse all the way. To be honest, I didn't think we'd win a heat. It took all the riding I know to bring him in once ahead of Hammerty's mare."

Bland Hazel was sullenly quiet. Angela Hazel and Eliza Rose McGlassen left the table; almost at once, Fauche rose and followed them.

"How much altogether did we bet on Hymettus?" Thomas Hazel asked his son. "I mean aside from the purse."

Bland replied that they had staked ten thousand dollars. "All with Hood Hammerty," he added.

Thomas Hazel was obviously surprised. "I didn't think Hood could get together a tenth of that," he commented.

"Hood represented a pool," Bland explained. "He didn't say whose money it was. It was posted at the Lexington Bank."

"Add another three, perhaps four, thousand dollars for the death of Calydon Copper Potentate," Thomas Hazel said. He fell into a silent figuring, and then turned to Gabriel Sash. "I'll have to let Marshall have the Davy Fork farm," he went on. "I hate that worse than hell, but it's the only way we can get so much money right now. We haven't sold off an acre of Calydon since Ament Hazel settled here in 1790."

It had been a disastrous day, Gabriel realized, with an unseasonable heat. Outside, the lawn and gardens, the meadows, were dim under the stars; he wanted to be alone, to walk, perhaps, to the edge of the forest, where the night was untroubled by prize cattle and racing; and without warning he came up to Eliza Rose and Fauche Brimage standing in a close embrace. They did not see him, and Gabriel made an embarrassed sound in his throat.

Eliza Rose spoke first. "You might as well know," she said to him; "they all might as well know," Eliza Rose added to Fauche. "We are going to be married."

Gabriel Sash was obscurely relieved. They suited each other, he considered, perfectly. "I hope you will be happy and prosperous," he said stupidly. "If you have any plans, if I can help you, let me know."

They had immediate plans, Fauche Brimage replied; Gabriel, however, could not help them; they intended to be married at once and remove to Louisiana.

Gabriel Sash discussed that announcement at length with Liddy in their room. "I was relieved when they told me," he admitted; "and I'll say right now, you knew it all along. That will save you the trouble of reminding me you did. You know, too, what I think of Eliza Rose; I haven't said much about Fauche, but I don't like him any better. I'm glad they are going away. But, Liddy, that is queer. I thought I knew pretty well what Brimage had. He brought almost no money at all to Kentucky, and, outside his bets, he gets very little except his living here. He must have lost money, if anything, on the race with Nigeria. What little Eliza Rose has, Manoah Abel put in trust. She can't draw it out when she pleases."

Liddy owned small interest in these practical details. "I wonder how they'll get along," she proceeded. "I don't think I'd want Fauche for a husband. I believe you would be better, Gabriel. Even with all those disgusting details about the bull's death. But, still, a truly romantic man, like Fauche Brimage, would make up for a good deal. The name would be something—Mrs. Fauche Brimage. You will admit it's different from Gabriel Sash."

He said, thank God, that it was. "I saw Henry New today," he continued. "He assures me we can buy the Debruler place for fourteen thousand dollars down. Henry can let me have four thousand himself. At last, Liddy."

She surprised him by being, for the first time, sympathetic about a place of their own. "I'm glad you'll get it, Gabriel," she admitted. "You have been wonderfully patient. I even made mother agree you had done well with Calydon. It will be good for me too. I'll have my own negroes and what

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I want for dinner. I know just how we will furnish the house. There will be long mirrors in gilt and plum-colored curtains and elegant rosewood sofas with horsehair covers. I am certain father will give us Melinda and Nellie. The children simply could not get along with other nurses. Then, you see, he will have to let us have Robert, because we could never separate Nellie from her husband."

All that, he admitted, would probably happen. He added violently: "I don't want any of them—Robert or Nellie or Melinda. I warn you now I'll set them all free the instant I can afford to. When I'm able to afford it," he continued gloomily. "Your father won't face it, but this question of slavery is tearing up Kentucky. It's tearing up the United States. Negroes are no good here. We don't make cotton and so we don't need slaves. I would do better hiring the few hands I want for planting. It isn't sensible to be responsible for fifteen or twenty useless men and women and God above knows how many children. We are responsible for the negroes. Mrs. Hazel is always taking care of them, and so will you be. Carrying food out when they are sick and listening to their nonsense. I'll say this too—I don't like a society where you have to own slaves to be called a gentleman. I'm not a Democrat, I'm a Whig, but I'm a Kentucky Whig, and we've never been brought up here on any kind of slavery."

"Why, Gabriel," Liddy protested, shocked, "what a dreadful thing to say! I'm just glad nobody else heard it. We have to own slaves; they belong to us and I don't mind belonging to them a bit. I love Melindy and Nellie. Nothing would make me turn them away." There were tears in her wide brown eyes. "If Cass Clay or the North tries to take them from me, I'll kill him. Them." She was standing, rigid with defiance.

He replied wearily, "I know you would. So would your father and Bland and Archelaus and Henry New. Almost all the gentlemen, the Democrats we know. That's another reason I'll be glad to get away from Calydon. It will get worse instead of better."

He could not, Liddy asserted quietly, get away from her. "I won't change, Gabriel, and so you will have to. You can't fail us—father and me and the children and our negroes. I suppose this is politics; I'm not expected to discuss it with you. I never have before; now I must. I must, Gabriel."

He was, he recognized, in a painfully serious position; the question of slavery had inevitably made its way into his domestic existence. He would never be able to change Liddy; he could never make her see what was in his mind. The tears had vanished from her face; she was pale and composed.

"When I can," he repeated, "I will manumit my slaves. I will do everything in my power, up to losing my part in the country, to make Kentucky free them when it, too, can afford it." Bending over, Gabriel kissed his wife's forehead. It was, he thought, cold and white like marble.

"You keep saying you are a Kentuckian," she said slowly; "it's a funny kind. I don't believe many of us would recognize it. Not to hear you talk. And I don't know what you mean by your part in the country. Calydon is your country, and Woodford County. The North isn't anything to us. How would it be! Look what the North is like now—stealing all our negroes over the river. Calling us I don't know what. I hope we will leave them out in the cold and have a country of our own." Her voice grew even slower. "If we do, I could never live with a man who didn't support us. Not even if it was you, Gabriel."

"We can be certain that won't happen," he told her, in an attempted cheerfulness. "Even Boston wouldn't try to break up the Union."

Liddy returned to her customary purely feminine mood. "I can't think why you wanted to talk about politics," she said, engagingly unreasonable. "Fauche and Eliza Rose are far more interesting. I asked Eliza Rose, and she said they loved each other the second their eyes met. The very second, Gabriel. Isn't that stirring? I'm trying to forget about the fearful amount Hymettus cost us. It was really Bland's fault—he bet a great deal more with Mr. Hood Hammerty than father realized. Of course father wouldn't say anything about that. I'm sorry Fauche was riding. It must have been hideous for him. It was such a setback, coming when it did. Right when he planned to announce his engagement. I'm sorry mother was so disagreeable about it, Gabriel, since Fauche is your cousin. I was really very cross with her. She believes there are people who think Fauche Brimage didn't do his best with Hymettus. But mother was just mad."

Gabriel Sash was silent; he was mentally reviewing all he had seen of the race between Hymettus and Nigeria; he was once more engaged with the mystery of Fauche's sudden capability of marriage and of distant travel. However, he resolutely dismissed all that from his mind. He didn't like Fauche Brimage, but this, after all, was entirely a personal attitude. He had no reason in the world to believe Fauche was actually dishonest. Liddy's mother was simply spiteful about everything that touched him.

"I don't doubt but your mother thinks I killed Calydon Copper Potentate," he told his wife.

She giggled. "She is ridiculous," Liddy admitted. "I'm anxious to see Bland run Calydon; not only the stables but the crops and all the animals. Mother will want us back soon as that begins."

Archelaus, Gabriel was informed, was below and would like to see him.

"This is the devil about the Davy Fork farm," Archelaus said at once. "If we begin selling land, God knows where Bland will end. With mother behind him. I told father we'd let him have the money he lost on this cursed race, but he wouldn't listen to me. He said he would not allow the Browns to hold his pride up. Charlotte isn't a Brown now. She's my wife. Charlotte is a Hazel. I suppose the farm will have to go?"

Yes, Gabriel Sash replied, it would. "Calydon hasn't a dollar profit in the banks this fall. I'll have to get a new thoroughbred bull too. The truth is, Archelaus, without this last loss the stables keep us in sight of debt all the time. They take three-quarters of everything I can make on Calydon."

The morning following, Gabriel Sash left for Cincinnati, where it was his design to purchase another red Devon bull; Robert, Nellie's husband, drove him to Frankfort; there he took the steamboat John Armstrong and, at the mouth of the Kentucky River, changed to a palatial boat on the Ohio. When he returned almost a week later, Liddy met him at Calydon with an eager excitement.

"The most amazing things have happened," she exclaimed. "To begin with, Eliza Rose and Fauche are married. They were married at Lexington the morning after the race and never let on. We only heard about it yesterday, and, Gabriel, they are leaving for New Orleans at once. Doesn't it take your breath away! . . . Did you get a bull?"

Yes, Gabriel replied, he had been successful. At, however, an extravagant price. "Why do you suppose Brimage and Eliza Rose kept their marriage a secret?" he asked, stripping off his travel-stained clothes.

"No one can imagine," Liddy replied. "It is all terribly strange. Gabriel, they have had their bags packed for days. There is more, too; Clara—she's that light, pretty girl taking care of Eliza Rose—told Melinda he is simply horrible to her."

Just who, Gabriel Sash demanded, was horrible to whom.

Liddy begged him not to be completely dense. "Why, Fauche Brimage, of course. Clara says he makes Eliza Rose cry most of the time. What do you make out of that?"

He could make nothing of it, Gabriel admitted. It was, even allowing for the emotional exaggeration of women, all very odd. He could see no reason for the privacy of Fauche's marriage to his sister. No one, God knew, wanted to interrupt it. Trouble seemed to have descended on them with a remarkable haste. Gabriel spoke with a brief propriety to Fauche Brimage about his marriage. He hastily kissed Eliza Rose and explained that Liddy and himself would give her money. A sudden cheerfulness possessed Eliza Rose at that information. She thanked Gabriel profusely.

"I understand you want to go South," he concluded; "I will have it for you soon as possible. Tomorrow evening anyhow."

There was, very early of the next day, a message for him from Manoah Abel. If Mr. Sash found it convenient Mr. Abel would be grateful for his company in Mr. Abel's law rooms at Frankfort that afternoon at three o'clock. Gabriel was puzzled. It was awkward for him to leave Calydon, but, he recognized, it could not be avoided. Manoah Abel's note was as decided as it was evil; and in consequence of this, a little before three o'clock he walked up St. Clair Street, past Mrs. Watson's boarding house, to Manoah's chambers. Gabriel had a peculiar attachment for Manoah Abel. When he was a child, Manoah had lived with them on Wilkinson Street in Frankfort; he had been James Sash's partner at law; and when Jarrot Bensalem killed Gabriel's father with a knife, it was Manoah who repaid that dark indebtedness on Bensalem's body for all time.

Because of that, Gabriel was surprised to find Flora Bensalem, Jarrot's widow, with Manoah Abel. "I am in a difficult situation," Manoah said at once; "the truth is, Gabriel, we are both in a fix. I don't yet see a way out of it. I have had to do some rapid thinking. It's about your cousin, Fauche Brimage, and, I expect, Thomas Hazel."

Gabriel Sash sat down quietly. A heavy sense of disaster gathered about him. He gazed absent-mindedly at Flora Bensalem. She was an old woman—more than seventy. Well preserved, with a dry flush of color in her cheeks and a malicious, vital mouth. Manoah Abel fastened the outside door.

"I want you to hear what Mrs. Bensalem told me yesterday," he addressed Gabriel Sash. "It promises to be very painful." Flora Bensalem began quickly, in a voice trembling with age and emotion:

"When young Brimage first arrived here he called on me at once. He was very well-mannered and I liked him. I liked him because he hadn't much to say for the Sash men and he didn't like any of the Hazels. You know that and you know why. Fauche Brimage thought Gabriel here was a dry stick. He stopped to see me when he was in Frankfort and had time, and took a glass of whisky and water, and told me what a nuisance it was at Calydon. He didn't mention Eliza Rose McGlassen. Then, about three weeks ago, he said he had something very important to explain. It was about a race between Hymettus and Mr. Nicodemus Hammerty's mare Nigeria. He said Hymettus couldn't win. No one except himself and one other man knew that for a certainty, he told me, and they were going to make a heap of money. Fauche asked me if I had any and would I trust it with him. If I gave him five thousand dollars he would bring back ten and divide the winnings with me.

"I asked him how he knew Hymettus wouldn't win, and he just laughed. He said he was 'fraid Hymettus could not keep up the pace Nigeria would set him. I am not altogether a fool, and I wanted to know how Fauche would place the money. He couldn't very well bet against his own stable and the horse he was riding. He didn't want to tell me that, and so I refused to give him anything. I was considering it, but not because I wanted to make money—I told you I hated the Sashes; I've hated them for over fifty years. I was fixing to do what I could to bring contempt on them. I understood what Fauche Brimage meant. I didn't let on to him, but I did. I wasn't born in Kentucky for nothing, where horses and racing—yes, and men, are concerned.

"Well, he went away without telling me—I wanted some hold on him—but he came back. Fauche came back the next day and said the other man was Hood Hammerty. I took five thousand dollars out of the little capital I have and gave it to him. He promised to bring it all back the day after the race. That is why I came to Mr. Abel. He didn't. Instead he got married. I haven't seen him since then. I am afraid, now, I will never see my money." Tears of mortification, of wretched anger, wet her cheeks. "What will happen to me with that much gone?" she asked querulously. "I'm an old woman and lonely. There is nobody now to provide for me. I'm an Abel, by right of birth, and a helpless old woman, and yet you all let anyone come up from Louisiana and rob me."

Gabriel Sash answered her. "You haven't been robbed yet," he pointed out. "Go home and say nothing about this. You are quite safe. The money will be returned to you."

When she had gone, folded in a black silk shawl worked with a diagonal plaque of pale roses, Manoah Abel said that, to his mind, Gabriel had accepted a senseless responsibility. "The old woman was willing to disgrace you. Don't be a fool, Gabriel."

Gabriel Sash spoke with a careful formality. "Fauche arranged with Hood Hammerty to pull up Hymettus and let Nigeria win. Mrs. Bensalem made that clear; now I can see it myself. From the race. We have always, excepting Brimage, been honorable men," he said; "we have never, until now, robbed old women and taken advantage of the people who benefited us."

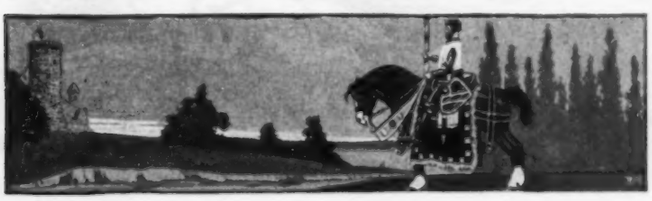
"What does that mean?" Manoah demanded. "Are you going to present Flora Bensalem with five thousand dollars and pay all the Hazel losses?"

It would not, Gabriel Sash trusted, be so serious. "Nicodemus Hammerty is an honest man. When he hears this, especially with his mare—with Nigeria—involved, he will get a full account from Hood. I'll undertake to improve Fauche Brimage's conception of property. That, outside the purse, will pretty well account for Thomas Hazel's interest. It ought to cover everything else—Hood Hammerty bet ten thousand dollars with Bland, and Fauche got half of that from Mrs. Bensalem."

Families, Manoah Abel said, were strange. "There is a tradition trouble always comes to us from the South. I don't know when, back in the Kentucky woods, it began; I always intended to ask Beriah Mace—he married old James Abel's daughter, Kate—but I neglected to and he died. It has the look now of being truer than ever for all of us who are opposed to slavery."

Gabriel Sash rode back to Calydon inattentive to the sure-footed gait of his horse; his head was sunk and the bridle loose in

(Continued on Page 126)



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AND

Paul Revere

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THE BATTLE BETWEEN THE U. S. S. CONSTITUTION AND H. M. S. GUERRIERE

The copper bolts and the spikes that fastened the Constitution's timbers and the copper that sheathed her hull were made by Paul Revere.

Paul Revere, whose midnight ride was heard 'round the world, began another march which still echoes throughout industrial America. It was he who discovered the secret of drawing malleable copper under the hammer. It was he who established the first copper rolling-mill in America. It was these developments which were the forerunners of the American copper industry, of the

electro-automotive-copper age of today, and of Revere Copper and Brass Incorporated which operates 25% of the country's copper and brass rolling-mill facilities.

+

Old North Church, Boston

HOW IT STARTED

It all started with ships. The cry of 1800 was for ships. And the cry of the ship-builders was for copper to sheath hulls . . . because copper does not rust.

This was the need that inspired Paul Revere. He supplied the copper bolts that fastened the timbers of the historic "Constitution" and the copper sheets for this and many another famous frigate.

+

COPPER SHEETS BECOME ROOFING

Revere Sheet Copper soon became popular for roofing. It was used on the dome of the State House in Boston. Shortly after, Old North Church, City Hall in New York, and other fine public buildings followed suit.

Similar sheet copper, rolled (1814) by the Baltimore Copper Mills, now a Division of Revere Copper and Brass Incorporated, roofed the National Capitol in Washington.

Thus was begun America's production of architectural copper, brass and bronze.

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Revere copper rods found another and most significant use . . . as lightning arresters. Thanks for this are due Benjamin Franklin, whose experiments proved copper the ideal conductor of electricity.

Benjamin Franklin's historic kite experiment

This early union of electricity and copper resulted in an amazing development for both when Edison's inventions brought the electrical industry into being. And it was in this industry's stimulating early years that the Rome Brass & Copper Company, another Division of Revere Copper and Brass Incorporated, got under way.

+

READY FOR THE AUTOMOBILE

The Original Ford

Next came the automobile. That century of experience, since Paul Revere, had proved the merits of copper and brass for the radiator, the electrical connections, the supply lines, the hundred and one special parts where resistance to rust is essential. And, to make them, there were established in Detroit the Michigan and Higgins plants, now Divisions of the business founded by Paul Revere.

+

WITH EVERY NEW INVENTION

Since then, almost every new invention has brought a new use for copper and brass. Telephony . . . electric railways . . . airplane . . . electrical household appliances . . . radio.

Gearing up to these spreading demands came another of the Revere units, Dallas Brass & Copper Company in Chicago, heart of the industrial West.

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THUS . . . in 130 years, those shipyard beginnings of Paul Revere have led to the electro-automotive-copper age of today. And in all these new needs, these new futures, the name Revere is still in the very front ranks of the march of industry. Under it today are seven great plants including the two largest copper mills of the country; modern, up-to-the-minute methods; diverse facilities and experiences covering the whole range of copper, brass and bronze manufacture.

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EVERY water faucet should have this sign standing right under it. For more men lose their hair sloshing water on their heads than in any other single way. It's a *bad* habit.

Here is a *good* habit. Use Wildroot Hair Tonic every morning. Massage with your fingers a brief minute so that its benefits reach the scalp. Then comb. Hair stays flat, looks good all day . . .

Dandruff is stopped, scalp itch relieved, hair roots livened, dull look disappears, and healthy hair is yours. Wildroot Hair Tonic is 20 years old, tried and proven. You can get it at your druggist, barber, or department store. Put a bottle on your bathroom shelf today.

P. S. Try Wildroot Cocoanut Oil Shampoo in the extra big bottle at your druggist.

WILDROOT

Hair Tonic . . . . . Cocoanut Oil Shampoo

(Continued from Page 123)

his hand. The confidence that had supported him in Manoah's law chambers gradually deserted him. Dusk flooded the wood pastures and gathered more darkly in the woods. A white mist followed the streams, and the moon rose full over the eastern highland. All that, only a little while before, he had dismissed with such certainty now seemed infinitely doubtful. Life was too complicated for the simple procedure he had explained to Manoah Abel. Events promised to be too unwieldy for his disposal. The darkness, diluted and transparent in the moonlight, fell. It grew colder. There was a pungent smell of burning leaves, an edge of frost, in the air. A light was burning at the entrance to the dwelling at Calydon; a negro appeared and took his horse. Supper was over, but there was food for him at an end of the dinner table—food and a decanter of bourbon whisky in the light of a candelabra. Liddy, he had found, was confined to bed by some minor ailment, and, to Gabriel's great relief, he was alone. The negro waiting on him had vanished on soundless feet; the dining room was full of dense swinging shadows—shadows like heavy velvet draperies. He must see Fauche Brimage at once, he realized. There ought to be no one else present. At that moment, infinitely increasing the difficulty of his position, Eliza Rose Brimage and her husband entered, evidently in search of him.

"It's splendid to have you back," Fauche said, with a pleasant show of cordiality. "Calydon always seems incomplete when you are away. Gabriel, Eliza Rose told me what you were going to give her, more or less, and I think it's extremely generous of you. More than that, you were very good to realize we needed all the money we could get right away. For the trip to Louisiana. Thomas Hazel has given us a horse, and we hope to leave tomorrow, early, and drive to Louisville. Then we'd do better on the river."

Gabriel thought, "They expect me to give them a wedding present." A wave of anger at Fauche's effrontery, at Eliza Rose's patent avarice, swept over him. Damn it, his sister was married to Brimage; it was better for her to hear the truth before she was more deeply committed to him.

Gabriel Sash said precisely: "I am surprised to learn you want more money. I got a very different impression in Frankfort today." What, Fauche Brimage demanded, did he mean? "The fact is," Gabriel continued, "I understand you have so much that you are going to give Mrs. Bensalem five thousand dollars."

"What does Gabriel mean, Fauche?" Eliza Rose demanded. "Why would you give Mrs. Bensalem anything? She is nothing to us."

On the other hand, Gabriel proceeded, Fauche Brimage was a great deal to Mrs. Bensalem. Just then. "Before you leave tomorrow," he directed Brimage, "you must stop and pay what you owe her."

Fauche Brimage leaned across the table and poured a stiff measure of whisky into Gabriel's empty water goblet. He drank it and laughed. "It's the hell of a shame," he said in a high voice; "I meant to do that. I had the best intentions in the world about her. Unfortunately, they have come to nothing. I was forced to trust Hood Hammerty with the money, and he has gone off with it. Hood took all of it to some other place."

There could be no doubt about the truth of what Fauche Brimage had said. "I didn't think of that," Gabriel admitted stupidly.

"I did," Brimage replied. "It couldn't be provided against. I had to trust him."

Gabriel asked, "Have you any idea where he went?"

Fauche Brimage replied that he hadn't. "He didn't confide in me." Fauche's tone changed, it grew sharper. Demanding. "Now you know what happened. There is no good going over the details. You may supply them to suit yourself. I haven't got fifty dollars, I'm married to your sister, and you'll admit we ought to get away. I don't believe you will be interested in keeping us."

Gabriel turned to Eliza Rose. "You must know what has happened," he said decisively. "Fauche sold out the race between Hymettus and Nigeria. He sold out Thomas Hazel, and I don't need to explain what that means to me. He sold me out, after he got here through us. Now, naturally, he wants to get away, but he can't force you to go with him. No court on earth would make you stay married to Fauche Brimage. I don't know how to get a divorce; I don't know anyone who has had one, but Manoah Abel will be able to arrange it for you."

Eliza Rose Brimage went up to her husband and put a bare arm around his neck. "You make me sick," she told Gabriel. "I'm glad to have a chance, at last, to say that. I've been wanting to for years. I wouldn't dream of leaving Fauche because he tried to get some money out of Thomas Hazel. We did intend to pay Mrs. Bensalem back, but Hood Hammerty made that impossible. If you want to hear more, I rather admire Hood. Fauche did everything, faced all the music, and Hood Hammerty got the money. I hope he enjoys it."

"What I can't realize," Gabriel Sash said, amazed, "is that you are a Sash—James Sash's daughter."

Eliza Rose cried at him that she was tired of that too. "I've heard too much about James Sash, even if he was my father. I'm anxious to live him down. I don't want any of his virtues. I don't want yours."

Fauche Brimage, interrupting her, told her to shut up. "We are not interested in that," he asserted. "All we care for now is how Gabriel feels about his wedding present. Is he going to give us enough to take us away tomorrow and down the river to New Orleans?"

Gabriel Sash gazed at Brimage steadily; a possibility far different from any sum of money possessed him—the impulse to kill Fauche with the blunt pistol then in his pocket. He no longer felt any necessity to consider Eliza Rose. The desire to shoot the metallic young man standing beyond the table was extraordinarily strong. His provocation, Gabriel felt, was enormous. His hand dropped softly, unobserved, to his pocket. Eliza Rose, at last, became uneasy.

"It would be best to give us some money and let us go," she told Gabriel in a voice not wholly steady. She drew Fauche Brimage closer to her; Eliza Rose stood halfway between him and her brother.

Brimage shoved her roughly away. "Don't hang around my neck," he said irritably; "you are not exactly a wreath of flowers. . . . Well," he demanded, returning to Gabriel, "what are you going to do for us?"

Gabriel Sash sighed. The pressure inside his head decreased; his body relaxed. "Make you a present," he replied. "You will be able to leave for New Orleans in the morning." There had been nothing else, Gabriel Sash told himself, to do. Not, especially, in the face of what Eliza Rose showed herself to be. That continued to shock him. He was outside, on the moonlit lawn, and, involuntarily, he walked past the house and back into the forest.

It was, except for the momentary sleepy sound of a bird, peacefully still. Patches of moonlight hung in the darkness like bright transparent leaves. He sat on the fallen trunk of a tree. Moss and lichen. An old tree out of the past in Kentucky.

"Fifteen thousand dollars," he said to himself. "I will have to borrow a good half of it." He must pay it all back—ten thousand dollars to Thomas Hazel and five thousand dollars for Flora Bensalem. It was a necessity made imperative by what he was. Manoah Abel, when he saw that, would assist him to conceal the source of the money. Nicodemus Hammerty's honesty, his pride in Nigeria, could be counted on. He would not, now, have a place, any earth, of his own for another long term of years. Liddy, since they must continue at Calydon, would be more relieved than not. Like her father, she was wholly impractical about money. The influences of the forest crept into his being, dissipating the troubles of his existence. The forest had an especial assuaging magic for him. It enveloped him in a remoteness from contentious human voices and affairs. He ought to be weighed down with disappointment. He wasn't. Nothing that had happened to him seemed to have any importance.

The only actuality was a fixed necessity to be free. It didn't matter what freedom cost. He would never, Gabriel Sash recognized at last, be bound like Thomas Hazel by any possession of land. The forest, he dimly realized, where it concerned him, was a state of spirit. In some way he could not clearly grasp, it was a place of memory. It enveloped him like a charming and powerful memory and stilled his concerned heart. The forest cooled the fever in his mind. Names faded from his consciousness and people retreated from his knowledge. The past, he thought, moved around him on silent and adroit moccasins. Catawba Indians from the south and the French Indians from beyond the Ohio River. Solitary pioneers and settlers and surveyors. The Long Hunters. Soldiers from the French and Indian War and from the Revolution. "Oh, God, let me go back to the old time," he breathed, rising. It was in vain. He was fixed between the accidents of birth and of death. Gabriel Sash returned on adroit and secure feet to Calydon and his several responsibilities.

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of stories by Mr. Hergesheimer. The next will appear in an early issue.

Unsportsmanlike Sport

EDITOR,
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

I HAVE read your article in the editorial column of the January fourth issue of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST and the statements in this article are very misleading, in that it is stated that for some nineteen years the killing of deer has been prohibited in Idaho. The State of Idaho has always had an open season on deer; some counties have a season of forty-five days and others a season of thirty days. Deer and other big game animals throughout the entire State of Idaho have shown a remarkable increase during the past several years.

The Shoshone basin, which is in Twin Falls County, Idaho, comprising from 115 to 120 square miles, was provided with a ten-day open season on deer, by legislative act, during the 1929 session of the Idaho legislature. It is true that this county had been closed to deer hunting for the past nineteen years, but after a careful survey, over a period of two years, it was found that that particular section was overcrowded with deer and that there was not sufficient forage for the number of deer ranging therein. It was therefore decided that a ten-day open season would be beneficial and during this ten-day open season approximately 1200 deer were killed. From a report made by one of our most competent men, who is familiar with every acre of land in that section, less than 10 per cent of the deer ranging in the Shoshone basin were killed.

With reference to the information you received from local newspapers to the effect that some parties carted home three or four deer for each number in the field, whoever was the author of these articles certainly was not familiar with actual conditions. This department had three deputy game wardens in the above-mentioned section during the open season, who were in a position to secure a fairly accurate check of the game taken and they found no one with more than the legal limit.

Very truly yours,

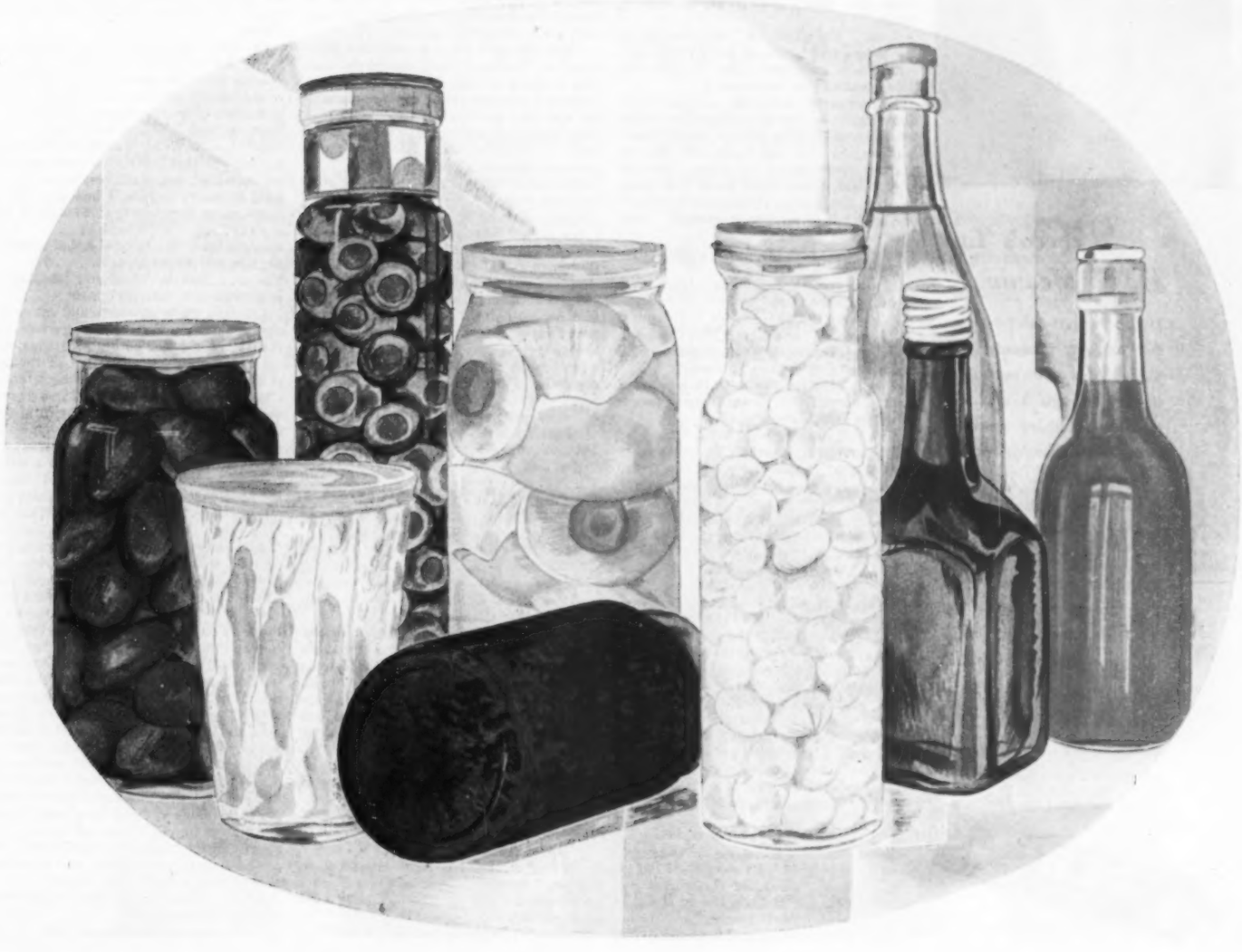
R. E. THOMAS,
State Game Warden.

"Unsportsmanlike Sport," on which Mr. Thomas comments, was based on clippings from Idaho newspapers sent to us by residents of Idaho.

ONLY THE BEST CAN BE PACKED IN GLASS

PERHAPS, for dinner tonight, you will have crisp brown patties brimming with delicious little green peas. Or possibly a white fricassee of plump mushrooms, to be served on golden toast. And then a refreshing salad of mixed fruits and mayonnaise, well framed in cool and crinkled leaves of lettuce • These are dishes so delectable, so delicately flavored, that there can be no slightest compromise with quality. You must have them *of the best*—or not at all • So, to be absolutely certain that no patty will be marred by the presence of a single imperfect pea . . . that your mushrooms will be the finest to be had . . . and that every bit of pineapple, every cherry and every slice of peach will be flawless and altogether tempting . . . you must be sure to buy these foods *only in glass containers* • Glass guards *and permanently preserves* the original, luscious flavor of fine foods. And glass is your guarantee that these foods are of the choicest and most superior quality. For you yourself are the judge. You can see, in advance, what you buy. . . . Only the best foods *can* be packed in glass. . . . Glass Container Association of America, 19 West Forty-fourth Street, New York City.

SEE WHAT YOU BUY
BUY IN GLASS



Pebeco's Tang Has a Meaning!

If you buy a tooth paste simply to taste pleasantly, and polish your teeth, you are not getting enough. You are entitled to something more. Pebeco tooth paste offers *triple* value. It cleans. It whitens. It checks "acid-mouth," forerunner of tooth decay. Pebeco is not a candy; it is a scientific dentifrice. Use it persistently at least a week. *Then* you'll note the difference and like its sharp tang.

A Product of LEHN & FINK, INC.

BACK TO BROADWAY

(Continued from Page 15)

wonder if possibly swimming wouldn't be a better idea. The groom said, "Would you like a fairly spirited mount, sir?"

I said, "No. I prefer my spirits aged, thanks. Something with nice, quiet stable manners will do."

He surveyed me professionally a couple of times. "You haven't done much riding, I take it, sir?"

"Up and down Broadway," I said, "in taxicabs. And a sleigh ride now and then in the night clubs."

"Yes, sir," he said. Then he brought out a large-sized edition of Man o' War, and started adjusting a leather postage stamp on its back, and then the horse broke into a buck and wing, and it didn't seem like such a pleasant morning for riding as it had.

Finally I got hoisted aboard, without the aid of a gangplank or anything but the groom, and I sat there for a moment, trying to make up my mind which way to go, and then the horse decided for me, and we went off down a path through the woods. After about ten minutes we came to a very large puddle of water, and I thought it would be wise to go around it, and the horse thought it would be nice to go over it, so we compromised, and while I was taking the mud pack off of my face I heard someone trot up behind me, and I raised my head, and there was Cherry. She looked down at me and grinned, and said, "Tired of riding?"

I said, "No. I just changed my mind and decided to go fishing, instead. I'm looking for worms now."

She laughed a little and dismounted. "I hope you didn't hurt yourself, though, really."

I said, "I'm afraid not," and then she sat down on a rock beside me, only not as suddenly as I had, and said, "There's still some mud on your left cheek."

So I wiped my left cheek, and pulled out some cigarettes, and we sat there for a while, smoking and talking about a lot of things, but nothing very important, and then we started back toward the house. On the way I said, "You don't know how lucky you are, living in an atmosphere like this."

She looked at me rather curiously. "Just how do you mean?"

"It's so nice and healthy," I explained. "And quiet."

She laughed. "I shouldn't think that would appeal to you."

"Why not?"

"Broadway," she said. "Aren't you and Broadway buddies? Your Broadway and mine, that sort of thing, I mean."

I said, "I'm through with Broadway. I want a normal life. I want to know people who live normal lives ——"

"So you came to Wild Acres."

"Your father insisted. It was mighty nice of him." I looked down at her, trying to catch her eye. "I'm very glad he did, now."

"We might go swimming this afternoon," she said, and that was that.

So in the afternoon we went swimming. So did Aileen and Pat. So did Sam and some girl friend, or maybe it was some other fellow's girl friend. So did a young man by the name of Robert Lowell. I began to understand for the first time what having the privacy of a goldfish meant. It wasn't that I didn't enjoy them, the young people, it was just that I wanted to be alone with Cherry. I didn't have much success though. Usually, before I knew it, I found myself paired off with Aileen or sister Pat, only mostly it was Aileen, who was very nice to talk to, provided your mind wasn't elsewhere. Mine was.

I didn't have much success during the next four days either. By the end of that time I had done quite a bit of swimming. I had done quite a bit of riding too. And tennis. And golf. Everyone seemed to have thoroughly grasped the idea that I wanted a change, and a vacation, and they were all very helpful. Every time I turned around someone suggested something, and after a while I began to get pretty tired. I hadn't known before that just having a good time could be such an exerting business. I began to discover a lot of things I hadn't known before.

Some of these things I wanted to talk over with Cherry, because she looked like the sort of girl who would understand them. The only difficulty was getting her alone. There were eighty acres, wild and otherwise, to the Cranston hacienda, and so far the only time I had had her by herself had been at the edge of a mud puddle, and then we were chaperoned by a horse.

There didn't seem to be much I could do about it though. There didn't seem to be much of anything I could do but think, and I couldn't do that very clearly any more. My head was in a daze by the time I fell into bed each night, and about all I could remember were tennis balls and golf clubs and horses' hoofs, with a lot of bridge and conversation and people mixed in.

Sometimes I tried thinking about the women I had known, and then I would think about the girls I had known, because there seemed to be a difference, and then my thoughts would come back to Cherry. And when I thought of her I didn't feel like one of Broadway's bright little boys any more. My thoughts didn't come hard, and clear, and crisp, the way they always had. Instead, I felt all the things I had always laughed at others for feeling, and wanted to say all the things I had mocked at others for saying. And then, when I tried to say some of these things, whenever I had the chance, Cherry would just laugh at me, as though I were saying something funny, and then she'd change the subject.

I was sitting on the sun porch one afternoon, and wishing I could change my position as easily as she changed the subject, because I had been riding again that morning and had sat down unexpectedly in a very large rosebush, one with thorns, and I said, "It would be rather nice if you would take me seriously for once in a while."

She said, "I thought your job was not to be taken seriously."

I said, "Yeah?"

She said, "Why, yes. You can't be serious and funny at the same time, can you? Or romantic and cynical? And aren't you supposed to be a humorist?"

"I'm not being a humorist right now," I told her. "I don't even feel particularly funny right now." I shifted a couple of notches along my spine so that there wasn't much of me left in the chair below my collar. "What's wrong with me anyway?"

"Why, nothing. I like you, Wally."

"Sure," I said. "You act that way. All hot and bothered."

She said, "Why pick on me? There's Pat."

"Yeah," I said. "There's Pat."

"And Aileen. You and Aileen seem to get along pretty well together."

"She's nice to talk to ——"

"Well, you're talking to me, aren't you?"

"I'm talking to you," I said, "but not saying much. Suppose you let me talk about you for a while."

But before I could get started or she could change the subject as usual Pat came sailing along, with a medium-sized young blood in white pants and a vacant stare by the name of T. Ericson Fish, who had appeared as a house guest the day before, and she said, "How about our taking you two on for a set at tennis?"

I said, "Not me, thanks. I can take all the sets I need at bridge without having to run myself ragged."

Cherry said, "Here comes Sam. We'll take you. You don't mind, do you, Wally?"

"No," I said. "I don't mind. I'll watch."

So I sat on the porch, and watched them move off toward the courts, and decided I was making a fool of myself. Then the old man came wandering out, and said, "Got away early. Enjoying yourself, Weber?"

"Yeah," I said, bringing my eyes back from Cherry. "Swell."

"This ought to be a great rest for you," he went on, dropping into a chair. "I wish I could lay off for a couple of weeks."

"Sure." I thought of the horses and the tennis and the golf and the bridge and all the people who breezed in and out continually. "It certainly is a great place to relax and rest."

Aileen came out from the house. "What's this about being quiet?"

"I don't know," I said.

"I was just asking Weber how he liked it here," her father explained; "what he thought of Wild Acres."

Aileen said, "Well?"

"Achers is right," I said. "I'm aching in fourteen different joints right now, and none of them are speak-easies."

"What?"

"My joints," I said. "They're speaking loud and often. I wasn't born to be a sportsman."

"Never mind," Cranston laughed. "Just think how much good the exercise is doing you."

"All right," I suggested. "I'll think about it, and you take the exercise from now on."

Aileen said, "Let's take tea, instead," so we all sat there, and balanced plates and tea cups and pastries on one knee, and talked about what a tough time people who lived in the city had, what with all the noise and confusion and everything. Finally I started up to my room to take a little rest from all the country quiet and change, and Cherry was in the hallway, talking over the telephone.

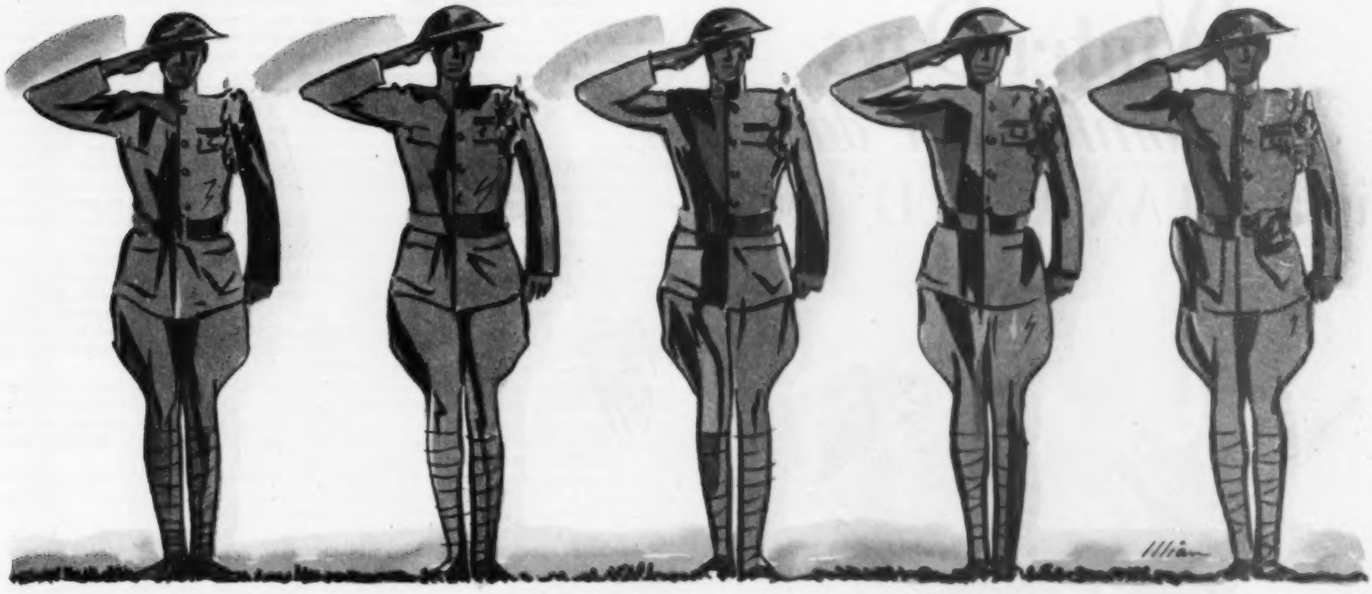
She didn't see me, so I kept on going upstairs, but I couldn't very well help from hearing her. She seemed to be talking to young Lowell, and she was saying, "Don't be foolish, of course you are coming over." Then she said, "Yes, he's still here. . . . What? . . . Well! Wherever did you get an idea like that? He's not even the least bit interested, really, and besides, he doesn't want to marry anyone, I imagine. All he really cares about is that column of his, anyway. . . . What? . . . Well, someone must like it, or else dad wouldn't pay him so much for doing it. . . . No. . . . Yes. . . . Now don't be dim-witted, honey, and come on in time for dinner. . . ."

I walked on to my room, and sat on the edge of the bed and smoked a cigarette, and then I lay in a hot bath a long time, and smoked some more cigarettes. I thought of Broadway, and then I thought about Cherry, and then about Robert Lowell, who seemed to take himself and literature very seriously, and didn't, somehow, appear to approve of me. I couldn't see where it was my fault that people called me a writer because I wrote a column a day. It wasn't my fault that a column was a column and not an elegy in a churchyard. What the hell! Then I tried not thinking at all, but that didn't work, so finally I got up and dressed without much enthusiasm and looked at myself in the mirror and said, "And that's that!" and went downstairs.

There were a lot of people gathered in the drawing-room, some that I had met before and others that were new to me. The younger Mr. Fish was there, with the same blank expression he had had on in the afternoon, but with different colored pants, and a lady by the name of Lena-May Merriwell, and another lady with a lot of Morris Gestures and Diana Mannerisms who had almost played in The Miracle, and several others who had almost clicked at something but hadn't, quite, although they were willing to tell you why. And then I saw Cherry and Robert Lowell over in one corner of the room, and they seemed to have found quite a bit to say to one another, so I wandered around until I discovered Aileen.

I said, "What is this that I've got into, another house party?"

(Continued on Page 130)



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STEP SMARTLY INTO THE RANKS

The Big Parade [of Legionnaires] is growing bigger . . . Five more! Now a file of 24 models in all stand at attention. Trim as a row of West Pointers. Lined up, sir, for your inspection.

$19 to $30 . . . but don't judge by price.

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Ask your nearest ELGIN jeweler to show you the 24 good reasons for buying a wrist watch . . . the 24 ELGIN Legionnaires!

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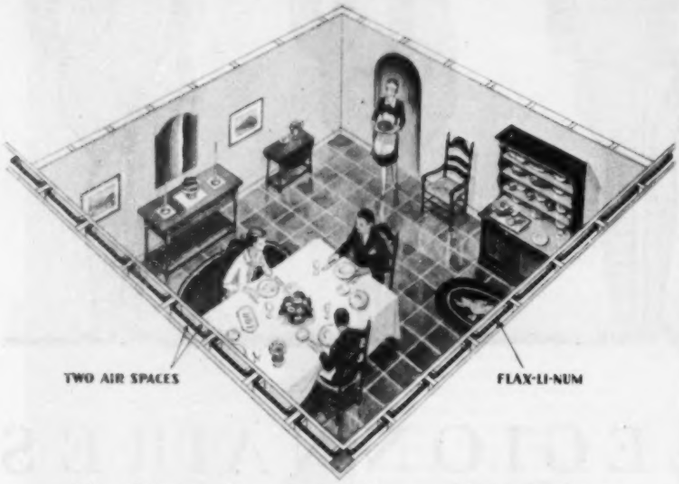
Winter Days *are Comfortable days* in a "FLAX-LINED" home



Flax-li-num increases its own insulating value 50% after it is installed in your Walls and Ceilings

The comfort of your home during the winter months is largely dependent upon the amount of heat you are able to keep in it, regardless of outside temperature. There are two ways of keeping it warm. One is to force your furnace to offset the heat that leaks away. This, however, is wasteful and expensive . . . The best way . . . much more economical and satisfactory, is to *"Flax-line"* your home when you build it.

The FLAX-LI-NUM "two-air-space" method of insulating offers you 50% more protection from an economical thickness of material. When applied to walls and ceilings, FLAX-LI-NUM forms the remarkable "wall-within-a-wall" that offers double resistance to escaping heat. It is one of the great forward steps in modern construction. According to the U. S. Bureau of Standards test, ½ inch of FLAX-LI-NUM applied by the "two-air-space" method is equivalent to about ¾ of an inch of insulating material at any other place in the wall. Winter and summer this "extra" protection keeps your home more comfortable . . . more uniform in temperature . . . When the furnace blazes up it keeps heat in . . . when the sun blazes down it keeps heat out.

IMPORTANT—*Your Ceiling or Roof Should Have Double Protection*

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A CORRECT BUILDING INSULATION AND SOUND CONTROL MATERIAL

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FLAX-LI-NUM INSULATING CO., St. Paul, Minn.
Please send me full information on the Flax-li-num "two-air-space" method of insulation contained in your "Guide to Home Comfort That Pays Its Own Way".

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(Continued from Page 128)

She said, "No. Just a quiet evening at home. Why?"

"Nothing," I said. The butler went by with a tray of glasses, and I stopped him and took one.

Aileen said, "I thought you were on the wagon."

"I was."

"Aren't you now?"

"It was going in the wrong direction," I said, "so I transferred."

Just then the butler announced the dinner, and we all went in, and I was placed between the dashing Mrs. Merriwell and Aileen; and Mrs. Merriwell beamed over an anchovy and said, "I've been wanting to meet you for so long. My second husband knew you. He was in the theatrical business."

I said, "Now, that's interesting." I looked across the table. Cherry was there, about two chairs down. Robert Lowell was next to her.

"And my third husband. He was a writer too. I mean, he wrote more serious things."

Lowell grinned at me with one side of his mouth, and I said, "Pardon me, but was the name Merriwell, or Marrywell?"

She gurgled a little in the upper register, with the toast on which the anchovy had been, interfering. "Now, Mr. Weber, I didn't think you were that kind of a man, really ——"

Sam leaned across the table. "That's all right, Lena-May. We all make a mistake sometime. That's why Reno's so popular. Eh, Wally?"

I said, "Yeah."

Lena-May gave him a nasty once-over, and then turned back to me. "I don't see how you ever think up the things every day to put in your column, the way you do. Do you just think them right up out of nothing at all?"

"No," I said, "I hew to the line and let the quips fall where they may."

"What?"

"I call on Sam, here," I said wearily.

Then the girl who had just missed starring on Broadway by a miracle broke in from down the line, "But it must be awfully difficult, really, being funny all the time."

I said, "Is it?"

"Well, really, I mean ——" she started, elevating her nose.

I said quickly, "Yes, it is."

I began to feel a little tired. It was after eight, already, and I thought of Broadway, thronged with theatergoers and traffic jams and grifters, and the people drifting up and down and in and out of lobbies and hush huts.

I looked down the table at Cherry, and she was busy talking earnestly to Robert Lowell, and I asked myself what I had been getting excited about anyway. She didn't matter. None of them mattered. I didn't belong out in country places, mixed up with horseshoes and tennis rackets and golf clubs. I belonged on Broadway, where the rackets and clubs were of a different kind, and horses were just a prop for a Lady Godiva act. I wished I were back.

Beside me the much-married Merriwell was pouring out the second or maybe the third installment of her life's story.

I said, "Yes."

She said, "Do you really think so?"

"What?"

"That a woman can always tell when she's in love?"

I said, "She usually does. Look at all the true-story magazines. And the breach-of-promise courts."

"But don't you believe in love at first sight?"

I looked over at Cherry. Her eyes met mine for an instant, and smiled a trifle, as though she had heard the question and knew the answer already. I said, "I did once, but not any more," and then she turned away, and Lena-May continued her monologue.

I tried to pretend that all the conversation, that all the voices talking around me at the same time, were just so many typewriters pounding away in a press room, and that I needn't listen. I thought, "If I leave here tonight I can be back at work tomorrow. Back to work, a column a day, day after day. Maybe if I got back early enough I could get some copy in by afternoon. I could fill in with something about widows—grass widows." I looked at Lena-May. Grass widows gone to seed. Why men marry grass widows, by Wally Weber. Grass—making hay while the sun shines—while the son shines. Not so good. Aileen spoke up from beside me and said, "Whatever are you frowning so about?"

"Widows," I said mechanically; "I was thinking about the widows' might."

Just then Mrs. Cranston said something about coffee in the drawing-room, and I nodded my head in agreement to whatever Mrs. Merriwell was saying, and we drifted out.

Before I could get a chance to sneak away, the nightly session of bridge started, and I drew Aileen for a partner, and we sat down to take on Mrs. Merriwell and Sam.

Cranston came along and laid a hand on my shoulder and said, "How's everything coming, Wally?"

I said, "Fine."

"This is what you needed," he said. "You were leading too hectic a life."

I said, "Yeah," and Mrs. Merriwell, having dealt, bid a heart and I said three spades without looking at my hand and Sam hummed "I'll go by as long as I have you," drawing a pretty cold look from Lena-May.

Cranston said, "Take a good rest while you're at it," and I said yes again, and Mrs. Merriwell went four hearts and got the bid, and I wondered if another drink would help my head any.

Aileen grinned cheerfully at me, and winked at her father's retreating back, and said, "That's the idea, Weber. Keep on the straight and narrow path."

"You mean the straight and narrow-minded, don't you?" Sam suggested.

Lena-May let loose a kind of girlish giggle, and looked forgivingly at him. "Now, Sam! Isn't he a scream, Mr. Weber?"

I said, "Yeah."

"I should think you could use that in your column."

"I guess so," I agreed mechanically. "And pardon me, but I think you took that last trick in your hand, not dummy's."

"That's all right, partner," Sam said. "We all make a mistake sometime. That's why ——"

"Ha-ha," I said quickly. "That's fine, Sam."

I noticed that young Lowell and Cherry weren't playing. They were sitting over on a lounge at one side of the room, and Lowell was exercising his eyebrows pretty strenuously, until finally one looked quite a bit more supercilious than the other, and every once in a while he would shoot a dirty look in my direction, and I tried to figure out just what was ailing him anyway. What difference did it make whether I was interested in Cherry or not, so long as he had the inside track. Every time I caught him looking at me I'd think up something faintly funny to say to Aileen, and she'd laugh tactfully, and we'd go down another hundred or so.

Pretty soon the bridge began to get a little less scientific and a little more noisy. About eleven-thirty the game broke up in favor of a dance orchestra that was coming in strong over the radio from Chicago, interrupted now and again by something that sounded like static but might have been machine guns, if you can believe all you write in the papers.

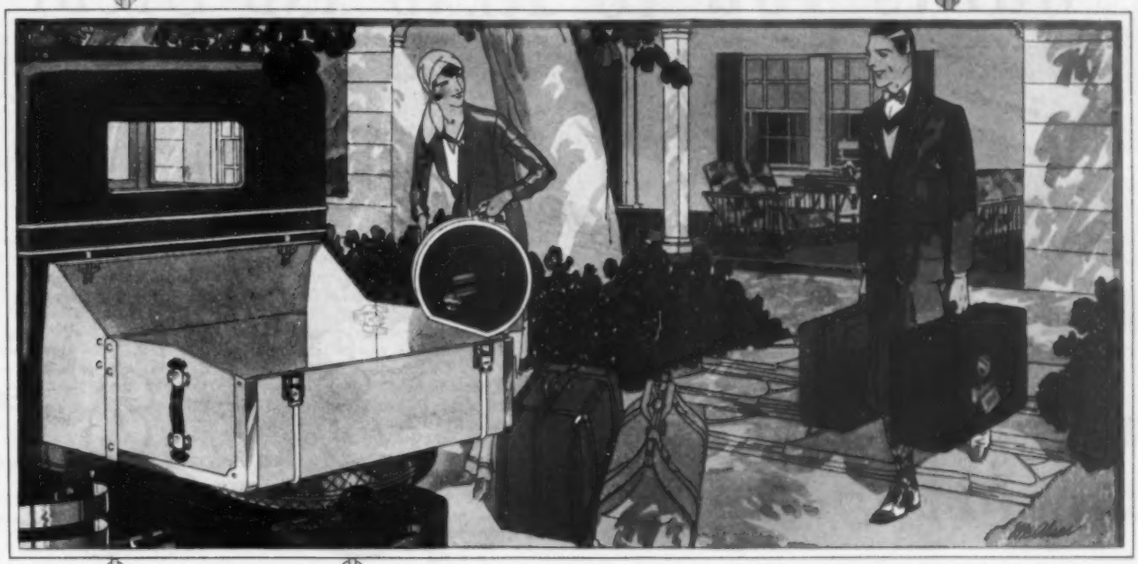
So I got up and started moving about the room, and Mrs. Cranston stopped me. "Well, Wallace, how do you like it?" she asked.

I said, "What?"

"Being away from Broadway, and work, and everything? Leading a normal life for a change, and all."

"Oh!" I said. "Fine."

(Continued on Page 133)



A THING OF BEAUTY WHEN CLOSED

BIG LOAD CARRIER WHEN OPEN

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THE BAGGAGE CAR OF THE AUTOMOBILE

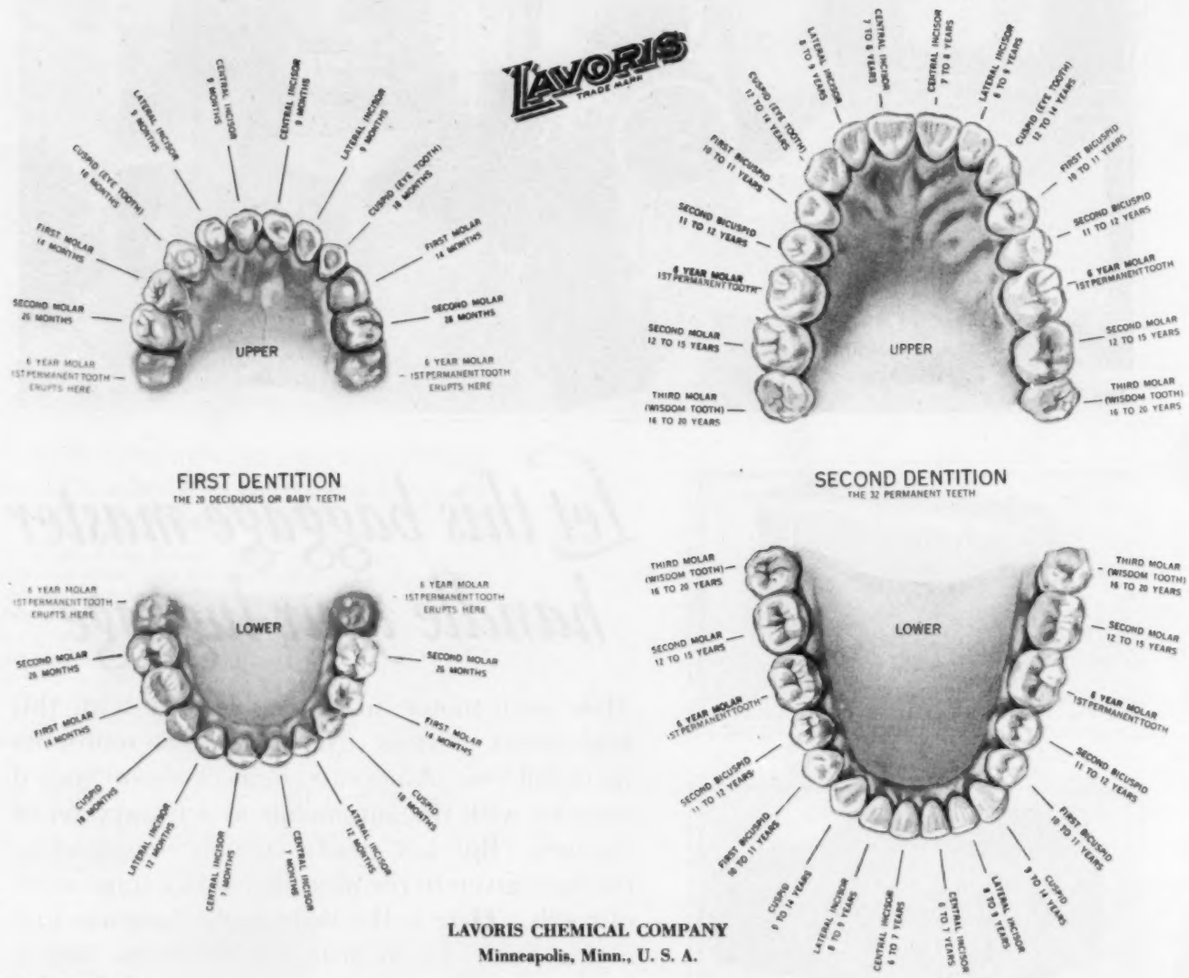
Let this baggage-master handle your luggage

Make your motor car do double duty with this load-carrier *de luxe*. Nothing else so multiplies its usefulness. American engineers have worked miracles with the automobile as a transporter of persons. But not nearly enough consideration has been given to the pleasure car as a transporter of goods. Here is the first practical answer to a crying need. In an instant a handsome unit is converted into a stout and roomy carrier that easily handles four hundred pounds or more. Adds nearly nine square feet to the capacity of the car, brings comfort to riders, saves upholstery. Light express work for the home, business, farm—a remarkable time and money saver! Hundreds of thousands already in use. It's a great American success—a real contribution to human service. Costs little. Quickly installed. In all colors. Your car dealer has full particulars. Or write the Kari-Keen Manufacturing Company, Sioux City, Iowa.

KARI-KEEN

An Advertisement Your Dentist Wants You to Read and Study

LAVORIS TRADE MARK



LAVORIS CHEMICAL COMPANY
Minneapolis, Minn., U. S. A.

A small chart similar to this is enclosed in every package of Lavoris.

HERE is an unusual illustration for a full-page advertisement in such a big and important publication.

It isn't pretty, perhaps, but it can be mighty valuable to you and your family.

It is intended to make you mindful of the value of dental service and oral hygiene.

See the "baby teeth." Many times the "six year molar" is mistaken for a "baby tooth" and allowed to decay. Early loss of a "six year molar" may affect contour of the jaw and face throughout life.

Decay, or other dental disorders, may affect your health. Frequently, ailments of stomach, heart, nerves, eyes, are directly traceable to dental conditions.

Your dentist wants to help you. His trained eye, supplemented by the "x-ray," detects sources of possible trouble.

Do not allow anybody to tell you that "once a year" or "twice a year" is often enough to visit the dentist. Only your dentist can tell you how often *you* should see him. He, better than anybody else, knows the characteristics and tendencies of your mouth.

Brush your teeth, of course. And after brushing, sluice from the spaces and tissue every trace of food and dentifrice debris. Do this with plain water—cold, or warm, as you prefer—to which a bit of Lavoris may be added. (One part Lavoris to four parts of water.)

Your dentist may prescribe a stronger Lavoris solution if you have some disorder of oral tissue.

Know your dentist. Know your teeth. Know the delightful, freshing effect that follows the use of Lavoris, the scientific oral detergent that has gained world-wide popularity through what it *is* and what it *does* rather than by advertising.

Again, we urge you to study this page, to be sure that it is studied and understood by your entire family. If you want additional copies, write us. Again we say: "Do As Your Dentist Tells You."

LAVORIS CHEMICAL COMPANY
MINNEAPOLIS . TORONTO

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This page is a part of the Lavoris Reciprocation Program tendered the American Dentist in recognition of more than 25 years' acceptance and good will

(Continued from Page 130)

"You know, you look like a different man, just since the week you've been here."

I said, "I feel like one."

She looked at me coyly and said, "I'm beginning to think of you as one of the family, almost."

I glanced across the room at Cherry. "That's nice of you," I said. "That helps a lot. Would you mind very much if I excused myself, and went to bed? I feel a little tired, from riding today, and everything."

She said of course I might go, only she hated to see me leave just when things were beginning to get a bit lively, and that maybe if I just took a nap for a few minutes I might feel better, because the night was young yet, even if some of the rest weren't, so I said I'd try that, and headed for the hallway.

At the door the pride of the Fish family stopped me. "I've been waiting to get a chance to give you something for your column," he said. "It's a good one. You see, there were these two ——"

I said, "Send me a wire." I started up the stairs and toward my room, and when I was nearly there I heard someone behind me. I turned, and it was Cherry.

I said, "Well?"

"What's the matter?"

"Nothing," I said. "Not a thing."

"Mother said you weren't feeling well."

"I'm all right now. I just wanted to get to bed early. I'm leaving in the morning."

She stood there, looking at me, not saying anything.

I said, "I won't keep you. Little Robert is probably biting his finger nails now, anyway, wondering where you are." I reached out for the door knob.

"What's Robert got to do with it?"

"He seems to have plenty," I said. "I couldn't very well help hearing you over the telephone this afternoon. Though why he should think you're interested in me, and get all hot and bothered, is a mystery."

She laughed a little tremulously. "It's not me he's worried about, Wally. It's Aileen. He's frightfully jealous, and Aileen has been giving him the run around, and using you to stir him up."

I said, "Aileen?"

"Why, yes. It's done all the time. Robert hasn't any wild yen for me, he's just been after my moral support. Don't you see?"

"I guess so," I agreed wearily. "And I see, too, that I'm out of my element here."

"How do you mean?"

I said, "Isn't it perfectly obvious? I don't belong here, to begin with, and on top of that I don't like it."

I was tired, and my head hurt, and I wanted to get away. I wanted to get away before I said things to Cherry, before I made more of a fool of myself than I already had. I said, "If I've got to listen to a lot of chitter-chatter, I'd rather do it somewhere else. I'd rather get paid for dishing the dirt on Broadway than laid out for dishing it in Connecticut. If I've got to run myself ragged keeping up with the rest of the mob, then I choose to run elsewhere. Me and Cal both. I'd rather faw down and go boom on Broadway than on a bridle path and in a mud puddle. . . ."

She said, "Is that all?" She said it quietly, standing there, cool and aloof.

"No," I said, "it isn't. Not by a long shot. I've wanted to tell you ever since I've been here, and now you've asked for it, and now you'll get it. The real trouble is that I fell in love with you the first time I saw you. I've been going around in circles ever since. I've tried to tell you, but ——"

"I thought it was just a line," Cherry interrupted. "I really did."

"Yeah," I said. "Well, it wasn't! And it isn't. I thought Mrs. Weber's little boy Wallace was a pretty wise little boy, but I don't think so now. He's just soft and dumb like all the rest of them."

Cherry said, "Do you really feel that way, Wally?"

I said, "I feel that way. But what good does it do me? My vacation's over. I'm going back. Your father was right. They all come back."

"Back?"

"Sure," I said, trying to grin. "Back to Broadway."

She said, "Your Broadway and mine." She stood there, looking up at me, sooty lashes fluttering over grayish-green eyes, and I felt the same way I had when I first saw her. Something seemed to catch in my heart, and there were things I wanted to say, and the words wouldn't come. Not the words I wanted: colorful, romantic words. Words like the poets use. I just stood there, looking down at her, feeling things.

She said, "You may know how to write columns, but you don't know much about making love. I'm coming with you, Wally." She moved closer.

I found my voice at last. I reached out and took her by the arm.

I said, "Let's breeze, baby."

DRAWN BY R. B. FULLER

The Life of the Party

LOOK FOR THE CHI-NAMEL OUTDOOR PANELS IDENTIFYING YOUR CHI-NAMEL DEALER

The Glorious Mantle of Beauty that Protects

HERE and there throughout your home, let soft, cool colors bring a restful atmosphere—let glowing, warm colors promote cheerfulness. Today, glorious colors to beautify the modern home, inside and out, have become more important than shape or form—even architectural style itself.

Go to the store that offers you a veritable fairyland in cans—the Chi-Namel store. You'll find a dealer who can show you charming color schemes, and who has carefully chosen for you a line of paint products that for more than forty years has steadfastly maintained the highest standards of quality, (and Quality is so important). Chi-Namel colors not only beautify but protect and endure. Look for the Chi-Namel boy—nationally known and recognized as an emblem of quality.

Chi-Namel Expansion Program Special Message to Dealers:

The Chi-Namel Expansion Program is opening up additional territory where valuable Chi-Namel franchises are available for a limited number of first-class dealers. Send the coupon for full information on the new Chi-Namel sales and merchandising plan.

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THE OHIO VARNISH COMPANY, *Cleveland, Ohio*

I am interested in knowing more about the Chi-Namel Expansion Program.

My Name _____ *Name of Store* _____

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Chi-Namel
Paint Products
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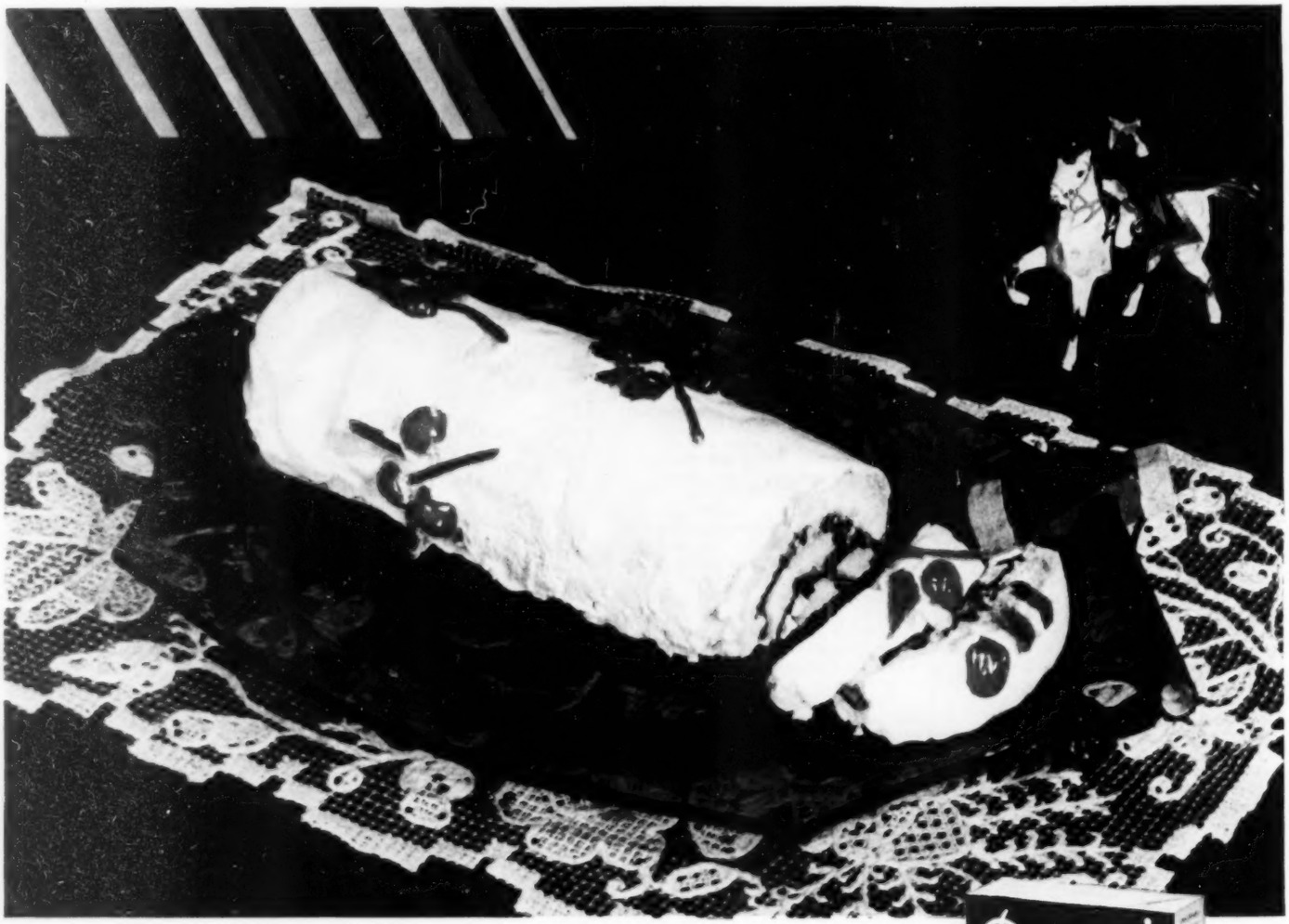


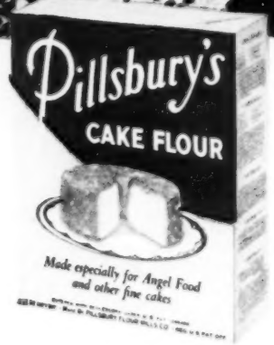
It may cost you a few cents more

but a million women have found it's worth it!

Nobody can afford to consider pennies in buying flour for cakes. There's too much at stake—there are just as many eggs, just as much sugar and shortening in a mediocre cake as in a perfect cake. It's wise to get the finest flour you can buy—even if you do pay a few cents more per package—about one cent more per cake.

During its first year on the market over a million women adopted Pillsbury's Cake Flour because of the surprising improvement it brought about in their cakes—an improvement worth many times the slightly higher cost. Pillsbury's Cake Flour is made from a new blend of certain rare, expensive types of wheat, unusually soft, milled to a silky fineness. Baking tests have shown that it possesses three distinct superiorities: (1) It makes a cake that rises higher—a lighter, fluffier, more delicate cake. (2) It makes a cake with a soft, fine texture—the sort that really melts in your mouth. (3) It makes a cake that stays fresh longer. Women tell us it's the finest cake flour they've ever used—that it has completely changed their ideas of "perfect cake."

No matter how expert a cake maker you may be, we believe you'll get a new thrill the first time you use this improved cake flour. Test Pillsbury's Cake Flour carefully—try it with the most delicate, difficult recipe you know—it will prove its value before you have used the first package. You will find out why a million women have already decided that here, at last, is the perfect flour for all fine cakes! Make a note on your shopping list now!



CHERRY TREE CAKE

3 eggs	1 cup Pillsbury's Cake Flour
1 cup powdered sugar	1 teaspoon baking powder
Juice of one-half lemon	½ teaspoon salt

Separate the eggs; beat the yolks until light and creamy together with the sugar; and add the lemon juice. Sift the dry ingredients together; and fold gently into the first mixture. Last, add the egg whites, whipped stiff. Transfer to a large, shallow, well-oiled pan; and bake in a moderate oven, 375 degrees F., about fifteen minutes. Invert immediately on to waxed paper, spread with raspberry jam; and quickly roll up. When cool, cover with any plain white icing; and decorate with candied cherries and angelica for leaves and stems.

A paper George Washington hatchet may be stuck in the top of the cake, if desired.

Recipe furnished by Mrs. Ida Bailey Allen, President of the National Radio Home Makers' Club.

PILLSBURY FLOUR MILLS COMPANY
General Offices; Minneapolis, Minnesota
Millers of Pillsbury's Best Flour, Pancake Flour, Wheat Bran, Farina, Cake Flour, Rye, Whole Wheat and Durum Flours

Pillsbury's Cake Flour

"Stop!" Warren Rand interrupted. "Well?"

"It is I who have thrown dust in the eyes of the world upon all these points," she reminded him. "It is I who might supply the eye lotion."

Warren Rand sat quite still, looking at his very charming visitor. She returned his scrutiny, an engaging light in her eyes. John Glynde, who was afraid because he knew that his chief was angry, intervened after his own fashion.

"The young lady is quite right," he insisted. "She has worked well for us. To send her away just because of this matter of sex would be foolish. Anything else," he concluded, blinking into his chief's steely eyes, "would be worse than foolish."

"Such an intelligent little man I have always said that you were, Mr. Glynde," she sighed. "Besides, there's last night's affair, you know. I am probably the only person who could succeed in keeping the whole world from knowing that Mr. Warren Rand has bought out Gervoise Harrison and is the sole owner of the Daily Sun, or the truth about that article on the Peace Conference in Geneva in this morning's paper. I am sure you are too sensible to try to do without me. The only thing is," she concluded reflectively, "that now you're in England the work is going to be very much harder for me, and I think you ought to consider the matter of a rise in salary."

"Are you married?" Warren Rand inquired.

She held up her ringless hand.

"Not yet. I am hoping to be some day, of course, but just the right man hasn't come along yet. I should like an American, if possible. Everyone says they make such good husbands."

"Any brothers?"

"No brothers or sisters."

"So you are the only one of the family?" Warren Rand meditated.

"The only one," she acknowledged. "Why? Did you think you might find places for my relatives if I had any?"

"What salary is the young woman getting?" he asked abruptly.

"Fifteen hundred a year," John Glynde replied, "and a moderate expense account."

"It sounds a great deal," she reflected, "but everything is so dear nowadays. Shoes and stockings alone," she went on, looking down at her own beautifully shaped little patent-leather shoes and silk stockings of the latest shade, "cost a small fortune."

"Give the girl three thousand a year, Glynde," Warren Rand grunted.

"Such a pleasant sum," she murmured. "I shall do quite nicely on that."

Warren Rand fixed her with that negative glance of his.

"In case you should become conceited," he confided, "let me tell you this: You have done quite well, but there have always been powerful influences behind you. There is scarcely an editor of a respectable newspaper in this country who doesn't know my weakness, and isn't prepared to subscribe to it. You could see my name penciled out of dozens of paragraphs every day by men who have never heard from me, whom I have never met in my life. They know, though."

She nodded, and, stooping down, opened her little brown dispatch case, took out a sheaf of papers and selected a proof. She crossed the room, and, leaning over his chair, held it out for his inspection. He was angrily conscious of a very unfamiliar thing—a faintly sweet, unrecognizable perfume as though from unseen flowers.

"You wouldn't have liked that to appear," she observed. "You see, it got as far as type."

He read out the first few lines:

"'One of the most singular innovations in modern politics is the intrusion of wealthy and influential newspaper proprietors into the counsels of the leading statesmen of the day. It is rumored that, although his name appears on no shipping list, Warren Rand, the multimillionaire and, as he is popularly called, "The Newspaper Sphinx of New York," is now on his way to Europe, and is expected to take part in the councils at Geneva.

"'Warren Rand, whose newspapers must have interviewed many thousands of less famous men, has never himself been interviewed or photographed, nor has he, more than three or four times in his life, signed the articles which are reputed to have come from his pen. He is a man of strong character and curiously secretive habits, but the power he wields is unbounded, and if at any time he should choose to take a vigorous part in contemporary European history he would be a force gravely to be reckoned with. His present mission is said to be due to a desire to intervene in the disarmament question, and it is no secret that certain powerful influences which have done so much to retard progress at Geneva are awaiting his visit with apprehension.'"

Warren Rand returned the slip and eyed the girl coldly.

"Where did you get that from?" he asked. "Your own little printing press?"

"From the Hemisphere office," she replied. "It would have appeared in the Hemisphere, but for me. One of my best efforts," she went on. "It cost me a great deal."

"Are you telling the truth?" he demanded.

"It is quite a habit of mine," she assured him.

"You wish me to believe that George Soames, the editor of the Hemisphere, was bribed by you with your paltry means to prevent the appearance of this paragraph?"

"Not with money," she admitted. "Certainly not with money. The personal effort was amazingly strenuous. I had to let him take me out to dinner three times, to the theater twice, and I don't know how many times to luncheon. I don't dislike Mr. Soames," she went on, "but he dances very badly, and he's a little troublesome as a companion. However, there's the proof of my influence. The paragraph never appeared. And yet you thought of firing me!"

"I am still considering it," Warren Rand muttered.

John Glynde shook his head.

"Oh, no, you're not," he expostulated. "You shall have your check for the first quarter on the new basis before you leave the building if you like, Miss Erdish."

"I always thought you were nice," she confessed, flashing a smile at him. "At first I didn't think you were at all the sort of man to be secretary to Warren Rand, but I've changed my mind. I am wondering," she went on, fastening up her dispatch case, "whether it would not be a good plan to take me with you when you go to France, Mr. Rand. It isn't the French papers who are so inquisitive, but nowadays there are so many English paragraph writers hanging round the Riviera and aching for news, against whom I think you ought to be protected."

"How do you know I'm going to France?" he demanded.

"Of course you're going there," she rejoined. "They're breaking up at Geneva almost at once. I shouldn't be surprised if it wasn't the rumor of your coming which scared them. I don't know where the others are going, of course, but there are one or two of them bound for the Riviera whom I am sure you will want to see. Of course," she continued amiably, "I don't wish to embarrass you when I suggest going with you to France. I could travel with your suite or alone. I am sure Mr. Glynde here would look after me if I needed any help, or you have a very charming man, whom I've seen about once or twice—a Colonel Tellesom—chief of your bodyguard, I think. He and I might work together."

"Speak French?"

"Like a native, and Italian."

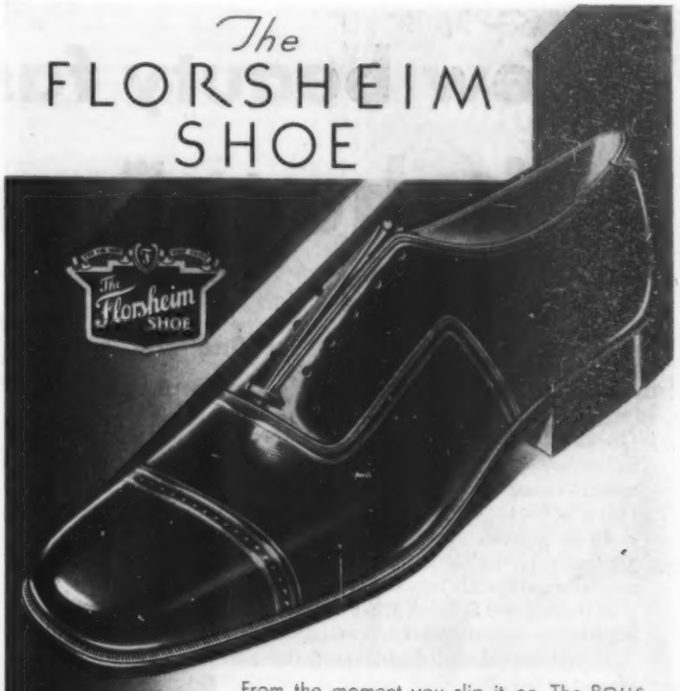
"Well, you can put any idea of foreign travel out of your head for the present," he told her. "I'm not going to France."

She smiled.

"I needn't even be on the same train," she persisted, "although I am sure I should

(Continued on Page 141)

The FLORSHEIM SHOE



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SELLERS
KITCHEN CABINETS

(Continued from Page 139)

be useful if there were any newspapermen about."

"But I tell you that I'm not going to France," he repeated.

"Then may I use the motorboat you have sent to Cannes?" she begged innocently.

He glared at her. "How the devil did you know I had a motorboat at Cannes?"

She was on her way to the door. She looked back over her shoulder.

"I am a publicity agent as well as a secrecy agent," she confided.

Warren Rand bit savagely into a cigar and lit it.

"A most unpleasant young woman, that, Glynde," he pronounced.

The secretary stroked his narrow chin thoughtfully.

"She knows her business," he remarked.

The buzzer of the telephone marked Private on Warren Rand's desk sounded. John Glynde conversed with an unseen interlocutor for several moments. Then he laid down the receiver and spoke softly to his chief.

"The Prime Minister wants to know if you'll dine at the House of Commons at eight o'clock."

"What's the good of my doing that?" Warren Rand scowled.

"No good at all in your doing it," John Glynde agreed, "but a great deal of harm in your refusing. Besides, you may just as well satisfy yourself what his attitude is likely to be."

"Say you can't find me, and you'll ring up in five minutes."

John Glynde obeyed orders. Warren Rand sat with his hands in his trousers pockets, his thick lips protruding.

"How the devil do you suppose he got to know that I was in England?" he grumbled. "My name wasn't on the passenger list, and we know the Marconigram people were square."

"You can't expect impossibilities," John Glynde told him coolly. "We kept your departure from New York, and your arrival here, out of the newspapers. That was difficult enough. You mustn't forget, though, that England still has a secret service, and you're a marked man."

"I'll dine with him, hang it!" Warren Rand decided. "He'll get nothing out of me, and he hasn't brains enough in his head to say anything worth my hearing. Never mind! I'll dine with him. My compliments, and I'll be there at eight o'clock."

V

AT SIX O'CLOCK that evening, Miss Stanley Erdish closed down her desk, touched a bell and handed to the uniformed boy who answered it a pile of fifteen or twenty letters. With a little wave of her hand she dismissed her secretary, and a few minutes later she pushed the button of one of the general lifts, and entering it upon its arrival, had descended to the famous rotunda hall before she realized the identity of her solitary companion.

"A word with you, if you please, Miss Erdish," John Glynde begged.

She nodded indifferently and followed him toward one of the reception rooms. It happened that there was a late rush of news from the East, and it was filled with people waiting to see the syndicate editor. They tried another with the same result. The round hall, almost as big as a church, was still more impossible. There were little crowds gathered before the finely displayed news announcements, and every chair was occupied. The headquarters of more than a hundred newspapers, even though its administration was perfect, collected at all hours of the day a stream of polyglot humanity. Mr. John Glynde coughed.

"If I felt I knew you well enough, Miss Erdish," he said, "I would suggest a cocktail at some neighboring restaurant."

"For heaven's sake don't let that trouble you," she begged. "We're in the same ship, aren't we? I'll take you to Cramp's, round the corner."

They left the place together, crossed the street, threaded another narrow thoroughfare, and turned in at a brownstone building of rather foreign appearance, with boxes of flowers in the windows. In a large room on the ground floor was a curved bar and a semicircle of comfortable armchairs and tables; in the distance beyond, a grillroom.

They gave an order, and asked for sandwiches. "You've been rather a dear to me, Mr. Glynde. I meant keeping my post, but, without you, it might have been more difficult."

"Yes," he admitted, "it would have been more difficult. I asked you to have a few words with me privately, Miss Erdish, because I wanted to reassure myself. An American business man's conscience isn't much to brag about, but you've been a little on mine the last few hours."

She took off her hat and threw it upon a divan. Then she leaned back in her chair and took a huge bite out of her sandwich. John Glynde was quite sure that he had never seen such beautiful brown hair in his life, or such flawless white teeth.

"Now just what do you mean by that, Mr. Glynde?" she asked. "Be frank."

"I will," he answered. "I know more about you than I told the chief."

"No harm, I hope."

"No harm," he acknowledged, "but I fancy that if the chief had known what I know, he wouldn't have been so easy to deal with."

"What is it that you know?" she demanded.

"That Stanley Erdish is the name which you took when you went on the stage for a year or so," he replied. "Your real name is Stanley Nickols. You are the daughter of Harold Nickols, the late editor of the Sun."

"Now I wonder how you found that out," she reflected. "Tell me how you made this great discovery. I thought I'd covered up my traces pretty well when I left home."

There was a shade almost of pity in John Glynde's eyes as he looked toward her.

"Miss Erdish," he said, "have you realized that in the Kingsway offices there are six hundred and seventy-two people, all employed by our chief?"

"I had no idea there were quite so many," she admitted. "What on earth does he find for them all to do?"

"Just at present," he continued, "let us concern ourselves only with rooms 27, 28 and 29, which are directly below yours. They are occupied by a little company of inquiry agents and detectives, I suppose you would call them over here, all selected by and controlled by one of the cleverest men who ever left Scotland Yard to treble his salary. Everyone who enters the chief's service is passed through the sieve. The reports are brought to me, and, if there is anything the chief should know I put it up to him. This is the first time in my life I have not been entirely honest. The chief is a man of prejudices. A hint at your parentage and he would not only have refused to listen to anything you had to say but, if you had ventured upon those same threats, something would assuredly have happened to you."

She looked at him incredulously.

"Do you mean ——"

"Do not let us waste more words upon this than are necessary," he begged. "We are an organization—nearly a perfect one—controlled by the chief, brought together, and working under his direction mostly, for the attainment of one particular end. To gain that end, the organization is conscienceless and unscrupulous. The chief would have considered your suggestions as an attempt at blackmail. Blackmail is a crime. He would have met crime by crime. Nothing could have saved you, and whatever was done—I can assure you of this—would have been done in such a manner that no one attached to the Kingsway offices would ever have been connected with it in the slightest degree."

Miss Stanley Erdish lit a cigarette. She was terribly attractive as she leaned back in her chair, full of animation and interest.

"This is too exciting!" she exclaimed. "You mean, in plain words, that I should have been done away with?"

"Something of the sort," John Glynde agreed calmly. "The affair would not have troubled the chief for a single second. You committed what was in his eyes a crime by threatening him. He would have equalized the matter by removing you. I don't say he would have done so by extreme measures, but you would have been rendered harmless. By tomorrow he would have forgotten your very existence."

"A nice crowd I seem to have got mixed up with," Miss Stanley Erdish remarked, with a little gleam in her eyes.

"We are such a crowd," John Glynde affirmed, "as has never been known before in the history of the world, or, at any rate, since the days of the Inquisition. Millions have gone to the riveting of every link. We are a perfect piece of human machinery, working toward one guarded and definite aim, and protected on every possible side from interference."

"Very terrifying," she murmured. "It all sounds most intriguing, though. Are you going to tell your chief of my parentage and plod after my lonely hearse to the cemetery?"

"That depends," John Glynde replied, sitting a little more erect in his chair. "Will you give me your attention for a moment?"

She looked at him in some surprise. John Glynde, during the last few minutes, seemed to have become more of a man. His shoulders had stiffened, his voice was deeper.

"Miss Stanley Erdish," he said, "I am a judge of men and women, and I hope I am not going to be disappointed in you. I have credited you with three important qualities—courage, probity and common sense. I hope I shall find that I have not been mistaken. Let me put you through the first test. Do you believe what I have told you?"

"Well," she admitted, "I regret to say that I do. I am never afraid to face the unusual. I believe you."

John Glynde smiled.

"I was right," he congratulated himself. "We come to this, then. You realize that you are in danger?"

"Yes, I suppose I am."

"It is my great desire," he continued, and his tone was almost solemn, "to keep you in your present position, to have you one of our organization—a small part of it, perhaps, but still one of the links. There have been times in my life when I have preferred to trust the word of one man to the bond of another. I, a banker, admit that, Miss Erdish. I shall trust your word if you give it to me."

"What have I to promise?" she asked.

"That, regardless of your parentage or of any real or fancied wrong suffered by your father, you will remain a faithful member of the organization. You see, I make it easy for you. I make evasion, perhaps, easy. That I waive. I ask for your simple word, Miss Stanley Erdish, and when you have passed me that word you are safe."

She looked at him intently. She was an epicure in life and its sensations, but she had never dreamed of a situation quite so enthralling as this. From forty yards away came the roar of Fleet Street; from more immediately outside, the wailing of a street organ; from close at hand, Charles, the barman, greeting his customers with his habitual smile, his usual friendly gesture to his intimates. Chaffing fragments of conversation broke now and then upon the tense atmosphere which this little man by her side seemed to have created. It was all very wonderful, and Miss Stanley Erdish began to feel that she was going to enjoy life. Her tone, when she spoke, was very unlike her usual one.

"I give you my promise, John Glynde," she said. "As a matter of fact, you need have no fear. I understand your point of view, but my father and I are entirely out of sympathy. It is more than six years since I left home, and we rarely see each other."

He smiled happily, bit for the first time into his own sandwich.

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"You take a great weight off my mind," he acknowledged. "A gesture from me, when we leave this place, and you will be as free as the air, to go where you like unfollowed and unsuspected."

"Were we followed here, then?" she asked.

"Certainly. You have been followed all day. You left your rooms in Cobourg Crescent at a quarter past nine, I think it was. You summoned a taxi, disputed with the man about something, and called another. You stopped for a moment at a club in Hay Hill and asked the porter for letters. From there you came to the Kingsway offices. I forget what time you left for lunch, but anyway, it's down in the records. You went to the Berkeley Grill, and you lunched with a young man named Childers, who has, apparently, no significance."

"Poor dear!" she murmured. "He's very nice, but he has no brains. Jack Childers, the cricketer, you know."

"You returned to the Kingsway offices in good time," John Glynde went on. "With your work there, I have nothing to do. You left the building at a quarter to seven with an elderly idiot who has a perfectly ridiculous admiration for you, and you have just concluded a very satisfactory conversation with him."

"I always said you were nice," she declared. "You know I have. It is terribly uncanny, though, to feel that one has been watched like this."

"It's finished now," he assured her. "You belong."

She drew a little closer to him.

"Since I belong, my dear subchief, or whatever you think I ought to call you, can't I be given at least just an idea as to what it all means, what new hemisphere we are going to crash into, what new world within a world we are to discover?"

He sighed, and there was genuine wistfulness in his sigh.

"My dear," John Glynde said, "there are many things I scarcely know myself. A time will come, I think, when the whole machinery will stop, when we shall turn either to the right or to the left—which way, only one man knows. For myself, I have but one duty, and that, in a sense, is already accomplished. My duty is to make our chief one of the richest men in the world."

John Glynde had come into his own; temporarily, at any rate. The girl's eyes were distended. He talked as one of the masters of the world.

"And for yourself?" she gasped.

"Money is nothing," he replied equably. "A good many people have said that, but few have meant it. I mean it. I left one of the finest banks in New York to come here at twice the salary and a bonus. The bonus alone has made me a millionaire. I have simple tastes; in a sense I am like the chief himself. Money has lost its allure. Figures attract because they appeal to the imagination, but money has no longer any significance."

"I should like to marry someone like you," Miss Stanley Erdish confided.

"My dear," he replied, "with your sense of humor, your pleasantly poised brain and your delightful personality, you might marry a prince, and if I wasn't number two in the greatest organization in the world," he sighed as he beckoned for his bill, "I rather think I should like to be a prince."

VI

TWO men dined alone that night in a private room of the House of Commons and talked of the future of Europe. They had scarcely an idea in common or a subject upon which they were agreed. Warren Rand, before the first course was removed, was speculating as to how such a man could possibly have become the premier of a great country, while the Right Honorable Oliver Trowse, who for the last two years had filled that somewhat thankless position, was asking himself in almost bewildered fashion why his private secretary, whom he trusted implicitly, should have spoken of this blunt-mannered, unattractive man as one of the vital forces of the universe. Anyhow, while he was at it, Trowse made up his mind to solve the riddle of his visitor's reputation so far as he could.

"They tell me, Mr. Rand," he said, "that during the last eighteen months you have become the largest newspaper owner of this or any other generation."

"It is probably true," Rand acknowledged.

"One asks oneself," the Premier went on, sipping his first glass of champagne, "whether your activities in that direction have been entirely financial, or whether, as I have heard it once or twice vaguely suggested, you have some great purpose in your mind which you have not yet fully explained to the world."

"There is no need for me to have any other purpose," Warren Rand declared, with that crudeness of which his host had already taken note. "I only buy money-making newspapers, because if a paper isn't a money-maker it isn't getting its circulation, and circulation is the one thing I insist upon."

The Prime Minister nodded thoughtfully.

"Very interesting," he murmured—"very interesting indeed. As a purely academic question, let me ask you this: How do you suppose the power of the press compares with, say the spoken word, or broadcasting, or any of these other means of attracting public attention?"

Warren Rand had rather the air of a head master from a great public school asked to lecture to a kindergarten.

"I will tell you, Mr. Trowse," he expounded, "why the press possesses a power which is inevitable, unbounded and undefeatable. It gains that power from one quality—repetition. The laws of the physical world would, any one of them, afford the best simile: The falling drops of water which wear their way through the stone; the avalanche crushing the earth underneath, inch by inch, till the final movement comes; the force of gravitation, drawing to itself, year by year, the building men have erected upon earth's surface. . . . You follow me, I hope? You can inculcate a doctrine with the living voice in any man you can get to listen to you, and he'll go away and forget it. You can preach the same doctrine at him day by day, week by week and year by year, until it becomes a part of his life, until he believes it because he has to believe it. He has to read his newspaper more or less conscientiously. He can't spend all his time with the serial, the money market and the sporting news. Before he throws it away, he has to read the leader, and he has to read of the world's affairs from the point of view of the man or group of men who wrote that leader. You form a man's mind through his newspaper, just as you form a boy's in school. Nothing else has the same quality of inevitability. That is why the man who owns the press of the world rules the world."

"No one," the Premier acknowledged, "owes more to the press than I do, or has a greater appreciation of it as a force in life, but I think you're exaggerating. Quite natural, too, considering the position you occupy in the newspaper world."

Warren Rand did not trouble to argue the matter.

He emptied his glass and watched it being refilled. He still had the air of one who is talking without much hope of being understood.

"It might seem so," he admitted tolerantly—"yes, it might certainly seem so."

Oliver Trowse ventured down one of the byways of thought suggested by his companion's speech.

"Do you believe," he asked him, "that if you bought a Republican newspaper you could turn its readers into Democrats?"

"Of course you could in time," Warren Rand assented. "I have done it more than once. You have to find an editor with a subtle brain, but it's really easily accomplished. You begin on the familiar lines on which the paper has always been conducted. Then one day you hesitate. The Republican government which you are pledged to support is introducing legislation which you venture to criticize. It is the beginning of the rift in the lute. You keep on impressing upon your readers the fact that your principles are sound, that your Republican instincts are invulnerable, and by slow degrees you sap away your individual reader's confidence in his own party by your own apparent difficulty in remaining loyal to it. You are mentioning an extreme case, but it can be done. If you don't reach one generation you reach the next. . . . The minds of all men of brains, if left to themselves, move in the same direction. Show them the same path logically, illuminate it brilliantly, if you like, and they will all tread it. As a matter of fact, there shouldn't be diversity of thought or opinions at any time in the elementary principles of government. That was the secret Mussolini discovered, by which he redeemed his country."

The Premier was impressed but remained a little patronizing.

"Aren't you a trifle sweeping, Mr. Rand?" he objected. "Brains, even of the same caliber, can scarcely all develop along the same lines."

"They should, so far as regards the broad thoroughfares," Warren Rand insisted.

"Why don't they, then?" his host demanded.

"Bad education," was the swift reply. "Education should be universal, and its principles—its basic principles—should be fixed upon the same foundation. What the world wants ——"

He broke off. His companion waited expectantly.

"Please go on, Mr. Rand," he invited. "Of course you're exploiting the principles of socialism, but I have an idea that what you were going to say would be your own apologia."

"But I am not ready to say it," Warren Rand declared bluntly. "There are other more interesting things which I prefer to discuss with you."

The Premier remembered who he was, sipped the wine of self-confidence, and pressed his point.

"But, Mr. Rand," he continued, "I beg of you to be frank with me. It might be worth our whiles to show our minds to each other."

"I doubt it," Warren Rand muttered.

"Very few people in the world," the Premier went on, "know anything about you. Those who do have the idea that you are a sort of self-appointed prophet, with a great cause living in your brain and heart, which, when the proper time comes, you are prepared to expound. In the meantime, owing to your command of the press, you have certainly acquired an immense power, even if I cannot give it quite the place in life which you claim for it. Incidentally, you have also, they tell me, by a series of very brilliant financial coups, become one of the richest of living men."

"That is quite possible," Warren Rand admitted. "What of it?"

The Premier was inclined to resent the curtness of his guest's tone, but he did his best to conceal the fact.

"You must acquit me," he begged, "of any personal curiosity. Your position becomes interesting to me solely from a patriotic point of view. With the various recognized governments of the world we are in touch through our ambassadors and through our commercial agents. In you we have to appreciate a concentrated force, with the potentialities of a nation, but without its self-expression. They tell me strange things about you, Mr. Rand."

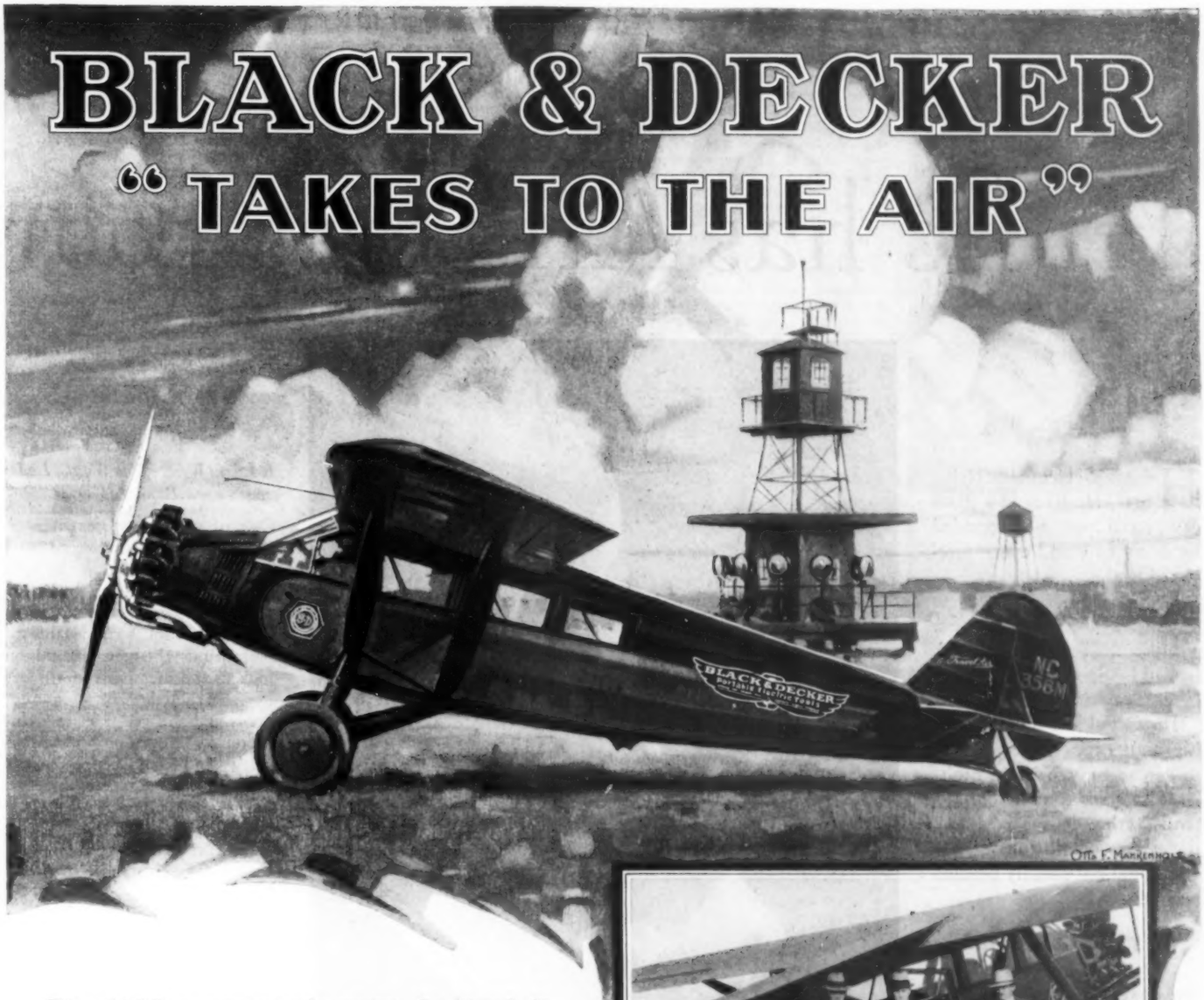
"I break no laws to which I subscribe," Warren Rand observed. "I go my own way."

"Precisely; but what is it?" the Premier demanded, tapping with his spectacles upon the table, a favorite gesture of his when addressing a larger audience. "How do we stand to be affected by any movement you might make? Is it part of your scheme to

(Continued on Page 145)

BLACK & DECKER

"TAKES TO THE AIR"



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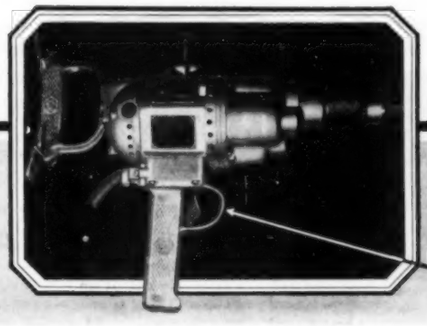

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HE has given his life to his art! He lives in a glass case, so to speak—surrounded by every care and every safeguard.

Yet he has a well developed case of the ringworm infection commonly called "Athlete's Foot"!

And he doesn't know what it is!

The tiny skin-cracks between his smaller toes* are beginning to get on his sensitive, high-strung nerves to a serious extent—as they do, indeed, harry the nerves of millions of less emotional but equally puzzled people.

Now This Common Infection Can Be Curbed

Now that it is universally agreed among specialists that *tinea trichophyton*, a ringworm fungus, is the cause of the various forms* of "Athlete's Foot"—*and now that exhaustive laboratory research has revealed that Absorbine Jr. kills the "Athlete's Foot" germ and curbs its spread*—knowledge of this most persistent parasite and how to fight it will soon be country-wide!

This is fortunate, for "Athlete's Foot" is such a *stealthy* infection . . . so easily overlooked at first . . . that it has stolen up on the Nation until it is found simply *everywhere!* The United States Public Health Service even asserts in one of its Bulletins that "*it is probable that at least one-half of all adults suffer from it at some time*" . . . suffer from it without knowing what it is.

Again, tests conducted in such widely separated universities as those of California and Pennsylvania reveal that probably 50% of the students enrolled are infected.

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One of the worst features of "Athlete's Foot" is that it is most apt to be contracted in the very places where people go for health and cleanliness and recreation! In spite of the most rigid sanitary precautions, the germ abounds on locker- and dressing-room floors . . . on the edges of swimming pools and showers . . . in gymnasiums . . . even on hotel bath-mats. And from such places it is carried into millions of homes to infect whole families!

It Has Been Found That Absorbine Jr. Kills Tinea Trichophyton

A series of laboratory tests with the antiseptic Absorbine Jr. has proved, through bacteria counts and photomicrographs, that Absorbine Jr. penetrates deeply into flesh-like tissues and that wherever it penetrates it *kills* the "Athlete's Foot" infection.

This will be good news indeed to many thousands of people who have worried over a threatening foot condition without knowing what it was that was troubling them nor how to rid themselves of it.

It might not be a bad idea to examine *your* feet for the distress signals* that announce the beginning of "Athlete's Foot."

At the first sign of infection begin the free use of Absorbine Jr. on the affected areas—douse it on morning and night and after every exposure.

Absorbine Jr. is so widely known and used that you can get it at all drug stores. Price $1.25. For free sample write

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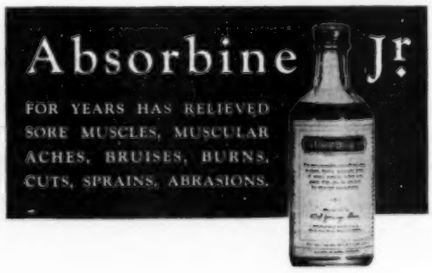

*** WATCH FOR THESE DISTRESS SIGNALS THAT WARN OF "ATHLETE'S FOOT"**

Though "Athlete's Foot" is caused by the germ *tinea trichophyton*—its early stages manifest themselves in several different ways, usually between the two smallest toes: redness, skin-cracks, tiny itching blisters, a white, thick, moist condition or dryness with little scales. *Any one of these calls for immediate treatment!* If the case appears aggravated and does not readily yield to Absorbine Jr., consult your physician without delay.

(Continued from Page 142)

attempt to force upon the world a new doctrine of politics or sociology? Which way are we to look for the thunderbolt?"

"If you remain in office long enough," Warren Rand said coldly, "you will probably be the first to understand fully what I am working for. I am afraid, however, that your government has scarcely enough stability to look far enough into the future."

The Prime Minister flushed. Only a few weeks before, a vote of censure had been defeated by the narrowest of majorities, and day by day his heterogeneous group of supporters were becoming more restless.

"We have passed through troublesome times during the last few years, Mr. Rand," he admitted. "Things ahead, though, are shaping more clearly."

"Your party, as a party, scarcely exists," was the dry reply. "You have had to call in all sorts of outsiders to keep you in office at all. You govern because no one else wants to govern for the moment. That is to say, you govern not through the will of the people but through their lack of will. You can't last though."

The Prime Minister stared at his visitor for a moment, bit his lip and laughed a little nervously.

"One scarcely expects quite so much frankness, Mr. Rand," he remarked.

"Nothing in the world is worth considering except the truth. I hate humbug. That's why my press is feared and respected throughout the world. I hope you will understand," the visitor went on, with a belated regard for the amenities, "that nothing I have said is in the slightest degree personal."

A servant brought in coffee and cigars. Warren Rand helped himself to both, and accepted a generous glass of brandy. He waited until the man had left the room before he continued.

"I trust that you will not consider that I have been too frank," he said. "I should repay your hospitality badly if I talked otherwise than truthfully to you. Politically, we both know that your country is in a hopeless muddle for the present. Whatever world changes I might be planning, the support of your country, as it exists at present, is scarcely worth asking for."

The Prime Minister's secretary made apologetic entrance. He handed a slip of paper to his chief, who glanced at it and nodded briefly.

"Tell Mr. Fogge to come round at once," he directed. "Have you ever met the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Rand?" he asked, turning to his guest.

"Never," was the colorless reply.

"I want you just to shake hands with him if you will. We shan't keep you, because I must be in the House in ten minutes."

Warren Rand acquiesced without enthusiasm. At his companion's gestured invitation, he pinched another cigar and lit it.

"I should think you would be glad to be rid of me," he observed.

The Premier made a little grimace.

"You have told me some home truths," he admitted, "but you're too honest about the affair, and also too ignorant," he added, with the smile of a man getting a little of his own back again, "for me to take offense. Apropos of a portion of your conversation, did you see the leading article this morning in the Sun?"

"I wrote it."

Trowse was momentarily bewildered.

"I mean our principal newspaper," he explained. "It belongs to Gervoise Harrison. Harold Nickols is the editor."

"Ancient history," Warren Rand confided. "I bought the paper at midnight yesterday, when I found out what their Geneva policy was. I wrote the article in the office—kept the machinery waiting—had to destroy a few thousand copies with Harold Nickols' stuff in."

The Premier stared at his visitor open-mouthed.

"You're not in earnest, Mr. Rand? You don't mean to tell me that you have bought the Sun?"

"I certainly have," Warren Rand affirmed. "You will have an opportunity of watching how I can transform a newspaper. I know the tricks, you see."

He rose to his feet. There was a knock at the door, and, in response to Trowse's invitation, a tall, scholarly looking man entered. He was untidily dressed, thin, with ascetic features, tired eyes, but a wonderfully pleasant smile.

"Mr. Rand," the Premier said, "this is Mr. Fogge, our Chancellor of the Exchequer."

The two men shook hands, Warren Rand in somewhat puppetlike fashion.

"I see that you are on the point of departure, Mr. Rand," the Chancellor observed. "I shall not detain you for a moment. There is just one question I have been longing to put to a financial expert such as yourself, because our people here in London merely contradict one another. Can you tell me who is this secret buyer of gold in every market in the world?"

"Perhaps I could," was the blunt reply, "but it isn't my business to at the moment."

Mr. Fogge, who was renowned for his courtierlike manners, was a little taken aback. "Your reply would scarcely involve any breach of confidence, would it?" he ventured.

"Perhaps not. My reply, however, might lead to a discussion into which I am not prepared to enter just yet. Thank you very much for your hospitality, Mr. Trowse," he added. "You will excuse me if I hurry away now."

The two men walked with him to the door.

"What are your plans?" the Premier asked. "Where can I find you?"

"Don't bother about me for a week or so," the departing guest begged. "The time may come later on in the year when I can talk to you in another language. I may even be able to answer Mr. Fogge's question."

"Well, I'm sorry you think so little of us, Mr. Rand. Perhaps we may gain more of your confidence soon," was the Premier's farewell speech. "Carstairs, take Mr. Rand to the south entrance," he added, as the secretary appeared once more.

"If you'll follow me, sir," the latter invited.

Warren Rand traversed the corridor and bade his guide a brief good night. He declined the offer of a taxicab or car, and passed through the main gates, crossing the road toward the Embankment. The man who had been waiting for him for the last hour and a half followed.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE COMMUNITY AND THE CHAIN STORE

(Continued from Page 11)

according to its total resources and without regard to its financial stake in the community. We have had responsible requests for as much as three hundred thousand dollars in a single locality. If we gave one-quarter of what from time to time we are asked to give, we should each year operate at a deficit.

That the chains take money out of the community which would otherwise stay there is a contention which seems sound until one examines into what happens to a community's money. If we follow this line of reasoning to the ultimate, then the town that built a great wall about itself and allowed no people or goods to leave or to enter would be the most prosperous town. That, we know, is nonsense. Let us see what actually happens.

A chain store deposits its local receipts in the local bank and, of course, sends the bulk of them by check to the head office. This it must do to discount its bills for merchandise. About 95½ per cent of all the money received by a chain goes to buy merchandise, to pay rents, clerk hire and the like. Only about 4½ per cent is left for profit. As to expenses, the independent store and the chain store are quite alike. And also they are quite alike as to paying for merchandise; the independent store does not buy its goods locally. It, too, must send away the greater part of its receipts. The only difference is that the profits of the independent are in the local bank while the profits of the chain are in a distant bank. If the chain store extends, then a part of the profits come back to pay for the extensions.

If the independent has profits of any size, he invests them, and though he may invest them locally, he is more than likely to invest outside of his own locality in order to get the benefit of diversification. If he leaves the profits in bank, then the bank may lend them to local borrowers, but in part the bank will certainly invest them in prime market paper and in bonds of corporations.

In fact, any bank which invests too much of its resources in its locality is not in a condition to render the best service, for it runs the danger of becoming insolvent if the locality be visited by disaster. And now, with the coming of chain banking, it would indeed be a wise man who could earmark money as to origin. And if the chain stores charge less for their goods than do the independents, then the chains leave in the community more money than they take away, for they leave with the consumers the surplus due to purchasing more for the same money.

Much of the present thinking is old-fashioned in that the chain is opposed, just as the labor-saving machine was opposed, on the ground that it takes jobs away from men. The machine was supposed to take jobs away from hand workers. But we know that the machine has made more jobs, and better-paying ones, than were ever dreamed of, for it has put vast amounts of goods within the reach of those who could not buy them before. And also it has created a new skill in workmanship as well as a new series of opportunities for the worker.

The employe of a small manufacturer could rarely see ahead of him anything more than a small partnership; and usually he could not see even that, for the proprietor kept the business in his family. Now the great manufacturing corporation has to keep the way to advancement open for everyone, simply because it needs the best men it can find.

The chain store does put out of business the kind of retailer who does not know how to do business and who rarely made a profit anyhow. But the chain has helped the skilled retailer who has the acumen to specialize in the lines or the kinds of goods which a chain cannot carry.

If the chain store can be developed to the point of saving large amounts in the distribution of goods, then the added buying power of the country will much more than compensate for the retailers who have had to drop out. The record of progress in this country is like that. Something new comes along and displaces something old, and those who have been displaced soon find themselves in better positions than they had before.

The progress of this country has refuted the old make-work system of Europe which holds that the reducing of the number of men on any operations just takes away the bread from so many mouths. We have tried, in our manufacturing, to do with the smallest possible number of men, pay them well, and reduce the price of the article to such a point that it can be consumed in mass. The Europeans have never discovered that low-paid men must not work at

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machines, else the purchasing power of the country will be too small to take the output of the machines.

There was a tendency to use the machinery of chain-store merchandising in the European fashion and not to distribute part of the savings in pay to the employes. The low-wage theory as applied to chain stores is just as dangerous as the low-wage theory in manufacturing. It cannot long survive, for the intelligent chains which pay high wages will put the others out of business unless they change to modern methods.

There are some who fear that the chains are on the way to monopolize distribution, although at present they do hardly more than 15 per cent of the business of the country. That is not a real danger. No matter how large a chain may grow—and we do not yet know what is the proper size—it cannot monopolize in any way that might harm the public. We think of monopoly as a device for raising prices. That the chain cannot do. The chain store which increases its prices at once cuts down its gross business, and since it depends upon a large volume of business at a small profit per sale, it simply could not function with a small volume of business at a high margin of profit. This is quite aside from the fact that the moment a chain store raised its prices a host of independents would flock in to sell at lower prices.

What I see in the future of the chain method of distribution, as it will be perfected, is a new and larger prosperity for the whole country. The present trouble with distribution lies in the waste that benefits no one at all. Every dollar that is saved from waste and translated into lower prices and higher wages adds to the buying power of the country. If, for instance, a suit of clothing which now retails at forty dollars can be sold by better methods at $29.75 and with a fair profit, then at once we increase the demand for clothing and make more work for the clothing people. Take this same thought through the various lines of goods sold at retail and it will at once be apparent that we have before us the opportunity to do in distribution what has already been done in manufacturing.

The varied wastes combine to make the sales prices in retail merchandising much too high and at the same time to keep profits and wages too low. The big winner in retail merchandising is waste. If the wastes of distribution amount to eight billion dollars a year, then cutting out half this waste would add four billions a year to the purchasing power of the country. And once more we should have stepped up our prosperity.

OUT-OF-DOORS

The Woodsman's Bailiwick

SIMPLY because a man is reared in the open, it does not follow that he is universally a woodsman. He has the fundamentals, it is true. But being a woodsman is greatly like being a baseball player—he is at his best when he is on home grounds.

There are portions of the country, for instance, where the bark of a tree is thickest on the north side, thus giving a wanderer an ever-present compass. But what would happen to a man who depended on guiding himself thus in the forest if he should be transported to the high Rockies, where the prevailing winds are from the top of the range, east in one direction, west in another and south somewhere else, thickening the tree bark accordingly? Or to Hudson Bay, where the wind shrieks out of the northwest?

Again, two excellent prospectors I know were discharged recently from a Canadian exploration company as incompetent. They had gone north from Arizona where they had hunted gold in the desert. They got lost the first day they went into the fierce tangled forest which covers most of Canada's gold country.

They managed to get out, after terrific hardships, because the instinct of the woodsman prevails, no matter where he may be. He may be at a disadvantage, but some way he'll wangle his way through troubles that would overwhelm a city man. But there are times when a woodsman can be distinctly miserable. There's my old trail partner, Jack Nankervis, for instance.

Jack had never been out of the Rockies, where the trails to him are a well-read book. Then, a few years ago, it was necessary for me to transplant him for a short time to the deep bush country of Canada. And almost immediately after we arrived it also became necessary to take a canoe trip down the Conejevis River.

A log run was on. Jack had never seen a canoe before; the frailness, the lack of balance and lightness of the craft got his wind up. He didn't know whether he wanted to ride one of those things or not.

"Give me a horse and I'll go anywhere," he said fretfully; "but this thing jumps out from under you while you're looking at it."

The time came—and after an exceedingly short time, too—when Jack could swing a mean paddle and took delight in sneaking up on moose for the joy of giving them a spanking from the bow of the canoe, but that time was certainly not now. We started down the Conejevis, myself in the bow, a guide in the rear and Jack planked down in the middle, sitting flat on the bottom and with hands gripped on the thwarts. This was no place for him, he announced.

Logs leaped at us from the treacherous current of the river. We sneaked around jams. We dodged sunken wood skimming along just under the surface of the water; and with every escape, Jack went lower into that canoe.

Once I turned back to him.

"How would you like to see a mountain, Jack?" I asked.

"Oh, Lord!" he answered fervently, and said no more. We were coming to a rapids.

Hours went by, with Jack saying very little and thinking a great deal. His hands held onto the thwarts until they ached. Then, at last, we sneaked up a mosquito-infested inlet, pushed the canoe to shore and got out. The guide started back, shouting to us that we ought to find the trail we were to take somewhere around there—he didn't know exactly its whereabouts himself.

Rain had been falling all afternoon. We searched the vicinity for an hour and could find nothing. Darkness was approaching. Jack didn't seem to care now. He was on land, in timber, on his home grounds. His keen eyes were as alert as those of an animal. He bent like a dog on the scent. Finally he straightened.

"We're all right," he said.

I had seen nothing, but Jack had found the slightest break of a twig and had started forward, more alert than ever. Soon he found another broken twig and, going to the ground, discovered the print of a shod horse.

"I'm on the way!" he called back joyously.

Then the slime and muck of a bush swamp ended and Jack picked up the trail of that wandering horse. It led to a real trail, little used, which in turn led to a bigger one. Soon we were on a tote road, and Jack was bent anew, separating the tracks before him into two categories, the older ones made that morning, the fresher ones evidently made only a few hours before. We followed the latter ones, of course. Within an hour we were at a railroad construction camp, and comfortable for the night.

"What's that about new tricks for old dogs?" asked Jack that night as we lay in our bunks. "Fifty-six years old and I've got to learn canoein'!"

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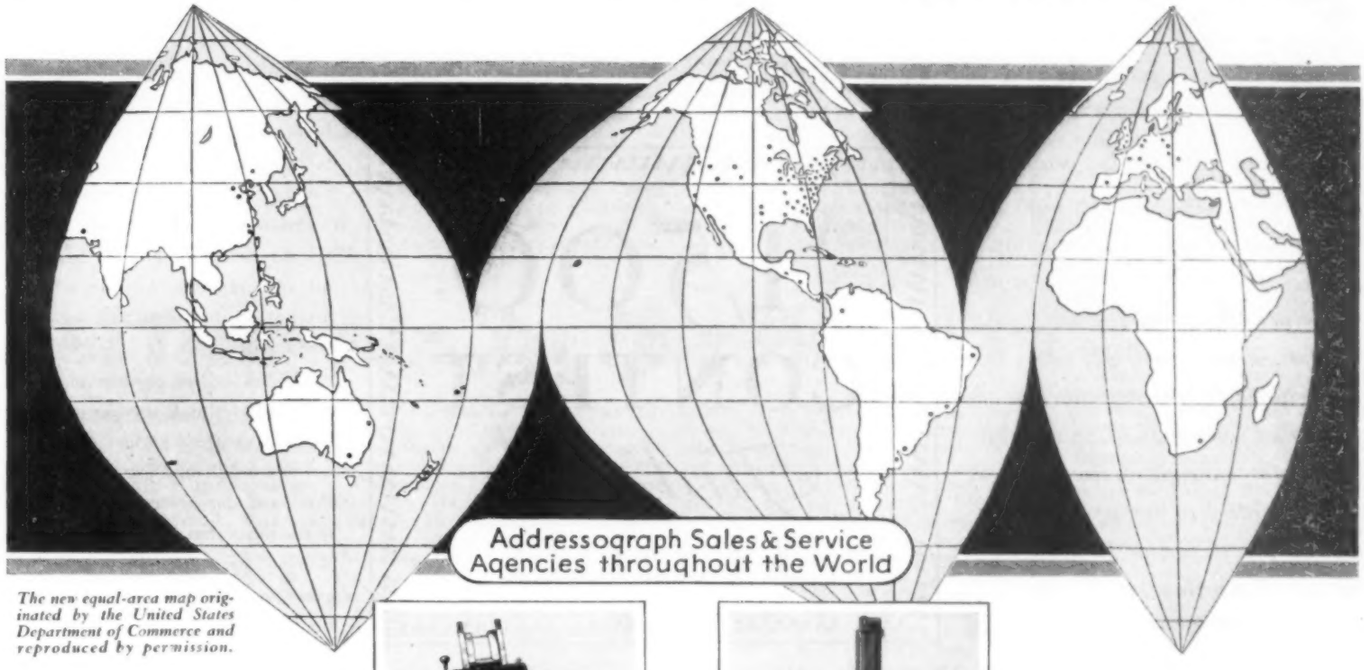

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CATCHING THE TAX CHEATERS

(Continued from Page 36)

In a corporation in which 96 per cent of the stock was owned by the president, government auditors grew suspicious because the profits of what should have been a prosperous business were absurdly low. Every sheet of paper in the files of that establishment was scrutinized before the puzzle was solved to the satisfaction of the special agent who conducted the investigation. This man had been paying himself a secret profit by mailing out checks in payment of fictitious bills submitted on fake bill heads which he himself had caused to be printed. He had made out these bills and mailed them to his company, and then, as president, had approved payment, issued checks and finally had cashed the checks. By this method he had reduced the corporation's balance by $200,000. The Government charged him $100,000—a lot more than his tax would have been.

Individuals and business firms have been caught in a variety of schemes for padding expenses as a means of reducing taxable income. One employer, on demand, produced receipts for wages paid to thirty individuals. Twenty of the receipts were fraudulent.

In every line of business there are some men disposed to exaggerate and enlarge the usual and legitimate items of overhead expense, but invariably their returns fall under the scrutiny of specialists.

Usually the taxpayer is induced to amend such a return, but if he is stubborn his affairs are very likely to come under the microscopic examination of the Intelligence Unit.

For a number of years a common pattern of income-tax evasion was the concealment of profits by means of secret deposits in bank accounts held under assumed names. Legally, a depositor may put his money into a bank under any name that strikes his fancy.

Nowadays this practice is less popular, because the Intelligence Unit has shown an uncanny ability to spot such accounts. Their method is as much a secret as the practice which it was designed to circumvent.

Year after year the Government's resources for the detection of tax frauds are improving. In persuading Mr. and Mrs. Taxpayer that it is wrong to pretend that $1200 was paid to a stenographer when the money actually was paid to the cook, the income-tax collectors are not just trying to show their authority, nor are they trying to fill up the jails. Their primary purpose is to help Mr. Mellon raise that staggering sum the thoughts of which furrow his brow, and which is called the budget total.

Getting On in the World

Feeding Fraternities

THAT ancient problem, the feeding of fraternity men, is my business. I drifted into it as a part-time job in my first year out of college, doubtful of its dignity, and with no thought of staying with it. That was three years ago.

Now I am feeding nine fraternity houses on contract, making a fair net profit and, apparently, have my life work cut out for me. I had no capital to begin with and still have nothing invested beyond the inventory on nine pantry shelves. The fraternities provide all equipment.

I have no credit losses. As an entrance requirement, every student is bonded and the university guarantees all debts contracted for food or lodging by undergraduates, whether minors or not. I pay virtually cash, buy in volume, and reduce waste to a minimum, and so can serve much better meals than the fraternities could provide for themselves at the same cost.

After graduation I began teaching, but continued to live at my fraternity house, partly because we had, for a wonder, an excellent woman cook—so good that two envious chapter houses tried to hire her away. She refused to quit us, but the offers gave her an idea which she timidly broached to me. I had spare time. She was to be my silent partner, and together we could take over the dining-room management of my own and the two other fraternities.

We were in charge of the kitchens and dining rooms of six houses before the end of the year and had signed others for the next school year. She died during the summer, and I had no choice but to take over the business.

Good Food and Low Prices

At the beginning of each school year I enter into a contract with the officers of the individual fraternities to furnish all food and service necessary for the proper operation of their culinary departments. They, on their part, guarantee the consumption of a minimum number of breakfasts, luncheons and dinners a week, on the basis of 32½ cents for a breakfast, 42½ cents for a luncheon, and 52½ cents for a dinner. In other words, $8.50 for twenty meals. Serving two meals on Sunday enables me to give the help a half day off each week.

The fraternity house steward, who acts as a sort of liaison officer between the chapter and myself, makes an estimate of the meals to be consumed during the coming week and pays me in advance. By Wednesday night I have collected the minimum guaranty from all the houses. I receive my bills for this same food on the following Monday morning, and I pay for it two days later. This means that I pay all my bills within ten days—which is, of course, a credit consideration. I get better prices for prompt payment.

The accounts of each house are kept separately. The merchants bill each house separately, but they send me a summary statement at the end of each week, covering the purchases of each house, together with the total amount of business done. I pay that amount in one check.

Any number of big wholesalers will not solicit fraternity business because of the difficulty of individual collections and the relative smallness of the individual accounts. When collections and buying are centralized, the business begins to look desirable to the big dealers, for the simple reason that a day's buying can be handled in a ten-minute talk over the telephone—that is, for commodities not requiring inspection. I can order week-end supplies for nine houses by merely calling three telephone numbers.

When the establishment of a central storage depot and my own delivery system justifies itself by the savings accomplished, I will take the necessary steps. At the present time, however, the merchants take care of deliveries. A good many of them balked at doing the delivering and giving me rock-bottom prices, too, but when I pointed out the close grouping of the nine houses and the fact that the delivery route took in only a quarter of a mile, they saw the light. I keep my inventory down as low as possible, except on a few products, such as mince meat, condiments, and so on, upon which it is possible to effect a very considerable saving through bulk purchase. In these cases I buy the commodities myself, store them in one of the houses and dole them out. One of my boys makes his rounds every afternoon with such doles. He carries a book in which each chef signs for the supplies he receives.

The whole success of the idea depends upon my ability to buy cheaply. Two or three examples will serve to show what I mean. A neighborhood merchant crawls out of bed every morning around four o'clock and makes the rounds of the commission houses downtown. By adding my purchases to his, he gets a lower price for both of us because of quantity buying. When he spots a commodity priced attractively, he buys enough for both of us. He sells to me in turn at commission-house prices. He takes care of the delivery of goods, and I can get from him exactly the quantity I want—no more and no less.

I have also worked out a rather novel and mutually profitable arrangement with a local chain-store manager, an enterprising young man blessed with ideas. By adding my business, amounting to around four hundred dollars a week in his case, to that of two or three near-by hotels, he was able to boost his average weekly business from $700 to $2000. This, of course, means a lower percentage of profit for his store, but more than 100 per cent increase in volume of business done. In exchange for my part in increasing his volume of trade, he will shade the wholesale price of such commodities as groceries, butter, and the like. This enables me to buy small-size canned goods from him cheaper than I can buy large-size goods or gallon lots from anyone else, and means I can make my supplies suit my requirements exactly, instead of suffering from too much or too little, which is sometimes the case in dealing with gallon lots.

By buying whole milk in cans instead of bottles, I save three cents a quart. On a consumption of about 1200 quarts a week, this amounts to a saving of thirty-six dollars. The cost of bottling, I have found, is about 20 per cent of the cost of the milk.

The Problem of Menus

Public-health ordinances in my city forbid the use of milk pumps by restaurants or public eating places. Since my chain of houses falls in neither of these categories, I can buy my milk in cans and install pumps. The milk is kept packed in ice in old ice-cream freezers all day long. It can be served colder, in more generous quantities, and more conveniently than if I bought it in bottles. A new can is inserted every day and the left-over milk is used in soups and in cooking.

This enables me to serve a great variety of creamed foods, far healthier than the traditional fraternity fried foods. Such foods would be almost prohibitive if I had to use bottled milk for the purpose. The pumps are scalded and boiled daily, and regularly inspected by the health authorities. I find this not only cheaper but more sanitary, since with a quantity of bottled milk refrigeration is a problem.

Another problem is that of menu planning. No two of my nine houses like the same kinds of food. For example, the Rappa Kappas like spinach. The O. L.'s, on the other hand, will not eat spinach under any circumstances and no matter how well disguised. After one of my chefs has been on

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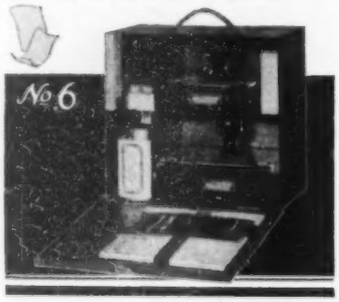

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the job a little while, he can tell pretty well just what his boys want and will eat, and what they don't want and won't eat. He will come to me with suggestions for humoring the gastronomic idiosyncrasies of his particular group.

The good old idea of giving a man food that you know is good for him is all very well, but sometimes it is hard on business. It is, however, quite easy to arrange your menus so that the wholesome dishes appear often enough, and at the same time avoid howls of protest. For example, in one week I served potatoes in as many as fourteen different styles. Every time I find a chance of picking up a fresh vegetable at anywhere near the cost of the same vegetable canned, I do it.

My customers never remember the good meals unless there is something arresting about them. The only ones they remember are the ones they don't enjoy. Psychology plays an important part in menu planning. It is, for example, good psychology to do something startling once in a while, such as strawberries at Christmastime, or half a broiled lobster of an evening. Color, too, plays an important part in the satisfactory serving of food. Nothing is quite so deadly as sitting down to a meal of roast fresh ham, mashed potatoes and corn. On the other hand, such vegetables as carrots, beets, tomatoes and spinach look interesting and make a meal look appetizing.

The idea can be carried even further in the matter of garnishes. I never serve a meal without some sort of garnish. It may be in the form of the conventional parsley, lettuce, pimientos and the judicious use of paprika. Or it may be such relatively unimportant things as little paper boots on the bones of lamb chops. I never serve canned fruits without cookies as dancing partners, and I make use of mints and nuts to good purpose. Soups can be lifted out of the realm of "just soup." I have chefs working for me who can serve soup daily for three weeks and never repeat.

I insist on a variety of breads. There are always at least four kinds of bread on my tables, and the finest butter, pickles, jellies and jams. By the time the meat course arrives—the expensive item of the average meal—the aching void is somewhat filled and the likelihood of calls for "seconds" on meat is diminished.

And last, but by no means least, I never serve a dinner without salad. These salads are made by my waiters. Every one of my men can double in brass if need be. Even my kitchen men could serve an acceptable meal in a pinch.

The old idea in fraternity feeding was based on rotating the meals in a kind of monotonous cycle. On Tuesday the boys knew that they were due for string beans, on Wednesday boiled ham, and so on *ad nauseam*.

My menus are changed as often as the produce offered by the market allows. We never repeat on meat dishes in the same week. I make sure of this by keeping a menu book in each kitchen, open to the inspection of the house steward. If he suggests a change we make it cheerfully.

The standard staff for one of my houses is a chef, a kitchen man, or second chef, and two or more waiters. Most of my chefs have been railroad chefs and are equal to any emergency. They are men who make big wages in the summertime at resorts and are willing to work for less in the winter in consideration of a steady job, but they are the highest-paid chefs on the campus.

To take care of nine houses I employ around thirty-five people. Unlike a hotel, the pay roll per cent is high in proportion to the number of meals served, because of the necessity of having a complete force on each job, capable of taking care of two or three times the number that I ask them to. My pay roll runs a little more than 25 per cent of my total operating cost.

I have been at some pains to develop an esprit de corps among them and I encourage them to visit one another in their rest hours and talk over their kindred jobs. I give a bonus weekly to any chef for a worthwhile idea for making his meals more attractive. Occasionally I stage a competition with a first prize and seven or eight second prizes for a chef's work in preparing a special dessert. I also give weekly prizes for the cleanest kitchen and the best service in the dining room. And it is worth all the money that is spent on it.

I think I am justified in claiming that the fraternities obtain certain advantages by taking advantage of my service. With an ever-changing administration of inexperienced students handling a sum varying between $6000 and $12,000 a year, a fraternity's money is more often than not spent haphazardly. I can feed them at less cost and more wholesomely than they can feed themselves. In other words, they couldn't eat the food I give them for the same price under their own management. There are few fraternity houses in the country which have consistently avoided losing money on their tables.

As in most occupations of a seasonal nature, I find it necessary to make my entire income for the year in about eight and a half months. Thus far it has been both pleasant and profitable work. In the summer months I have my choice of resting from the winter's labors or of entering some other phase of the business of food, which, remarkably enough, has been much neglected by the young man or woman with college training.

KI OF THE WINDS

(Continued from Page 23)

years, one of his legs was of little use to him. His leg was better now. He was sound of wind once more and, except for a slight limp, entirely sound of limb. But another and deeper injury remained: He still hated crowds and noise; he was still unhappy amid the turmoil of cities.

So he had taken a queer job for a man of his stamp. He had come to live in the lonely cottage in Nickajack valley as gamekeeper for the great landowner who held the country for miles around as a game preserve. His evenings he spent writing busily at a table. By day it was one of his principal duties to watch over the ruffed grouse and the imported pheasants on the preserve and protect them from human poachers and from their natural enemies. Hence it came about inevitably that falcon was matched against falcon.

Acton discovered quickly the presence of the duck-hawk aerie on Nickajack crag. He knew duck hawks—he had been born and reared among the Vermont hills—and he knew how destructive they were likely to be to feathered game.

He could not reach the aerie on the narrow ledge a hundred feet below the top of the crag, but one morning he climbed Nickajack peak and, concealing himself in a clump of low bushes near the edge of the precipice, waited patiently, his shotgun close to his hand. Often from his house in the valley he had seen the two falcons riding motionless, as though anchored in the wind, just over the mountain top. They had not been molested and were probably unsuspicious. If he waited for his moment with due patience he might kill one with each barrel.

He sat for an hour in his ambush. Far above him he could see one of the duck hawks circling against the sky. His eyes were resting idly on the soaring bird when suddenly he lost it. It had vanished unaccountably. Immediately he heard a rushing, singing sound that seemed to come from everywhere at once.

From his ambush Acton could look downward over the brow of the cliff. He saw below him, out over the valley, a burly-bodied, red-shouldered hawk flying toward the aerie on the narrow ledge of the crag. Instantaneously something that was like a dark streak fell upon the red-shoulder, crumpling it in mid-air, hurling it lifeless into the abyss of the valley.

Thereafter, for perhaps two minutes, Acton gazed along his gun barrel at the male duck hawk poised on swiftly beating wings just over the top of the mountain within easy range.

The man was quivering all over; his eyes were fairly blazing. His lips moved: "Jove! What a stoop! What a plunge!" In spirit Acton was in the air above the enemy lines in the Argonne, swooping upon a hostile plane. Falcon spoke to falcon during those two minutes while Acton gazed along his gun barrel. In the end he lowered his gun.

"I haven't seen them kill a grouse or a pheasant," he muttered. "Until I catch them red-handed, I'll let them live."

So James Acton postponed his duty; and Ki, the nestling, on the rocky ledge below the brow of the precipice, having still his parents to feed him, grew up and finally took to the air.

Acton saw him often. It was Acton who gave him his name—the wild, shrill cries that he sometimes uttered sounded like "ki, ki, ki." Acton saw Ki's parents teaching him the science of perfected flight, and he recalled with a wry smile his own early lessons at the flying fields. He had a warm feeling for Ki, the young airman, just learning how. But how different from his own slow learning! Ki, to Acton's eyes, seemed expert from the start. Then, one day, Acton, on one of his tramps among the mountains in search of poachers, saw a startled grouse fly out over the open and saw Ki drop upon it like a thunderbolt.

He stood for some moments looking up at the brown falcon circling above the valley, screaming triumphantly. Ki did not see him—he was hidden by the trees—but the young duck hawk was well out of range and there was no chance for a shot. Acton was frowning slightly, his gray eyes were narrowed.

"Well, young fellow," he said presently, "I guess I'll have to get you after all."

But Acton had no opportunity to wage his war against Ki that season. The first snow fell not long afterward, and next morning Ki looked for his parents in vain. His association with them had been less constant of late, for the old duck hawks, especially his father, were less affectionate toward him than they had been. Sometimes they turned on him in a way that was not altogether playful, so that often Ki left them and kept to himself.

Now that they had disappeared he did not mourn their absence or spend much time searching for them. A vague restlessness had suddenly come upon him and grew stronger and stronger. Two days later Ki spiraled high into the air and turned his bill south.

He traveled fast, at perhaps one-third his maximum speed. At first the high air roads were empty, but as he left the mountains behind him and approached the coast he overtook and passed many other wayfarers.

Toward midday, at a height of four thousand feet, he passed under a great army of broad-winged hawks; as far as his eye could see to right and left they were scattered across the face of the sky, sailing lazily southward.

Ki increased his speed, then, with a succession of strong wing thrusts, bounded upward. Almost at once he was in the midst of the broad-wing army; in another ten seconds he was two hundred feet above them. From that pitch he stooped at a broad-wing, checking his plunge just before striking it, darting in front of it and whirling to meet it face to face.

(Continued on Page 153)

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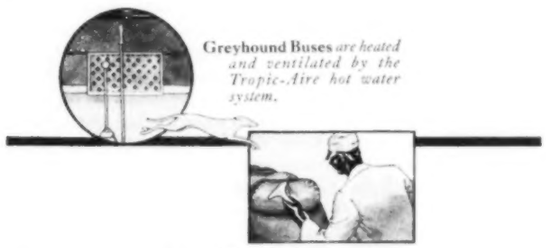

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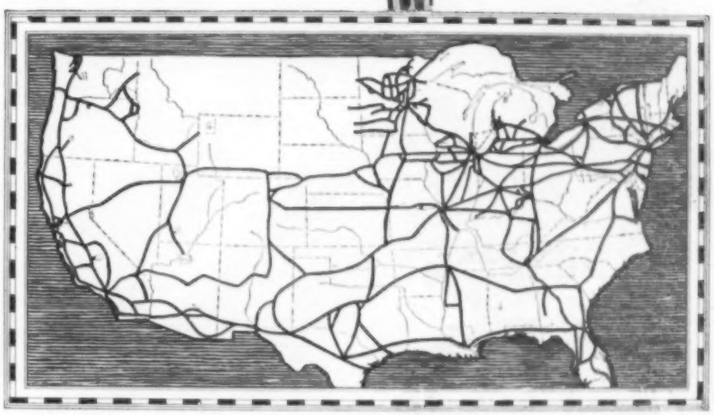

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(Continued from Page 150)

The startled buzzard dodged awkwardly and doubled. Ki dropped like a bullet fifty feet, slowed his descent suddenly, landed lightly as a feather upon another broadwing's back.

The two fell together a short distance, when Ki left his flustered victim uninjured and shot upward again into the thick of the host. For perhaps ten minutes he amused himself thus with the lumbering broadwings—a swift pirate darting in and out through a fleet of clumsy merchantmen. Then, tiring of his sport, he sped on his way.

In a meadow far below he saw something that interested him: White and gray pigeons rising apparently from the ground, flying upward and onward a short distance, then falling. There were men near by; Ki saw puffs of smoke and heard faintly dull reports. He dropped toward the meadow and circled well above it. A pigeon, released from the trap, rose toward him unscathed by the shot from the guns of ten trap shooters, and flew swiftly away over a stretch of woods.

Ki swooped for it; the white bird dodged, doubled and headed back toward the trap shooters. Ki pursued, overhauling it quickly, cutting at it with his claws. As his talons grasped it, two guns roared, the air rocked and hissed around him. Thrown suddenly off his balance, he turned a somersault and fell twenty feet before regaining control.

Again, with a thunderous crash, the air rocked round him as two more guns were discharged. Ki was knocked sideways as a leaden pellet flipped a flight feather from his wing. He sped on above the smoke, bearing the dying pigeon in his talons. In less than three minutes he was plucking his victim on the top of a dead tree two miles away.

He had been lucky in this his first encounter with men and guns—too lucky, perhaps, for his own good. Yet the incident taught him something; it woke in him a prudence, a caution already well developed in his being and needing only a hint to awaken it. Respect for man was latent in him, the product of his forbears' experience; now it became active. But he needed another lesson, and it was not slow in coming.

A man was poling a small flat-bottomed boat over a flooded marsh; in the bow of the boat sat another man, a shotgun across his knees. At frequent intervals, clapper rails, forced by the brimming tide to take refuge on floating sedge in the submerged marsh, rose in front of the boat and fluttered away with dangling legs.

The slow, awkward birds were easy marks; the man in the bow seldom missed. The boat crossed a stretch of comparatively open water where there was little floating sedge. The gunner laid down his weapon to light his pipe. Unexpectedly, a rail flushed and, rising somewhat higher than usual, was almost out of range when the man got his gun to his shoulder.

Ki was crossing, five hundred feet above the marsh, flying perhaps a hundred miles an hour. Far away to the eastward his keen eyes had marked a solitary bluebill duck winging above the beaches of the coast. Suddenly he saw below and ahead of him the fluttering rail and, near by, the boat with its two crouching human figures. He changed his plan in the thousandth part of a second, slanting down in a long, gradual stoop that brought him directly over the heads of the hunters.

They heard the rushing sound of his passage—he was flying then about two miles to the minute—but their eyes were fixed upon the rail, for the man in the bow now had his gun at his shoulder. He pulled trigger just as Ki clutched his victim. The air hissed around the falcon, burning pain stabbed his body. His claws released their grip, and the dead rail fell straight downward, striking the water with a splash.

Ki for a moment tottered in the air, his long wings beating wildly; then he, too, fell. This saved him. The gunner, believing him done for, did not fire his second barrel until too late. Barely six feet above the water, Ki regained the use of his wings. He flew away, swiftly but with erratic side jerks, just topping the tips of the tall marsh blades.

He was sick after that, sick for a week, the effect of three bird-shot wounds in his body. Most of that week he spent moping in a dead pine just back of a lonely sea beach. Two men with guns, walking the beach in search of robin snipe and black-bellied plover, appeared from behind a distant dune. Immediately Ki left his perch and flew three miles before coming to rest again. He had learned his lesson thoroughly now. Thenceforward, except on certain occasions, he gave men a wide berth; and those occasions did not arise until much later when Ki, having reached the peak of his splendid powers, learned that, thanks to his matchless speed, he could at times take liberties even with man.

Long ago the falconers of Europe named the fine falcon of that continent the peregrine. The word means wanderer, and they applied it to their falcon because of the bird's unexcelled powers of flight and its supposed habit of wandering over most of the known world. They may have exaggerated somewhat the roving propensities of individual falcons, but the species as a whole was well named. The peregrine is one of the most widely distributed of all living things. Its space-annihilating wings, driving it at a speed unequaled by any other bird of prey except the great gyrfalcons of the Arctic wastes, have carried it to all parts of the earth, so that it is found today on every continent from Kamchatka to the Tasmanian jungles and from Alaska to the Argentine.

Ki, an American peregrine of the same far-ranging race, was even more restless, even more of a wanderer than most, perhaps because he was somewhat larger than the average and therefore slightly stronger and swifter. No one knows certainly where the duck hawks that nest in New England and the Northern United States spend the winter; perhaps most of them move no farther south than the Southern duck fields, the West Indies and Panama. But Ki, in that first year of his life when he still wore the brown plumage of youth, saw the great forests of the Amazon beneath him before he turned his bill homeward, and looked down on mighty condors soaring above the snowy volcanoes of the Andes.

Before that, however, came many adventures. One day in the Carolina rice fields, alive with ducks of many kinds, he performed for the first time a feat in which he was later to excel. From behind and above he smashed into a flock of blue-winged teal flying about twenty feet above the water and, instead of striking his chosen victim down, turned belly upward under it, thrust his long claws into it and bore it away dangling from his talons.

A great storm smote him midway of the Caribbean. Ki screamed as the gusts grew stronger—the same triumphant scream that he had uttered when he killed his first grouse. The storm seemed to delight him; it stirred his fierce spirit to frenzy. His breast to the wind, he literally climbed the gale, leaping skyward almost vertically in a series of long bounds, driving himself up and up in the face of the wind's fury with successive thrusts of his wings. Thus masterfully he soared above the storm; then, for the joy of battle, dropped down again into its raging turmoil and, giving himself to it, rode on the wings of the tempest faster than the tempest itself.

Above the billowy green roof of the limitless South American wilderness Ki roamed where his spirit willed. Now he was ten thousand feet in the air, sailing in ascending circles in company with stately king vultures, cream buff and jet black, their naked heads and necks blotched with vivid orange and scarlet and cobalt blue. Now he was at the woods edge near an Indian village, hunting golden-green jacamars and gaudy trogons. Now he was smashing, a living lightning bolt, into a flock of red-billed toucans flying across a sluggish jungle river.

He had glimpses of jaguars, tapirs, massive spotted boa constrictors, woolly anteaters, tamanduas and ocelots. He killed, among many other tropical birds of strange ways and brilliant hues, a great hyacinth macaw, three feet long from bill to tail tip. He struck down, although he did not recover it, a curassow, one of the largest birds that live among the tree tops. He fought and won a battle with a black red-billed urubitinga hawk. Twice, above the spurs of the Cordilleras, he stooped at soaring condors and rode, for the fun of it, on their backs between their tremendous wings.

In the Guiana jungles he matched his skill and swiftness against the overwhelming strength and bulk of the huge savage bird which, in ferocity and power, is king of all the feathered race. He was perching in a tall tree at the edge of a grassy savanna surrounded by dense woods, where red and green parrots were screeching and black and yellow caciques moved among the branches. In a big wallaba tree at the edge of the jungle a band of thirteen howler monkeys were resting; suddenly, as a swift shadow swept over them, panic seized the howlers and they leaped in every direction, seeking the denser foliage where they could hide.

A small female found concealment in a clump of leaves ten feet from the great tree's summit. An old male, far larger and more powerful, racing toward the same hiding place, snatched her forth and, with the strength of terror, hurled her out into space. Ki saw her whirling downward, saw her strike the bare ground of the savanna and begin to crawl slowly and painfully toward the woods.

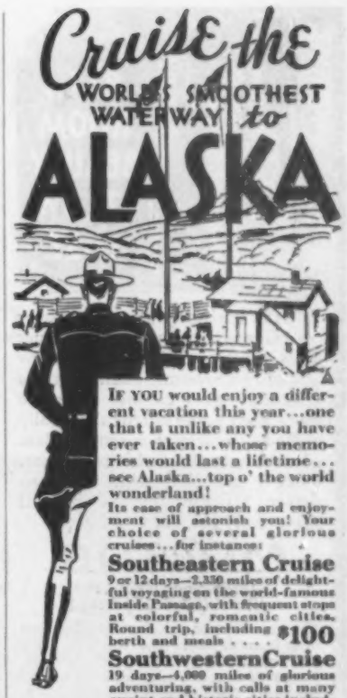
He pitched forward from his tree top, shot down like an arrow, and ended her suffering with a stab of his long claws. Puzzled by the strange aspect of this new kind of prey, he perched for a moment undecided upon the furry body. Suddenly vast wings lowered over him, a mighty pinion swept him sideways five feet, so that for a moment he sprawled upon his back. He was up at once, to find himself facing an amazing apparition—a huge, crested, gray-and-white bird, many times larger and heavier than himself, standing upon the body of the monkey.

Ki screamed with rage. He was on the wing instantly, sweeping round and round the gigantic interloper, darting past it, first on one side, then on the other, in swift, gliding swoops. The big bird was a female crested harpy, the fiercest of the eagle family, the most powerful bird of prey in the world. It was the harpy's shadow that had startled the howler monkeys and sent them leaping for cover. She had hoped to catch one of the full-grown males unawares; failing in this, she had dropped noiselessly upon the small female which had been hurled from the tree and which Ki had killed. She stood now, a picture of rapacious power, upon the body of the prize which she had taken from Ki, her huge talons almost hiding it from view, her tall divided crest rising and falling slowly.

Ki cut close to her, so close that his wing tip almost brushed her great hooked beak. She stood immovable as stone, scornful, arrogant, seemingly unaware of the falcon's presence. Then suddenly her wide, rounded wings opened and she lifted the monkey, flying with it straight down the savanna, rising gradually to pass above the tree tops.

Ki wheeled and began to circle upward. Apparently he had decided against further interference with his gigantic foe. The harpy was a quarter of a mile away above the forest when Ki, having gained the altitude that he desired, started in pursuit.

He overhauled her as though she were standing still—a swift torpedo boat overhauling a mighty battleship. From a pitch eighty feet above her and a little behind, he shot down straight for her, his talons clenched. He struck her squarely in the middle of her broad back amid a cloud of feathers, and she fell twenty feet before recovering from her amazement and the shock of the blow. It was too late then to retrieve the dead monkey, which had dropped from her relaxed claws and was plunging



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through the green roof of the jungle. As for Ki, he was already nearly a mile away, and the discomfited monarch of the air never saw him again.

Ki traveled southward that winter almost to the headwaters of La Plata. He killed game of many strange kinds; he met with many adventures and came through them all unscathed. Gradually his colors changed. Soon he was a brown falcon no longer but an ash-blue adult, black mustached, his creamy breast black-barred—a splendid specimen of his race. Safe and sound, swifter and more adept than ever, wiser, yet with a new daring which was a natural product of his swiftness and skill, he came back to the Nickajack range in mid-March, bringing with him a mate.

He swung down to the aerie with his consort, to the ledge on the face of the crag where he had first seen the light of day; and there for a while he perched quietly, his mate beside him, his fierce dark brown eyes searching the sky. He saw no rivals to dispute with him possession of the aerie; somewhere, that winter, his parents must have met with disaster or they would have appeared to claim their old nesting place.

So Ki and his mate took the aerie for their own; there the female laid her eggs and there three baby falcons were hatched and reared. No enemy troubled them; no smoke rose from the gamekeeper's cottage in the valley. James Acton, the man who had once declared war against Ki, lived there no longer. The great landowner had died; his heirs took little interest in the vast game preserve, and it lay uncared for and neglected.

Spring after spring Ki and his mate returned to the aerie on Nickajack after their far winter wanderings. Summer after summer, monarchs of Nickajack crag, lords of all the airways above the Nickajack range, they ruled their wide kingdom and reared their fierce-eyed fledglings unmolested by human foes. Then, one spring day, James Acton came back to the little green cottage in the shadow of the peak.

He came back after four years, not to resume his duties as gamekeeper of another's estate but as owner of a hundred-acre farm. Acton's writing had borne fruit. He had written a novel, followed in due course by another, based on his experiences as an airman during the war; and now, with some of the money that his books had brought him, he had bought a part of Nickajack valley, intending to play at farming while devoting most of his time to further writing.

He arrived with his wife and two-year-old son late one afternoon in early May; and next morning, standing in front of the house and letting his eye rove over the familiar scene, he glanced up at the rocky rampart looming above the valley and smiled.

"Nancy," he said to his wife standing near him, holding the little boy's hand, "there's a job for me up yonder. They're still there—the duck hawks of Nickajack crag. If we want to have some pheasant shooting this fall, I'll have to get rid of those two brigands."

He pointed out to her two black specks just over the brow of the mountain—two specks that seemed to rest almost motionless in the air against the pale blue sky.

"The aerie," he told her, "is on a ledge about a hundred feet below the top of the crag. There'll be young ones in it now. It's inaccessible, but I can shoot the old birds by lying in wait for them on the top of the mountain."

"And what will become of the young ones in the aerie?" Nancy Acton asked.

"They'll starve," he replied. "Rather rotten to think of, but it's those hawks against our pheasants and grouse."

The young woman looked down quickly at the little curly-haired boy at her side.

Acton climbed Nickajack peak one clear morning about a week later and settled himself comfortably, his shotgun across his lap, in a clump of low bushes close to the edge of the crag. The bushes, hiding him completely, made a natural blind whence he could sweep the sky in every direction and also look down over the brow of the cliff. A bulge of the precipice below him hid the narrow shelf where the duck hawks had their aerie, but the parent birds could not bring food to the nest without his seeing them, and, coming and going, they would be within easy range.

Acton did not intend, however, to fire down upon them. He could kill only one in that way, for they seldom arrived with food at the same time. He would wait for a moment when both falcons, as was often their habit, would be poised motionless in the air just above the top of the crag. It ought to be easy then to knock one of them down with each barrel. Grimly his gray eyes searched the clear blue sky overhead and the airy spaces around.

Ten minutes later a large white object, perched on a low, grassy knoll in a valley pasture near the foot of Nickajack mountain, moved slightly.

The white object was a great snowy owl—that round-headed, mighty-taloned monarch of the owl family whose true home is the Arctic and who differs from most of his close kinsmen in that he hunts chiefly by day. The previous winter had brought a great invasion of these white, ghostly killers; it was one of those winters, recurring every eight or ten years, when a shortage of prey in the remote fur countries had compelled the feathered hunters of those regions to move farther southward. For weeks Nickajack valley had been a hunting ground for at least half a dozen of the fierce yellow-eyed invaders from the Far North. Most of them had departed upon the coming of spring; but one, an old and savage male in whom the mating instinct was all but dead, still haunted a lonely, bush-grown pasture in the shadow of Nickajack crag.

The great owl, pure white except for a few inconspicuous gray-brown bars on wings and back, was peering upward at the face of the cliff. He had seen Ki's mate fly swiftly across the valley with a blue jay in her talons and alight on a ledge some distance below the top of the precipice. Acton, too, looking down from his ambush on the summit of the crag, had seen the female falcon go to the aerie with food for her little ones; and he had seen something else. He had seen, high in the air over Nickajack peak, another falcon, Ki himself, soaring on motionless wings. Acton waited eagerly, hoping that his opportunity would soon come.

Events moved swiftly. The female falcon left the ledge, but, instead of circling upward, as Acton had hoped, to the top of the cliff and calling her mate down to her, she flew straight away across the valley and disappeared. No sooner had she vanished than the great owl on the knoll in the meadow below spread its snowy wings. Acton, gazing down from the top of the cliff, saw the owl for the first time and watched it as it circled upward. Not until the big white bird turned and headed straight for the rock ledge which held the falcons' aerie did Acton realize what its purpose was.

In a sudden flush of indignation, he thrust his gun barrel over the edge of the cliff and lined his sights on the oncoming white shape below him. But he did not pull trigger. It was better, he reflected, that the snowy owl should eat the young duck hawks than that they should die the slow death of starvation after he, Acton, had killed their parents.

The owl disappeared below the bulge of the rock wall. The white ogre was at the aerie now, Acton knew. He wondered grimly whether it would kill all the fledgling falcons or snatch one of them in its claws and carry it away.

The question was answered immediately. At once the owl reappeared, winging swiftly straight out over the valley. For a moment, as it dipped and swerved in an air current, Acton glimpsed a brown hawk fledgling gripped in its claws. In the same moment he heard a sound that was somehow vaguely

(Continued on Page 158)

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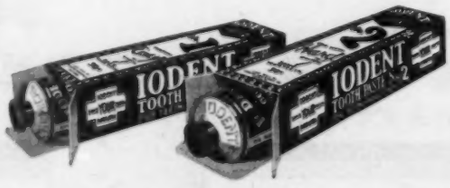

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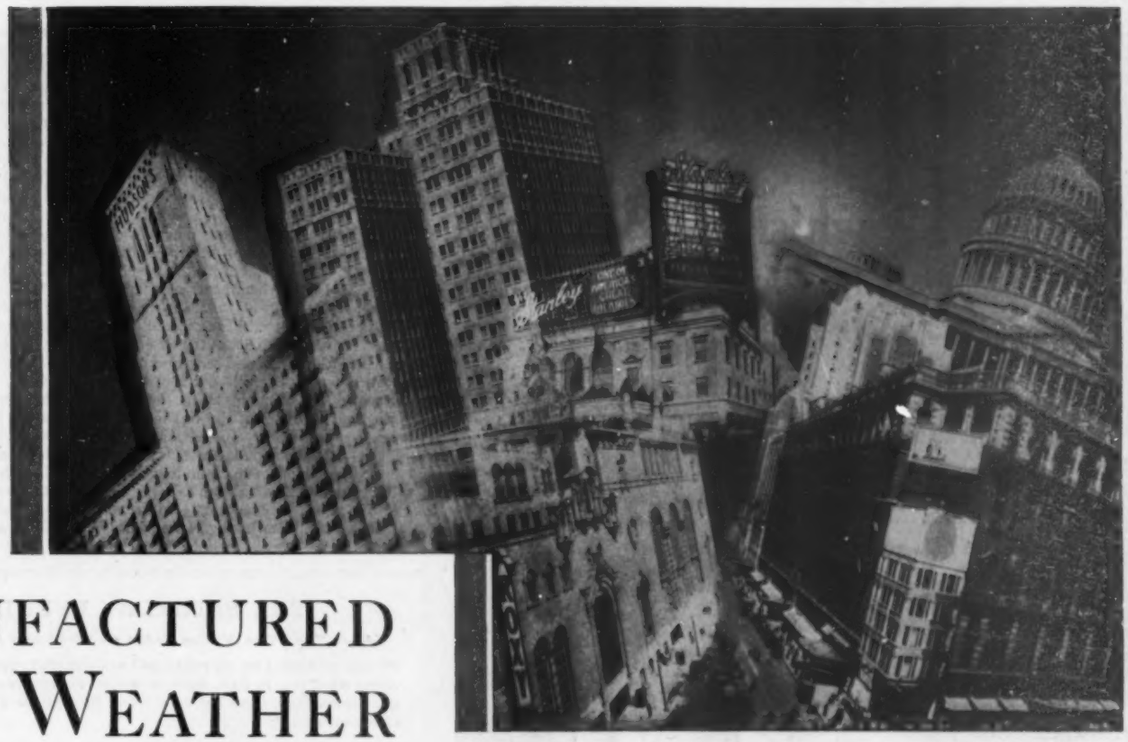


Some other notable users of Carrier Systems

Whitman's Chocolates
Gillette Razor
Roxy Theatre, N. Y.
Wrigley's Gum
Postum Cereals
Cheney Silks
Crown Rayon
Chicago Title & Trust Co.
New York Trust Company

MANUFACTURED WEATHER

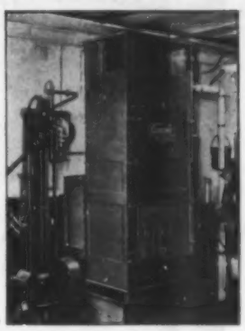
always pays its way

AN ARCHITECT designs an office building or a hotel which will be conspicuously modern—even to the kind of air to be breathed by stenographer or guest. His plans call for manufactured weather.

A department store, like Macy's or Hudson's, installs a million-dollar plant for making weather . . . and the casual buyer of a paper of pins shops with greater comfort than ever before. A manager of a $100,000,000 enterprise, like the Postum Company, accurately controls temperature and humidity in his huge plants with a weathermaking system as successfully as some one else does in a little workshop or laboratory.

For twenty-five years Manufactured Weather has been winning its way all over the world under the guidance of Willis H. Carrier. There is scarcely a person anywhere who in recent years has not come in contact with it. In a hundred famous theatres; in a dozen great department stores; in hundreds of factories; and in a few of the most modern offices, banks and hotels, Manufactured Weather pays its way.

So rapidly has the industry grown that responsible people are now convinced that the general use of Manufactured Weather in office buildings, hotels, apartments, homes, is as inevitable as the use of elevators, automobiles and electric lights.



Carrier Unit Air Conditioners such as this one in a laboratory of the Fisk Rubber Co. cost only a few hundred dollars, and in small rooms or factories provide the same automatically controlled Manufactured Weather that in larger places is provided by the Carrier Central System of Air Conditioning.

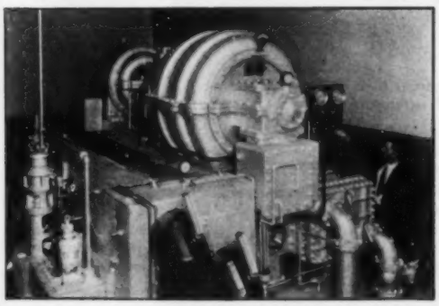
With Manufactured Weather indoors, you always breathe *cooled*, *cleaned* air, free of excess humidity in summer, while in winter you enjoy *cleaned*, *warmed* air at the proper humidity. The system is automatic. Once it is installed, you may depend upon ideal indoor weather the year round.

More and more it is being recognized that buildings with window-poles in corners, dust-cloths in desk drawers, nerve-racking noises in the ears of workers, drafty spots near windows for executives, and stuffy inner spaces for clerks are out of date. Those buildings which do not use Manufactured Weather—which are not cooled in summer and heated in winter with properly conditioned air—are rapidly becoming obsolete.

If you have a manufacturing process which is in any way affected by the weather, let us tell you how Manufactured Weather can increase your production and lower your costs.

Carrier Unit Air Conditioners, costing a few hundred dollars, are available for small factories or stores. Carrier Engineers are at your service whether you are interested in conditioning a small room or need a plant for a 90-story building.

But whether your investment is one thousand dollars or one million dollars, you can depend upon Manufactured Weather paying you constant and generous dividends. It is not unusual for the entire cost of a factory installation to be saved in one year. In office buildings, hotels and stores it is a highly profitable investment. Ask us to prove it.



This compact Carrier Centrifugal Refrigeration plant is part of the system which supplies Manufactured Weather to the Halls of Congress in the Capitol at Washington. During one hot, humid day this system often extracts 4000 gallons of water from the air. On the hottest day these rooms are as comfortable as the most delightful mountain resort.

Carrier Engineering Corporation

NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

OFFICES: NEW YORK · PHILADELPHIA · BOSTON · CHICAGO · CLEVELAND
WASHINGTON · DETROIT · KANSAS CITY · DALLAS · LOS ANGELES

CARRIER ENGINEERING COMPANY, LTD.
LONDON, PARIS, BOMBAY, CALCUTTA
JOHANNESBURG

CARRIER LUFTTECHNISCHE GESELLSCHAFT
STUTTGART, BERLIN

Manufactured Weather *makes* "Every day a good day"

Slide the whiskers off on a film of glycerine

WAIT! Before you scrape your face again, before you *drag* off your whiskers tomorrow, read about a remarkable new shaving cream which *lubricates* the skin.

This silvery cream quickly brushes up into a thick blanket of ever-moist lather. Not only does it soften the stubble, but there is menthol in it for extra coolness, antiseptic essences of Listerine for protection against infection, and *glycerine*.

The glycerine deposits a velvety film of lubricant right at the base of the hairs. On that film your blade *slides* in a way that will astonish and delight you. Gone is the smart and scrape of razor friction. Gone, the tenseness and rawness.

You will find your shave swifter than ever before. And sweeter. Easier on your temper and on the temper of your blade. Try a glycerine shave with Listerine Shaving Cream just once, and somewhere in your memory there will be such a recollection of whiskers departing without struggle and pain, that no other lather will satisfy you.

5 months—50c

Listerine chemists did not make this glycerine cream to compete for your favor on a price basis. Their aim was the ultimate in shaving comfort. So they painstakingly developed a luxurious blend of costly ingredients. The big tube contains 118 inches of cream, enough for 157 shaves. The price is 50c for this five months' supply, and makes the cost one-third of a penny per shave. Ask for it at your druggist's.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY,
St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE
Shaving Cream

(Continued from Page 154)

familiar—a rushing, singing sound that he seemed to remember. In a flash it came back to him: It was a sound that he had heard at this very spot once before. With an effort of the will he resisted the impulse to look upward. Instead, he kept his eyes riveted upon the owl.

Ki was falling—falling through space. He was plunging, at more than two hundred miles an hour, from a pitch two thousand feet above the top of Nickajack peak. It was the grandest, the most magnificent stoop of his career. Back of it, driving him on, tightening the sinews of his hard body, fanning the fury in his fiery heart, was something more potent even than the joy of battle; for he knew that his aerie had been robbed, that in the clutches of the white owl one of his nestlings dangled limp and dead.

Down, down he came like a comet, his dark brown eyes blazing, his talons clenched beneath him. He struck the owl midway between the shoulders, just behind the short, thick neck. Acton heard the thud of the shattering impact; to him it seemed that the big white bird blew up as though a charge of dynamite had been let loose within it. Suddenly, in the winking of an eye, it seemed to disintegrate in a swirling cloud of snowy feathers. Then, below the feather cloud, Acton saw what was left of the owl dropping toward the tree tops in the deep valley.

Ki rose in a swift, splendid, arrowy bound, his long, pointed wings thrusting powerfully, driving him upward. Fifty feet above the brow of the crag he swung into the breeze and poised there motionless directly over Acton's ambush, screaming fiercely. James Acton, gazing up at him with eyes that were strangely bright, made no move; the shotgun rested idle across Acton's lap. Nor did he raise the weapon to his shoulder when presently Ki's mate joined him and for a space of minutes the two falcons hung close above the ambush, almost touching each other, so near at hand that Acton could have killed both of them at one shot.

Instead, slowly and cautiously so that the keen-eyed birds above him would not detect the movement through the screen of bushes, he breached the gun, took out both cartridges and slipped them into his pocket.

"Now then, my huskies," he said softly, looking up at the two falcons, "everything's quite all right. There are pheasants enough for all three of us on this farm."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)

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goes A&P... that you may enjoy the pick of the crop!

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The Symbol of the World's Foremost Food Service

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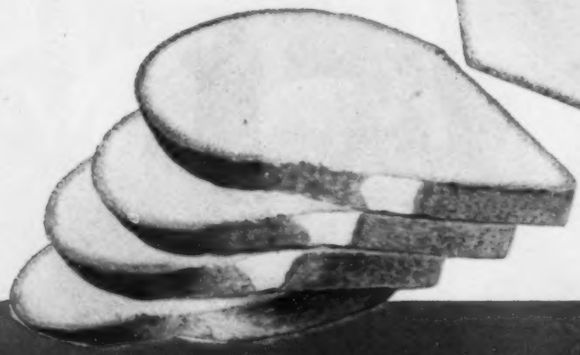
ESTABLISHED 1859

"WHERE ECONOMY RULES"

43,040
HOUSEWIVES HELPED PERFECT IT



Housewives prefer Bond Bread for its *home-like* flavor...

BEFORE Bond Bread came, housewives were indifferent to the brand of bread they bought. In an emergency it was convenient to be able to buy "store bread," as they called the baker's loaf, but no one expected it to compare with home-baked. Brand names meant little when the bread lacked what the housewife regarded as most essential — full, rich, appetizing flavor.

Bond Bread challenged the indifference of the housewife to bread other than her own — and won. Today, it comes to her table not only as a convenience, but also as a choice. In the flavor of Bond, as home-like as home itself, her family and her friends see ample reason for this continuing preference.

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After all — there is no bread like

Bond

The *home-like* loaf

BOND BREAD *is delivered fresh from the oven each day to most grocers within 50 miles of these cities:*

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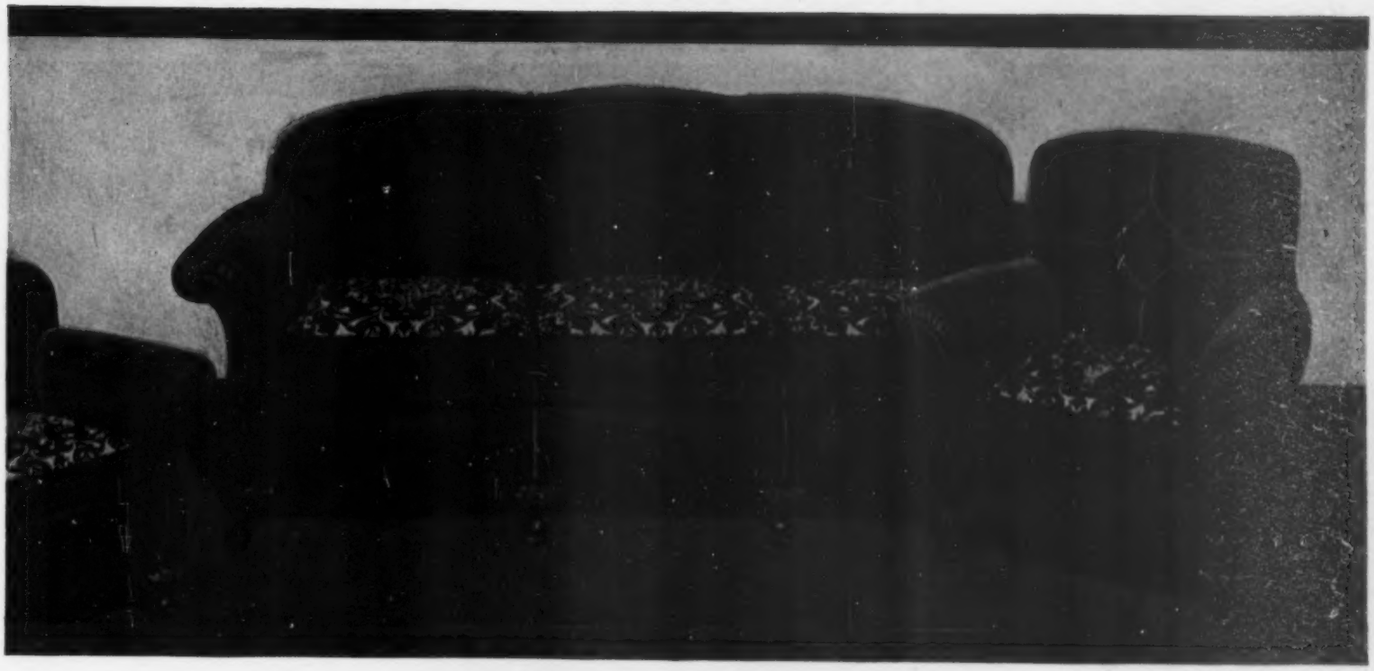
Boston, Mass.	Hutchinson, Kans.	Norfolk, Va.	St. Louis, Mo.	Waterbury, Conn.
Brooklyn, N. Y.	Jersey City, N. J.	Oklahoma City, Okla.	Springfield, Mass.	Wheeling, W. Va.
Buffalo, N. Y.	Kansas City, Kans.	Omaha, Neb.	Steubenville, Ohio	Wichita, Kans.
Canton, Ohio	Kansas City, Mo.	Philadelphia, Pa.	Syracuse, N. Y.	Worcester, Mass.
Cleveland, Ohio	Newark, N. J.			

GENERAL BAKING COMPANY

Kroehler announces
3 new and amazing VALUE STANDARDS



TO give you a safe and sure guide to dependable furniture quality at moderate prices; to make it impossible for cheaply made living room furniture to successfully masquerade as reliable merchandise; Kroehler has created the three new "Value Standards" illustrated.

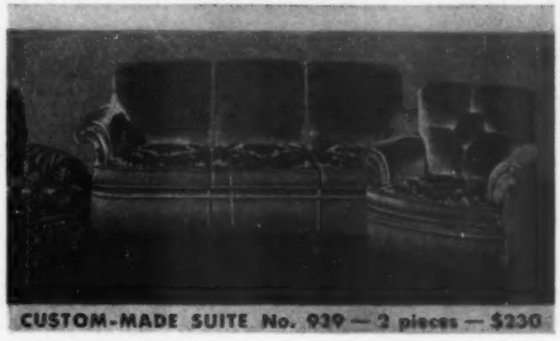
Each of these *specialized* groups offers you the very maximum of *proved* quality for the money. Whether you select the highest or the lowest price, each piece embodies the two basic features of Kroehler quality construction—a non-warping frame of finest hardwood—the patented Kroehler Spring Steel Underconstruction.

Only the vast resources and facilities of the eleven great Kroehler factories could make these revolutionary values possible.

One typical suite of each price group is illustrated. Hundreds of other attractive styles are now being shown by Kroehler dealers everywhere.

See and compare these sensational *"super-values"* before you spend your furniture money. If you do not know a nearby Kroehler dealer write us. We will send you his name and address—and a free copy of our booklet, "Enjoyable Living Rooms by Kroehler," at once.

STERLING QUALITY SUITE No. 445—2 pieces—$190



CUSTOM-MADE SUITE No. 939—2 pieces—$230

No. 237—Typical two-piece suite from the Standard Quality line. Large sofa of serpentine design and extra deep cushioning. Smart button-back chair to match. Covered all around in rich taupe mohair with reversible cushions of colorful jacquard moquette. Same suite available in many other beautiful colors. Kroehler non-warping hardwood frame and patented Spring Steel Underconstruction. Davenport bed in place of sofa at small extra cost. The two pieces priced at only $150. Extra chair to harmonize, where three pieces are desired, $48.50 **$150**

No. 445—A super-value at the moderate price quoted. Large davenport and matching button-back chair. Smart-looking extended front design. All around covering of apricot mohair with harmonizing, colorful figured jacquard moquette on reversible cushions. Kroehler non-warping frame of finest hardwood. Patented Spring Steel Underconstruction. Davenport bed in place of sofa at slight extra cost. Two pieces, only $190. Extra matching chair to complete a three-piece suite where desired, $63 **$190**

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Easy to make *new simplified way*

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MEDAL
FLOUR
"Kitchen-tested"
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252 WOMEN TRIED THIS SIMPLIFIED RECIPE WITHOUT A SINGLE FAILURE THEIR FIRST ATTEMPT, "*Kitchen-tested*" Way

THEY'RE the kind of rolls one is sure of one's husband liking. Of 252 women who tried making them every one succeeded the first time, this new "*Kitchen-tested*" way in baking. Actual mixing time is but 6 minutes!

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"*Kitchen-tested*" means this flour has been "*Kitchen-tested*" in an oven just like yours, for *uniformity of result in home baking*, as every batch comes through the mill. Most baking failures are traced to lack of uniformity in the flour used; two sacks of the same brand often giving greatly varying results *from the same recipe.*

Thus GOLD MEDAL "*Kitchen-tested*" Flour acts the *same way* with your recipes every time you use it. That is why women by the thousands are flocking to its use.

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Please accept, free of charge, simplified recipes for 12 of Betty Crocker's most delicious baking creations. Recipes for the daintiest cakes, the finest cookies, the most popular pastries and hot breads.

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All 12 of these simplified "*Kitchen-tested*" recipes are inside every sack of GOLD MEDAL "*Kitchen-tested*" Flour. To get a full set today—simply ask your grocer for GOLD MEDAL "*Kitchen-tested*" Flour.

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Get GOLD MEDAL "*Kitchen-tested*" Flour at your grocer's. Use it for *all* baking from bread to Angel Food cakes and French Pastries. *913*

WASHBURN CROSBY COMPANY

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